BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL
1934

1/-

BARBARA HEDWORTH

JAMES.F DWYER

C.PATRICK THOMPSON

LADY TROUBRIDGE

F.E.VERNEY

ALLAN SWINTON

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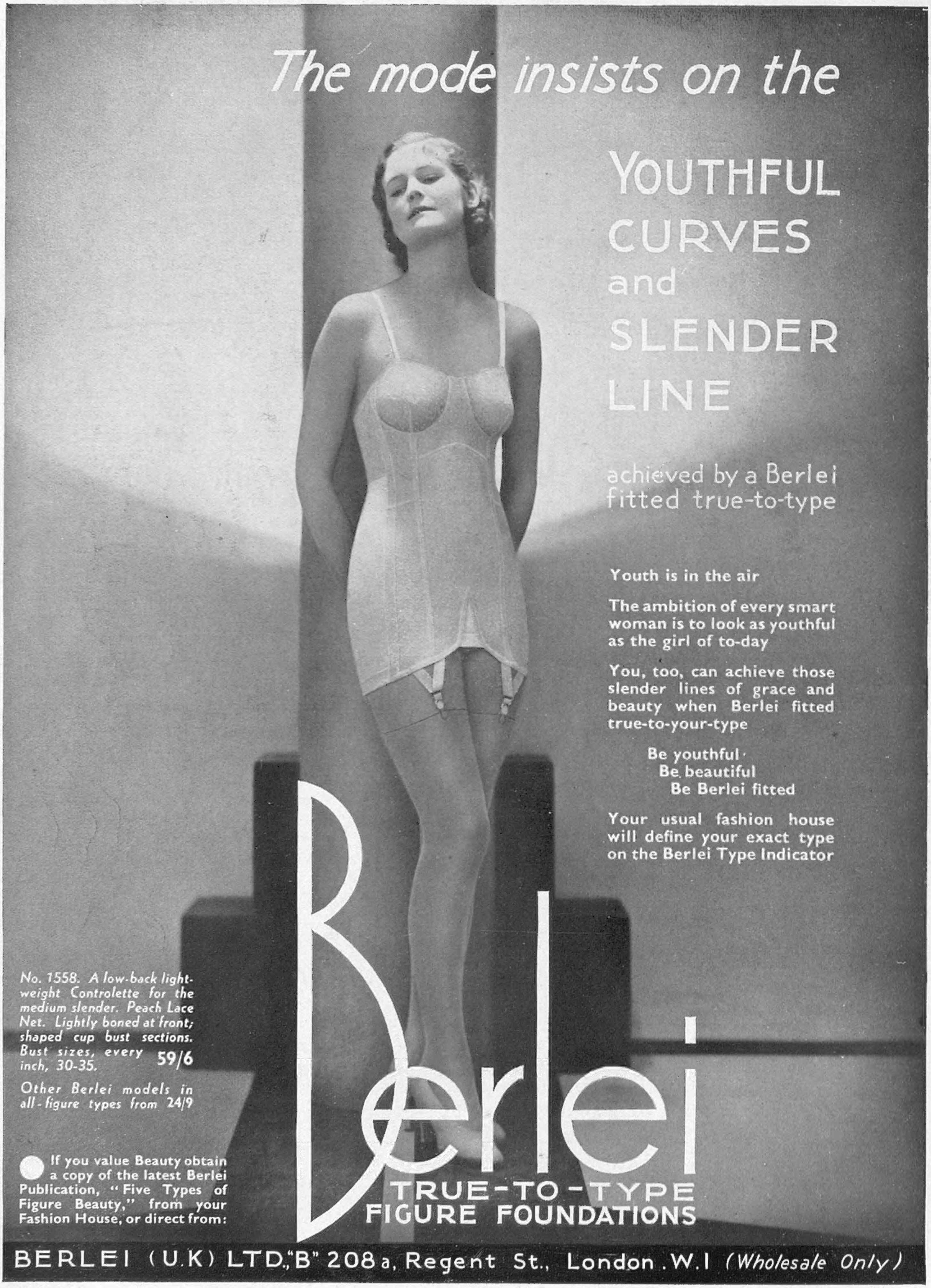
OLD TALES RE-TOLD
by F. MATANIA, R.I.

COMPLETE HOME and FASHION SECTION



The mode insists on the

YOUTHFUL
CURVES
and
SLENDER
LINE

achieved by a Berlei
fitted true-to-type

Youth is in the air

The ambition of every smart woman is to look as youthful as the girl of to-day

You, too, can achieve those slender lines of grace and beauty when Berlei fitted true-to-your-type

Be youthful
Be beautiful
Be Berlei fitted

Your usual fashion house will define your exact type on the Berlei Type Indicator

No. 1558. A low-back light-weight Controlette for the medium slender. Peach Lace Net. Lightly boned at front; shaped cup bust sections. Bust sizes, every inch, 30-35. **59/6**

Other Berlei models in all-figure types from 24/9

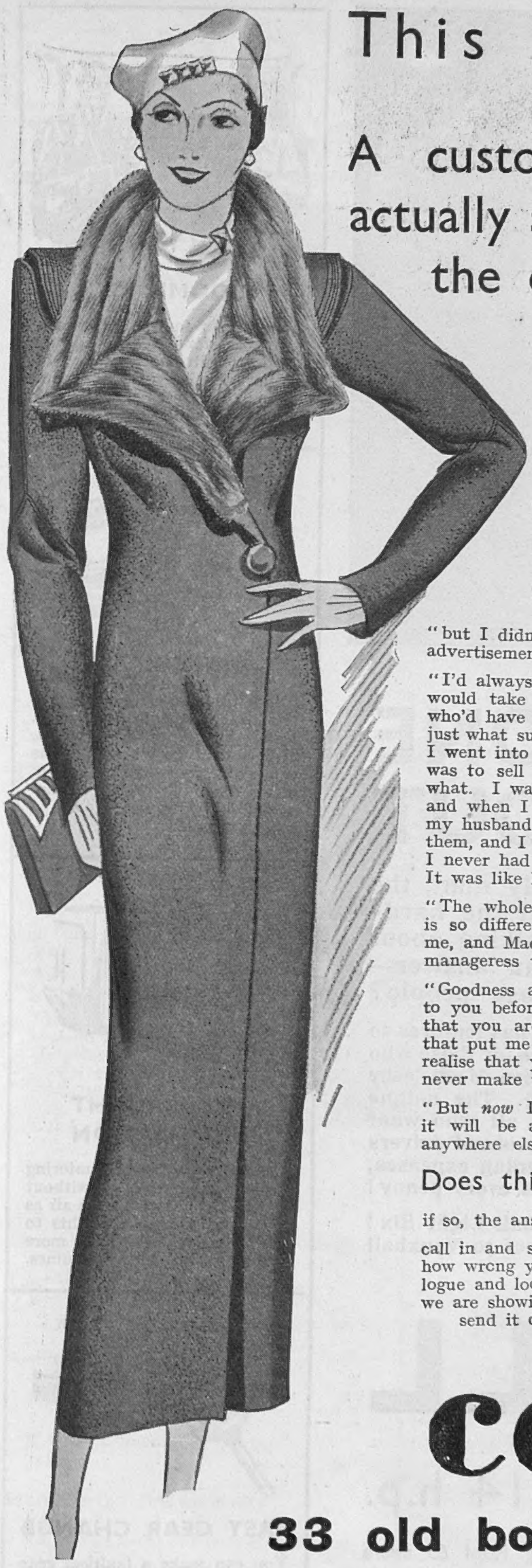
● **If you value Beauty obtain a copy of the latest Berlei Publication, "Five Types of Figure Beauty," from your Fashion House, or direct from:**

Berlei
TRUE-TO-TYPE
FIGURE FOUNDATIONS

BERLEI (U.K) LTD."B" 208a, Regent St., London .W.I *(Wholesale Only)*

This happened

A customer of ours actually said this to us the other day:



"I've read the corot advertisements for years . . . .

"but I didn't realise just how literally those advertisements applied to me.

"I'd always wanted to find a dressmaker who would take a personal interest in *me*, and who'd have the honesty to say quite frankly just what suited me and what didn't. When I went into a shop, I felt that the one idea was to sell me something . . . . . never mind what. I was told that everything suited me, and when I got them home, I hated them, or my husband hated them; my friends criticised them, and I knew that they were right. And I never had the courage to take them back. It was like living my life in a series of misfits.

"The whole atmosphere of your showrooms is so different. Your girls are so nice to me, and Madame Corot and your showroom manageress take such an interest in me.

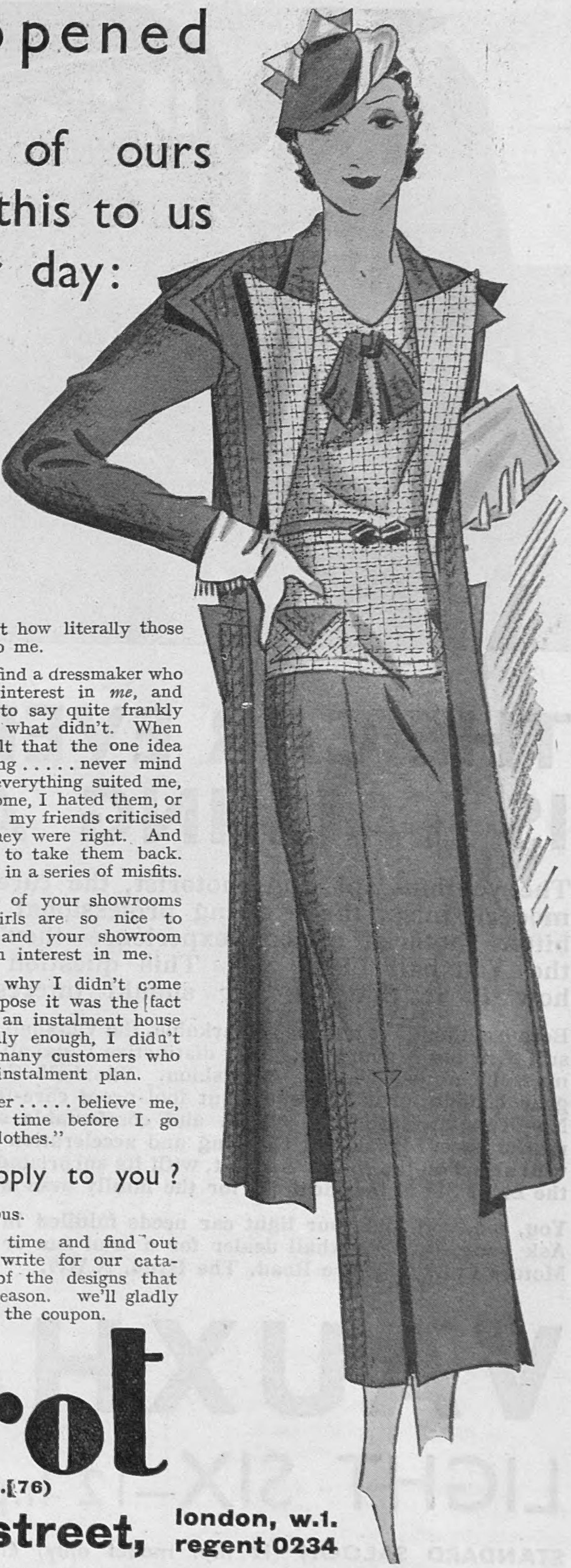
"Goodness alone knows why I didn't come to you before, but I suppose it was the fact that you are famous as an instalment house that put me off. Stupidly enough, I didn't realise that you had so many customers who never make use of your instalment plan.

"But *now* I know better . . . . believe me, it will be a very long time before I go anywhere else for my clothes."

Does this also apply to you?

if so, the answer is obvious.

call in and see us some time and find out how wrong you were, or write for our catalogue and look at some of the designs that we are showing for this season. we'll gladly send it on receipt of the coupon.



corot

(dept. b.76)

33 old bond street, **london, w.1.**
regent 0234

"all the go"

a subtle effect of shoulder width is cleverly achieved in this coat in one of the new woollen weaves, while the "chesty" line is much emphasised by the lovely collar of stranded summer ermine.

9½ guineas

free please send, without obligation, latest corot fashion guide.

name...

address...

b.76

"première showing"

with three-quarter coats everywhere, and the revival of interest in jumper suits, we've allied both these in a smart suit that is made of new woollens in plain and check designs.

10 guineas

THE CAR EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT

The youthful sporting motorist, the careful family man, the modern miss, the exacting professional man and the hard-bitten motorist of long experience—they're all talking about the Vauxhall Light Six. This question needs an answer—how is it that *one* car should interest so *many* people?

Because, though it may be remarkable, the Vauxhall Light Six has features to suit their many demands. That distinctive Vauxhall appearance for those who must be among leaders of fashion. Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh easy gear change for those who want fool-proof care-free driving. The unique No-Draught ventilating system and comfortable seating for all who want restful ease. Brisk hill climbing and acceleration to keep go-ahead drivers well ahead on the road. And yet, with its surprisingly low running expenses, the Light Six is the ideal car for the family man who watches every penny!

You, too, will find your light car needs fulfilled in the Vauxhall Light Six! Ask your local Vauxhall dealer for a trial run or write direct to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, N.W.9.

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LIGHT SIX—12 h.p. & 14 h.p.

STANDARD SALOON (12 h.p. model only) £195 Sliding Roof £5 extra
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The 12 h.p. model for true Vauxhall performance at lowest operating costs. The 14 h.p. model for the maximum acceleration and an extra turn of speed.

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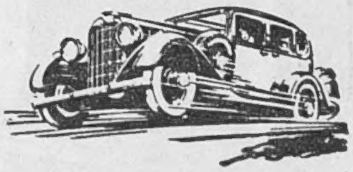
ROOMINESS

A luxurious four-seater saloon with space for a fifth if needs be. Deep form-fitting seats with real leather upholstery. Leg room to suit a "six-footer," with lots of head and elbow room.



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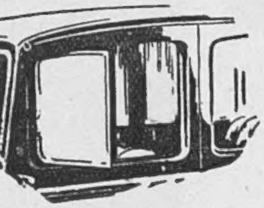
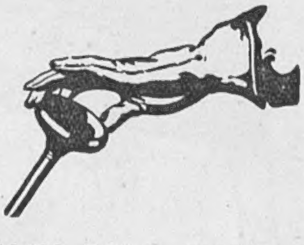
Exhilarating acceleration that is remarkably smooth and quiet. From walking pace to 50 m.p.h. in just over 20 seconds. Fine turn of speed, the 14 h.p. model 65-70 m.p.h., the 12 h.p. model 60-65 m.p.h. 25 to 30 miles per gallon.



NO-DRAUGHT VENTILATION

Vauxhall's new boon to motoring comfort gives fresh air without draughts. As much fresh air as you want without draughts to other passengers. No more stuffiness and tobacco fumes.



EASY GEAR CHANGE

You can make a faultless gear change every time with Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh. No double-declutching—no feeling for gears—nothing new to learn, just some of the old, tedious things to forget. 4-speed gear-box. Silent third.

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 8, No. 4. APRIL, 1934

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 126. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

HARVEY NICHOLS
of KNIGHTSBRIDGE

FASHION SPECIALISTS

This is a Season of Printed Silks!

NEVER BEFORE have there been so many bewilderingly lovely silk prints as you'll find this year in Harvey Nichols' Silk Department! Come in and see them, or if that's impossible, please send your name and address for books of the patterns you would like.

Printed Crêpe de Chine
Flowers and yet more flowers—with a few very beautiful designs in striped and cloudy effects—are pre-eminent for new day and evening gowns. Many of these silks are exclusive to Harvey Nichols, and have been modelled by famous Parisian couturiers.
A yard **7/11 to 21/9**

New Check Taffetas
Blouses and scarves by day-time—dresses by night-time—all have caught the taffeta craze! Those at Harvey Nichols' will delight you with their gay checks and plaids and their intriguing rustle.
A yard **8/11 & 9/11**

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These lovely, diaphanous materials are coming back to fashion as the time for Easter weddings and dances draws nearer! Once again, flowery designs predominate in these materials.
A yard **8/11 to 18/9**

New Marocain Prints
For really warm, silk daytime dresses, we recommend these distinguished, hard-wearing printed marocains. They are mostly on dark grounds, printed with flowers or leaves, or wavy lines and broken plaids.
A yard **6/11 to 15/9**

Taffetas, Poult de Soie
The glowing plain colours of these two fascinating materials—soft, rustling taffeta and the crisper, heavier poult de soie—will make the loveliest of evening gowns or the smartest of new daytime suits!
A yard **9/11 to 15/9**

For patterns of these silks
please send your name and address to Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1, or telephone Sloane 3440

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AGENTS FOR DEXTER COATS. LTD. BY APPOINTMENT
Catalogues on Application. 'Phone Regent 0189.

951 B.&E. "The Corinne." Shady Light-weight Garden or Country Hat, in rustic woven wheaten plait, with trimmings of twisted ribbon velvet in two shades, **29/6**
This hat can be supplied in all sizes, in Lido blue, beige, black, brown, deep violet or natural cream, with velvets to contrast.
A Selection can be had on approval on receipt of London trade reference, or an amount on deposit.

'NUGGET'-The World's Shoe-shine. No.2. EGYPT.

POPULARITY & PROGRESS

In Egypt, well-dressed men and women to-day use 'Nugget'—the World's Shoe-shine, because they know that this fine quality polish gives an immaculate finish, preserves the leather and makes shoes supple and comfortable.

'Nugget' is sold in colours for shoes of every shade.

In Black, Brown and Dark Brown Stain.
Tins 3d. and 6d. Large household tin 9d.

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METRO Coke Fire Burns with a blaze yet smokelessly, thus preserving interior decorations. Provides greater heat than equivalent coal fire. Fuel costs 2½d. per day.

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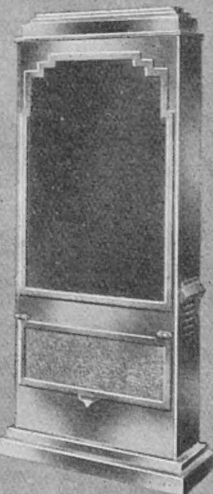
METRO-LOG Gas Fire Realistic, glowing logs, capped with flickering flames. Adaptable to either modern or period rooms. Preserves a tidy hearth.

FLAVEL Gas Cooker Enamelled finish. Detachable hot plate, splash back, etc. Efficient oven. At prices not usually associated with such high-grade appliances.



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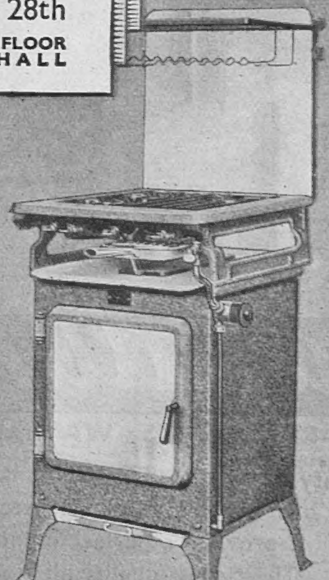

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By Appointment **The Original all-wool Raincoat** By Appointment

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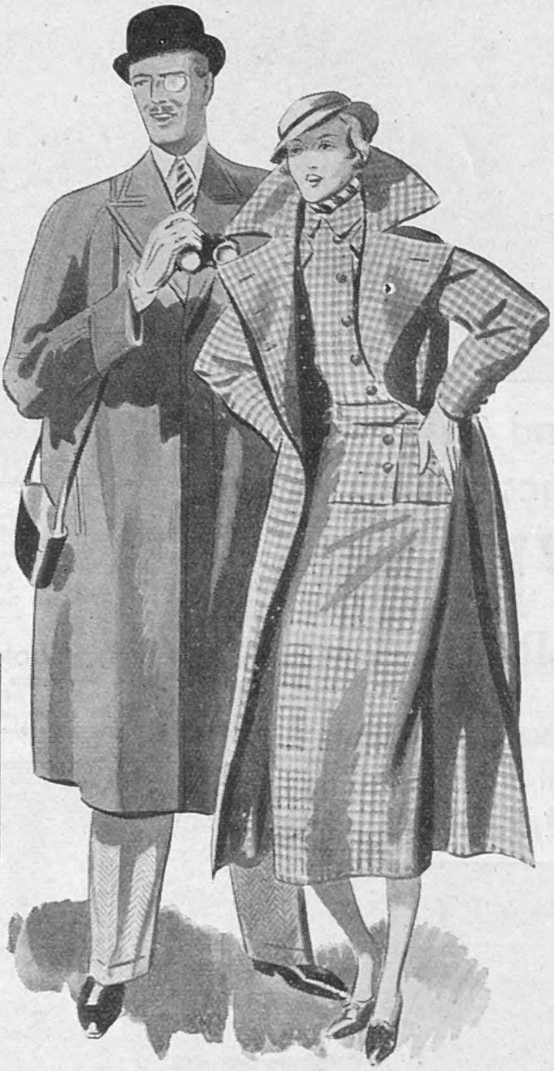
MOST
RELIABLE



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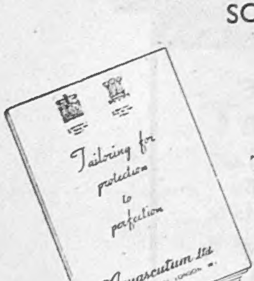
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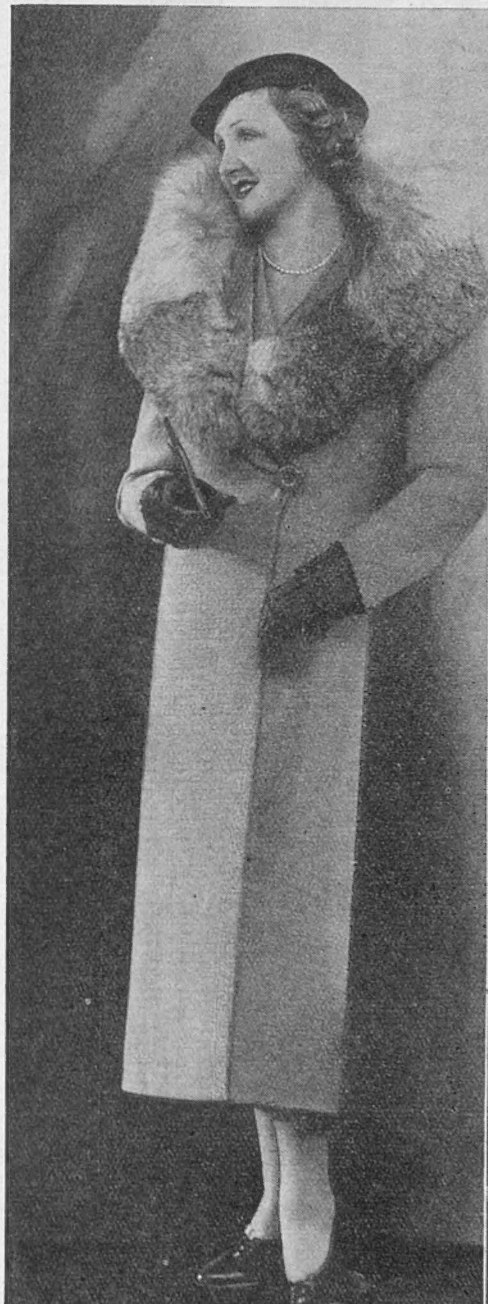
FOR THE PETITE



'VAN-WRAY'
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The bigger your fur trimming, the smarter your Coat. This model has a particularly luxurious lynx collar. The material is that very smart basket-weave Boucle in new Spring shades, including cactus blue. Lined throughout, of course.

Priced at $12\frac{1}{2}$ GNS.

Sent on approval.

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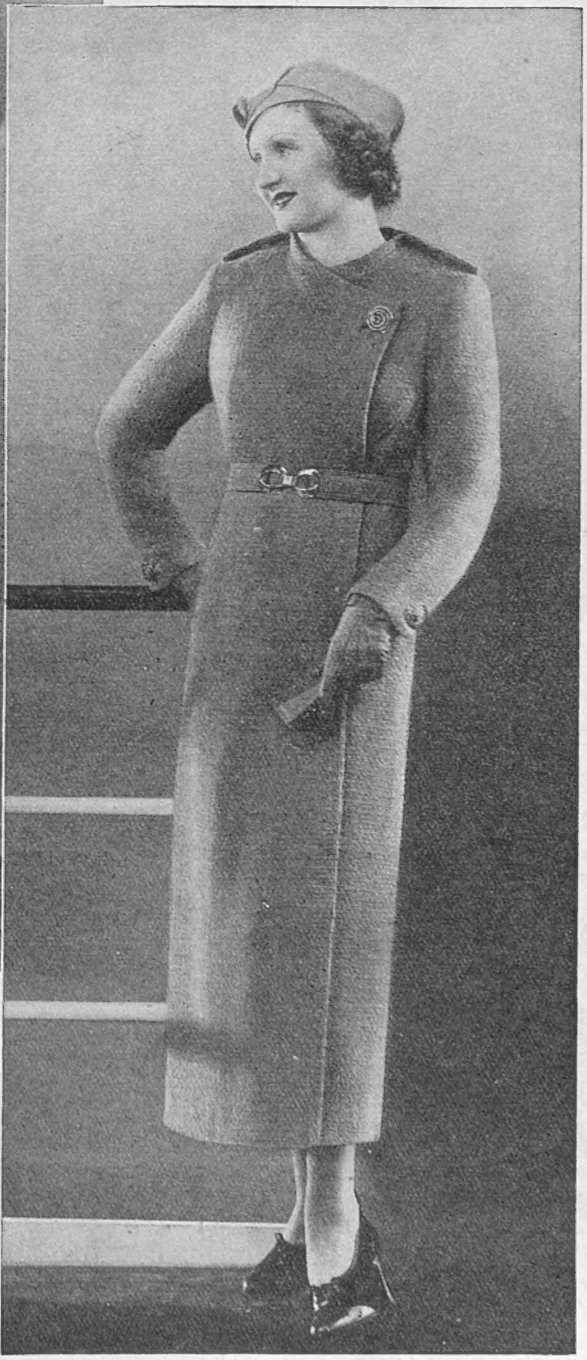

'VAN-WRAY' modes for the woman who is small in stature are obtainable only at Marshall & Snelgrove's.

They have been specially designed to flatter the petite figure and the range of sizes is such that all small figures can be fitted from stock without alterations. If you are petite you will enjoy a view of the 'Van Wray' models in our SMALL SIZES SALON on the First Floor. Each garment obtainable in these small sizes:

Letter	*Bust*	*Hips*	*Length*
A	32–33	36–38	44–46
B	34–35	37–39	45–47
C	34–36	37–40	46–48
D	36–38	39–41	45–46

When ordering by post, please state size required.

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combines the smartness of a fashionable overcoat with the assurance of perfect protection in *every* kind of weather.

It is the *one* topcoat made to resist rain, sleet, snow and bitter winds, and—being practically weightless and self-ventilating—is a pleasure to wear on all occasions.

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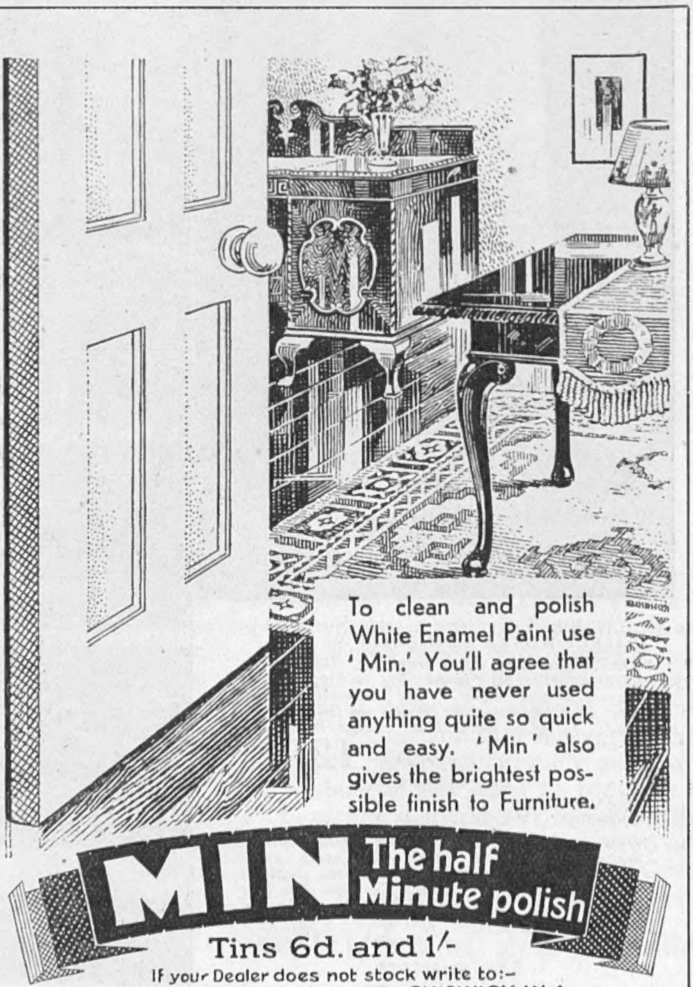

To clean and polish White Enamel Paint use 'Min.' You'll agree that you have never used anything quite so quick and easy. 'Min' also gives the brightest possible finish to Furniture.

MIN The half Minute polish

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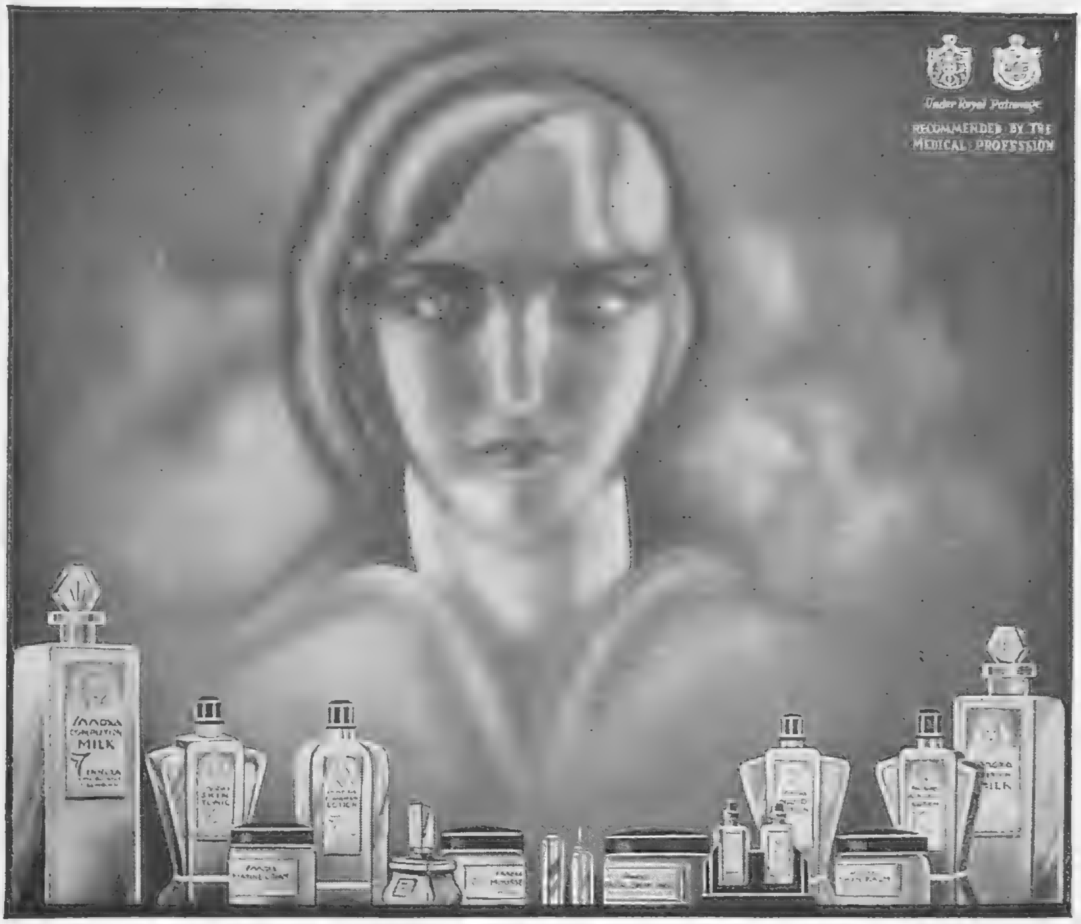
the **PERFECT ENSEMBLE**

by **INNOXA**



THE smart woman must not only dress in harmony with her natural colouring. Her make-up, too, must be chosen to complete an ensemble in which there is no hint of discord.

The Innoxa "Aids to Beauty" below all play their part in emphasizing natural complexion loveliness. They are made to the formulae of the famous dermatologist, Dr. Francois Debat, whose purpose it is to give to the skin that health which is the only true foundation of beauty.

First cleanse the skin with
INNOXA COMPLEXION MILK . . per bottle 21/–, 11/6, 6/6, 3/6
Apply
INNOXA MOUSSE DAY CREAM (for dry skins) per vase 6/6, 3/6, 2/–
or
INNOXA MATINE DAY CREAM (for greasy skins) per vase 6/6, 3/6, 2/–

Then, for natural make-up, to complete the perfect ensemble use
INNOXA RUBY CREAM FOR THE CHEEKS. In nickel plated case, inlaid blue enamel, with mirror. For Blondes: Mandarin, Clair. For Brunettes: Electric, Fonce . . . . price 3/–

INNOXA POWDER. Shades: Rachel, Pearl, Aprella, Pereena, Sunbronze, Rachel Clair, Naturelle, Peach, Rose-The, Futura, Chair, Green, Corail De Luxe Case 6/6. Box 3/6.

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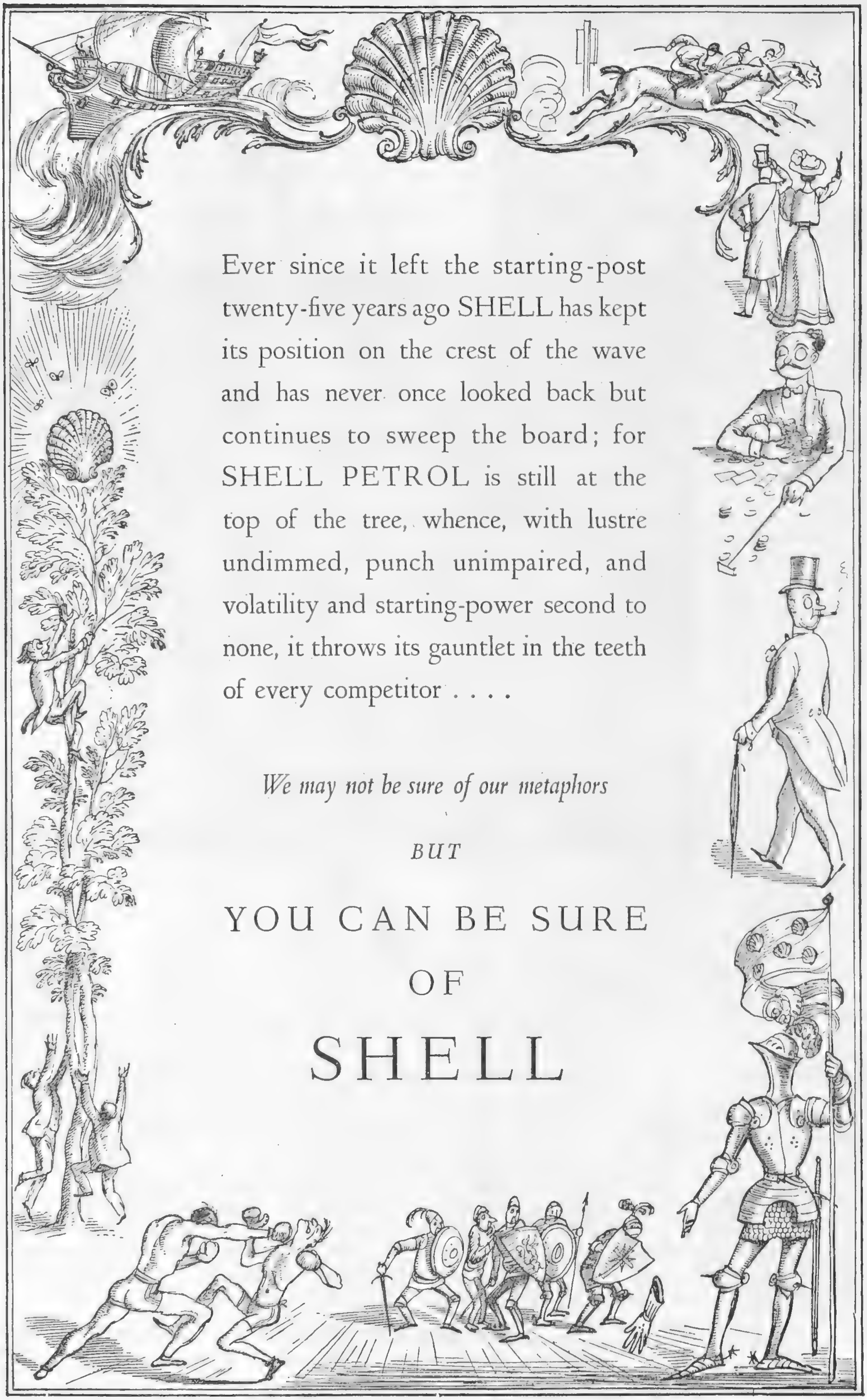
INNOXA SALON, 38 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Scientific



Ever since it left the starting-post twenty-five years ago SHELL has kept its position on the crest of the wave and has never once looked back but continues to sweep the board; for SHELL PETROL is still at the top of the tree, whence, with lustre undimmed, punch unimpaired, and volatility and starting-power second to none, it throws its gauntlet in the teeth of every competitor . . . .

We may not be sure of our metaphors

BUT

YOU CAN BE SURE

OF

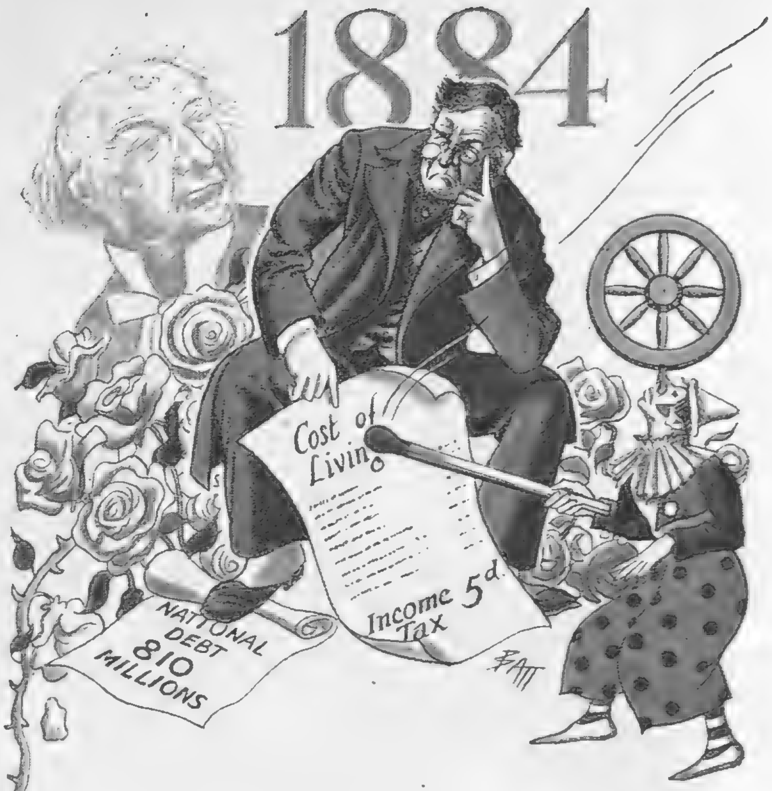
SHELL

Fifty Years Ago

Dramatic Flashbacks on the Screen of History

No. 4

Budgets—Then and Now

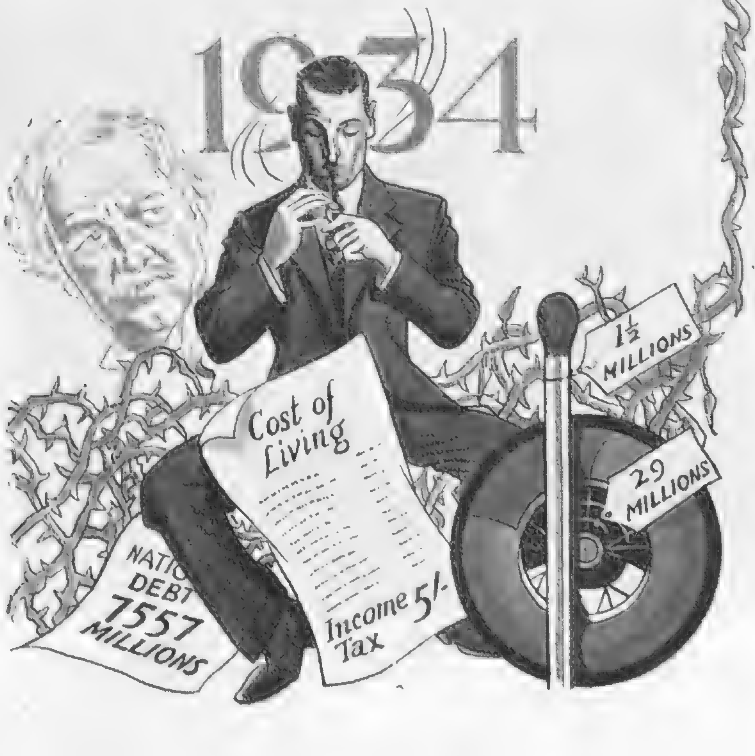


DID the taxpayer of fifty years ago realise in what a happy age he lived? This must be doubted, for when Mr. Childers, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Gladstone's government, revealed the secrets of the 1884 Budget a shiver went down the householder's spine on learning that the Supplementary Estimates—described by one newspaper as "a very ugly feature"—amounted to no less than a million and a quarter.

What would have been his feelings had he lived to-day and learnt that in Mr. Neville Chamberlain's Budget of 1933 this particular item amounted to eighteen millions!

Fifty years ago the taxpayer wondered where expenditure would cease when Mr. Childers's estimate of the country's expenses for the year totalled about eighty-five and a half millions. Mr. Neville Chamberlain found it necessary to budget for no less than seven hundred and seventy-seven millions half a century later! It will be seen, incidentally, that the supplementary estimates of 1933 were in themselves approaching a quarter of the whole Budget total in 1884.

AS for the Income Tax in those not very distant days it stood at fivepence in the pound as compared with the five shillings of to-day, but the ancient taxpayer hardly seemed to realise when he was well off, for some years previously when the tax was only fourpence an agitation against the impost culminated in conferences held in Birmingham and at the Mansion House when an Anti-Income Tax League was formed. No wonder that Mr. Gladstone, who always had an eye to the main political chance and trimmed his sails to the breeze of popularity, once promised to abolish the Income Tax entirely if he were returned to power.



But it was not only as regards Income Tax that the 1884 householder was affluent—though he might not have known it. The Eighteen-eighties were years of plenty and indirect taxation minute as compared with the Nineteen-thirties. Food was cheap; beer could be bought at threepence a pint, whisky at three and six a bottle, gin at half a crown, and a sound bottle of burgundy cost eighteen pence. A good tobacco was fourpence an ounce and a tax on table waters was unknown. The wages of a cook-general in a middle-class household were about twelve pounds per annum and a big suburban house with a large garden was obtainable at about forty pounds a year.

IN the womb of time were the death duties of Sir William Harcourt which in 1933 drained the capital of the country to the extent of some sixty-seven millions. Those attending entertainments in 1884 paid nothing to the Exchequer as compared with nine and a third millions of to-day. A tax on matches when suggested by Mr. Robert Lowe burnt his fingers so badly that it had to be dropped, yet to-day it yields a million and a half per annum. Derision later greeted Mr. Goschen's abortive rail and wheel tax, but one wonders whether derision would have not given place to amazement on learning that a tax on somewhat similar lines yielded nearly twenty-nine millions to the Road Fund. Assuredly the householder of 1884 had not much to grumble about, though this did not prevent his doing so. Had he realised that the load of the country's debt and on which interest would have to be paid would increase from eight hundred and ten millions, as it was then, to seven thousand five hundred and fifty-seven millions, as it is now, he might even have emitted a contented chuckle and thought that, on mature consideration, the 'eighties were not so expensive a time to live in after all.

ENGLAND'S

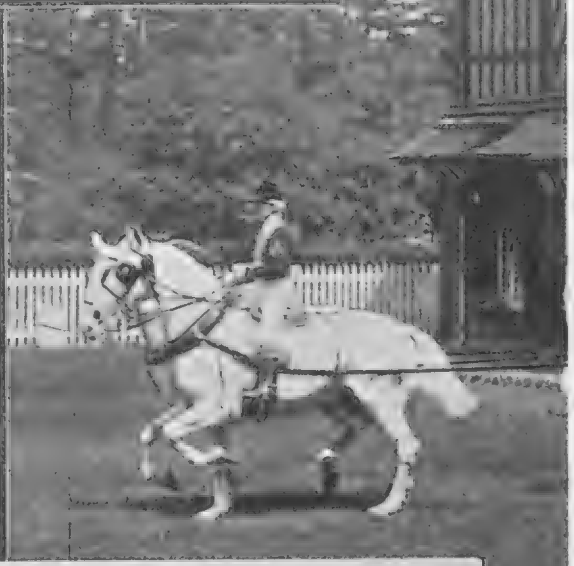
The Miracle of our comparatively unchanged Social Fabric

THE coming of spring is being heralded by the familiar portents. The boards of decorating firms are being fastened up outside the smoke-blackened fronts of houses in Mayfair, the debutantes are ordering their ballroom dresses, hostesses are revising their invitation lists, the mantelpieces of fashionable young men are being cluttered up with invitation cards, *The Times* has started publishing the dance list on its Society page. In a few weeks the London season will be in full swing.

Those who remember the halcyon days of King Edward insist that it is only a pale shadow of what it once was. They can recall the days before the great London mansions were pulled down to make room for motor-car emporiums or were converted into museums, when it was thought nothing to spend £1,500 on a single evening's entertainment. How they love to tell us of the great pageants of pre-war days—the Fancy Dress Ball at Devonshire House at the dawn of the century, or the dinner party in the summer of 1908, given by the Duke and Duchess of Wellington at Apsley House for seventy of the great of the earth who included the King and Queen, the chief Ambassadors, the leading figures not merely of the Cabinet but of the front Opposition benches! They look upon the more modest scale of entertaining now with the same kind of regretful contempt with which an Anglo-Indian who remembers the princely days of the Raj receives the news that his son, who has recently joined the Indian Civil Service, does not keep three polo ponies and has only one quarter of the personal retinue formerly thought essential for the preservation of a sahib's prestige.

A MEET of foxhounds at Broxbornebury, Broxbourne

A POLO match in progress during a garden party at Roehampton



A DINNER party at the Carlton Hotel

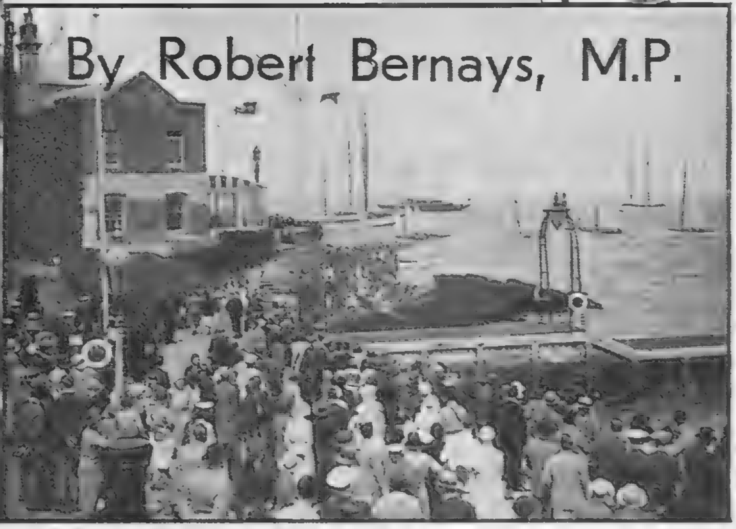
VANITY FAIR — 1934 Model

By Robert Bernays, M.P.

DANCING in progress at a ball given at Sunderland House in aid of the Cheyne Hospital for Children. The Countess of Cromer received the guests

Below: LA Mode as seen at Ascot in 1909. Even in these democratic days the meeting remains a great social event

THE King and Queen proceeding to the opening of the Ascot Meeting


COWES regatta is still the week in the yachting world

But what amazes my post-war generation or those of us who have done any travelling in Europe is not that the London season has diminished in splendour but that it continues to exist at all.

I HAVE been visiting in the last few months some of the old headquarters of fashion in Central Europe. I am astounded by their contrast with London to-day. Where is the gay world, for instance, of Berlin, so lovingly encouraged by the ex-Kaiser, who, so far from persecuting the Jewish magnates, encouraged them to build palaces in the Tiergarten and race their yachts against one another at Kiel, to give added splendour to the glittering world of the court and the aristocracy? The Kaiser is an exile at Doorn, his sons and grandsons are courting favour with the upstart corporal from Austria, or, as in the case of Prince Louis Ferdinand, selling motor-cars in America; the aristocrats are in many cases living in one room at the top of a block of working-class flats in Berlin; the great houses in the Tiergarten stand empty for the most part, not even being required for offices or showrooms. At Bonn I motored down what was once called Millionaires' Road. Not a single house was occupied. Grass was growing in the drives and it had not been thought worth while even to repair or prop up the boards announcing that "this desirable property was to be let or sold." In Berlin there is no entertaining on any scale except the official parties given by the foreign Embassies. Imagine a London in June when a party given by some obscure legation was a leading event.

It is even more depressing in Austria. For Vienna, in the days before a half-witted young man let off a pistol at the Austrian Archduke (*Continued on page* 116)

Three Wives TALE

THREE couples were sitting on the hard, narrow benches which flanked the four walls of Parrington Street registrar's office.

Lady Flavia Raine turned a trifle impatiently to the tall military figure beside her.

"Who'd have thought," she complained, "that there would have been this kind of queue?"

Charles Peterson, twenty years Lady Flavia's senior, but still an extremely attractive-looking man, soothed her gently:

"Never mind, my dear, we're first on the list, I'm told."

Flavia frowned; above all things she hated to be kept waiting. Then she remembered how Rocco had always impressed upon her:

"My darling, if you value your looks, don't ever allow yourself to look tragic or irritable. Neither expression suits you," and forced her rouged lips into a wide smile.

Funny, she reflected, still smiling, as she watched Charles fiddling with a bundle of papers to cover up his own embarrassment, funny how, though she was going to marry Charles within the next ten minutes or so, she was thinking subconsciously about pleasing Rocco.

Funny—it was grotesquely funny—that she should be marrying Charles Peterson, the millionaire M.P. instead of Rocco Dennison, the impecunious sculptor whom she loved.

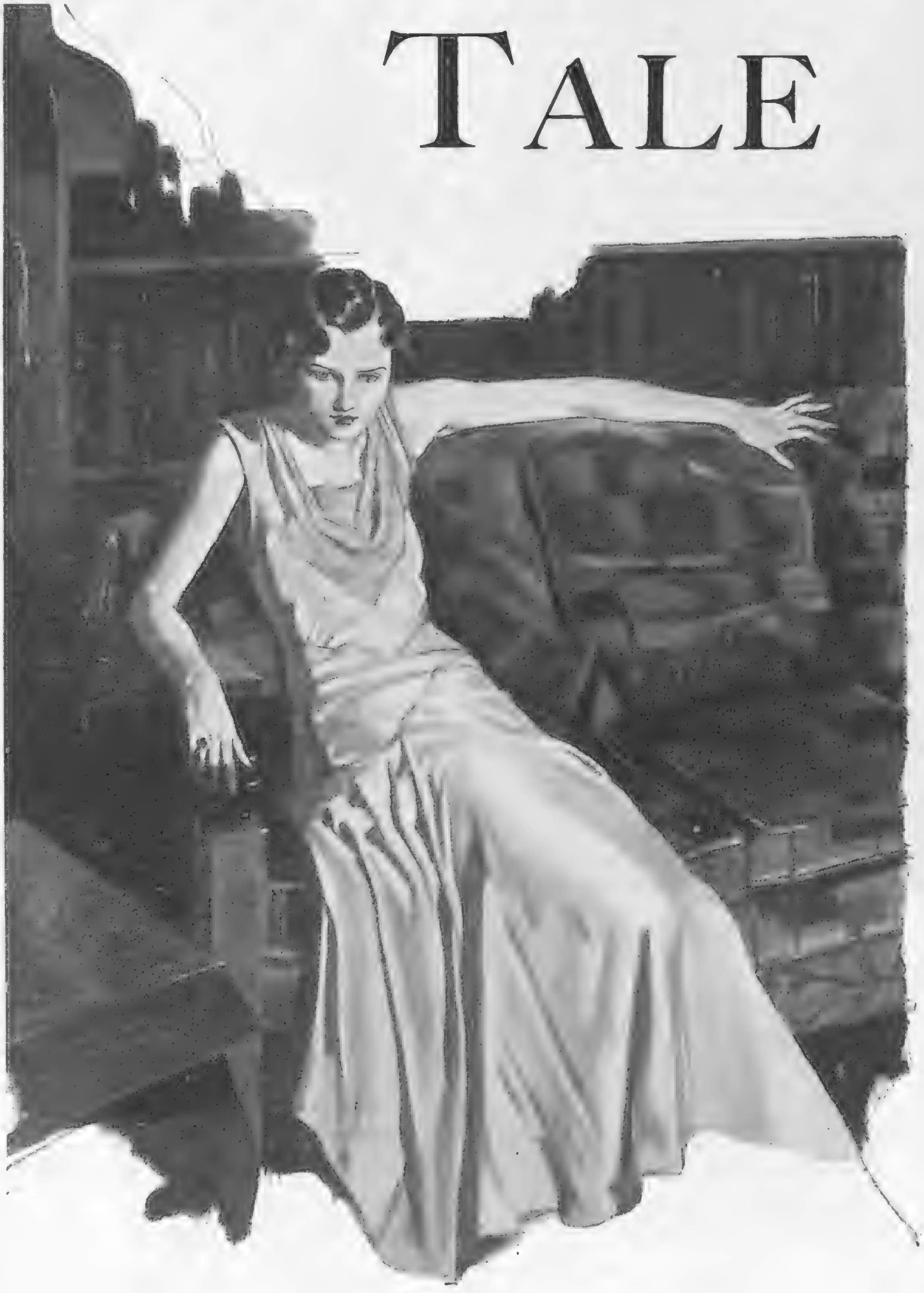
Still . . . the Lady Flavia continued to smile . . . she didn't even, at the eleventh hour, regret her choice. Love was a sweet, a precious luxury, but money . . . Charles's millions were a stark necessity, placed as she was with a mountain of debts and an income hardly large enough to pay her glove and stocking bills.

It wasn't altogether her fault that she was marrying for money, she had argued constantly with herself during the last few weeks when she had been feeling so utterly wretched about Rocco. She had tried to earn her own living. She had offered her loveliness to every film company in England; a goodly portion of her slender capital had been sunk in a dress shop venture; the sort of place which was patronised by one's friends when their credit was exhausted in all other quarters.

When she met Charles two months ago she had been playing with the idea of starting a typewriting bureau and nearly asked him to put up the necessary capital the first time they dined alone together.

On the morning of the day he proposed she had had no fewer than six threatening letters from tradespeople, announcing that they were going to take proceedings forthwith, and one from her bank requesting that she should refrain from writing any more cheques until further funds were forthcoming. It had been faintly amusing to anyone with a sense of humour, watching Charles wandering nervously about her exquisite sitting-room, admiring now a piece of furniture, now a vase, when inside the lacquer desk which especially took his fancy there lay all those frightening letters from the people who had supplied them.

And what a relief it had been, sitting in the stalls that same evening with Charles, and twiddling his magnificent sapphire on the third finger of one's left hand, secure in the knowledge that



Madame Elise, from whom one had bought the frock one was wearing, would cease her dunning, almost insulting letters once she knew that the Lady Flavia Raine was to marry Charles Peterson.

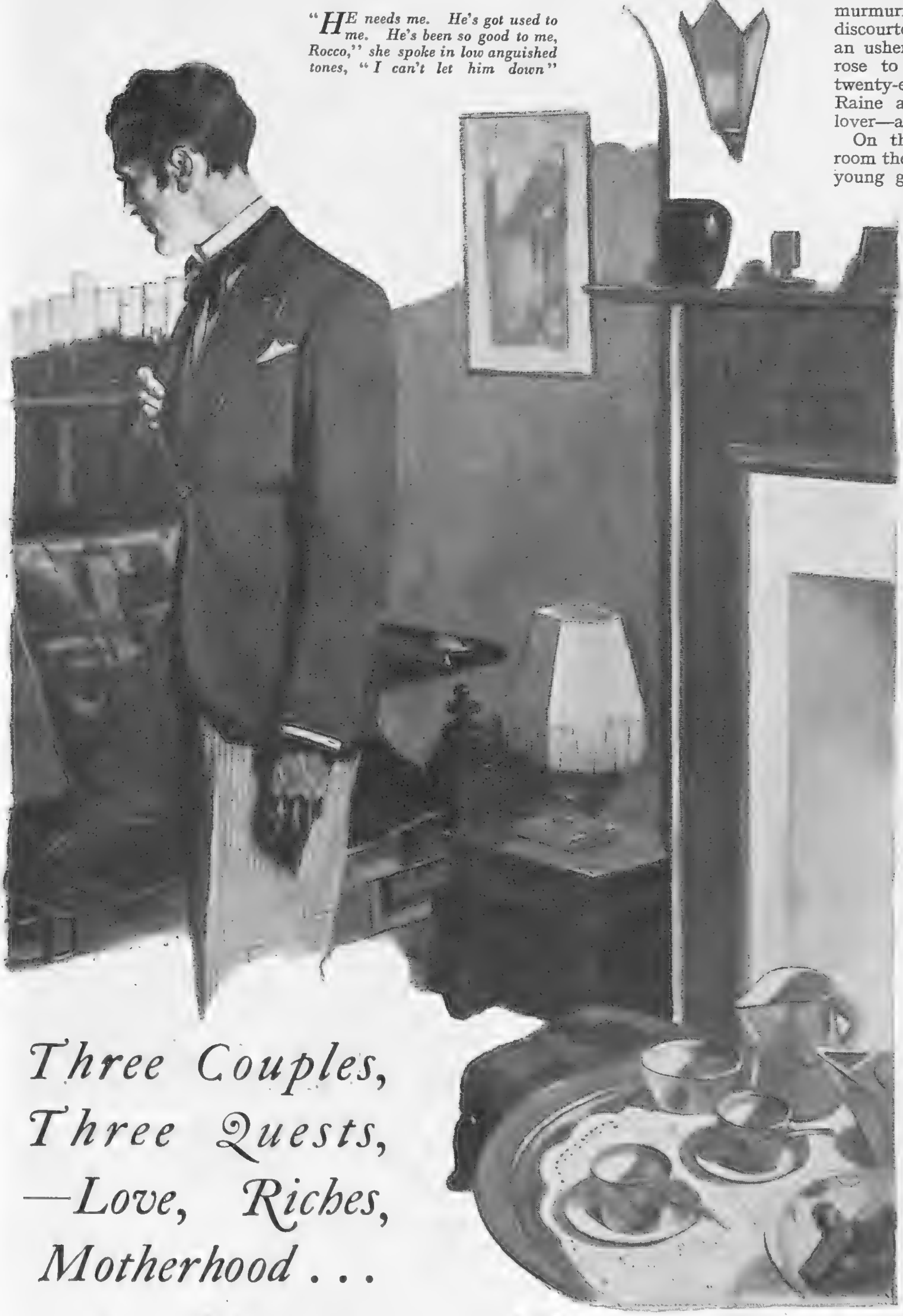
Yes, the relief had been so great that for the first twenty-four hours Flavia had almost forgotten it meant giving up Rocco.

Even now, as she sat close to Charles on this hard, narrow bench, it seemed all unreal and stupid that it was Charles and not Rocco whom she was going to marry. For Rocco's sake, because she knew how desperately she had hurt him in choosing material security before his love, she had insisted on this quiet wedding. So secret was it that even the Press had missed it, and it might be days, weeks even, before Rocco knew for a certainty that she really had chosen Charles.

"My dear"—Charles sounded apologetic—"I'm so sorry there is this delay."

"It's not your fault." She laid an exquisitely gloved hand on his and felt very tenderly towards him. "I expect"—her smile held a gentle quality—"the registrar's wife has given him an extra course for lunch and that has made him late."

"HE needs me. He's got used to me. He's been so good to me, Rocco," she spoke in low anguished tones, "I can't let him down"



Three Couples, Three Quests, —Love, Riches, Motherhood . . .

By Barbara Hedworth

Charles, still apologetic, was murmuring something about the discourtesy of public servants, when an usher beckoned to him. They rose to their feet—the beautiful twenty-eight-year-old Lady Flavia Raine and her no longer young lover—and followed him.

On the opposite bench in the room they had just vacated, a very young girl with eager, china-blue eyes and a wealth of fair baby curls falling around her face from under a brilliant green beret, watched them go, then whispered to the young man next to her:

"Goodness, her chap looks old enough to be her father. I don't envy *her*."

She giggled shyly.

The man, under the cover of a cheap bowler hat he was balancing on his knee, gave her hand a vigorous squeeze.

"And I don't envy him, Dolly," he returned heatedly. "Looks a bad lot to me, that young woman does. An actress, I should say."

"No — society — Lady Flavia Raine. I've seen her picture in the *Tatler* and the *Sketch*," corrected Dolly, who had been a lady's maid to Lady Didi Morse, one of the débutantes of the season.

The man, a good-looking youngster with heavy shoulders and a reliable mouth, scoffed:

"Marrying him for his money then—*of course*. I suppose he fancies her class. Heaven help the old buffer."

Dolly dimpled and drew closer to him.

"Well, old darling," she teased, "no one can say that about us, can they? Real love-birds, we are."

The man's open face wore a worried expression as he squeezed Dolly's fingers even more tightly, and repeated sturdily:

"That's us—real love-birds."

He did love Dolly. Oh! terribly, frighteningly, this hard-headed motor mechanic who had never so much as looked at a girl before. He knew, too, though it was difficult to see why, that Dolly loved him. Wasn't it proof in itself how much she loved him that she was sitting here at his side in the registrar's office, his modest half-hoop of diamonds glistening valiantly on her ungloved hand. Pretty Dolly Lane who could have married that " Gary Cooper " looking fellow, Lady Didi Morse's chauffeur, or taken her pick of half a dozen others in considerably better positions than himself, Reg Blake, who earned only two pounds a week.

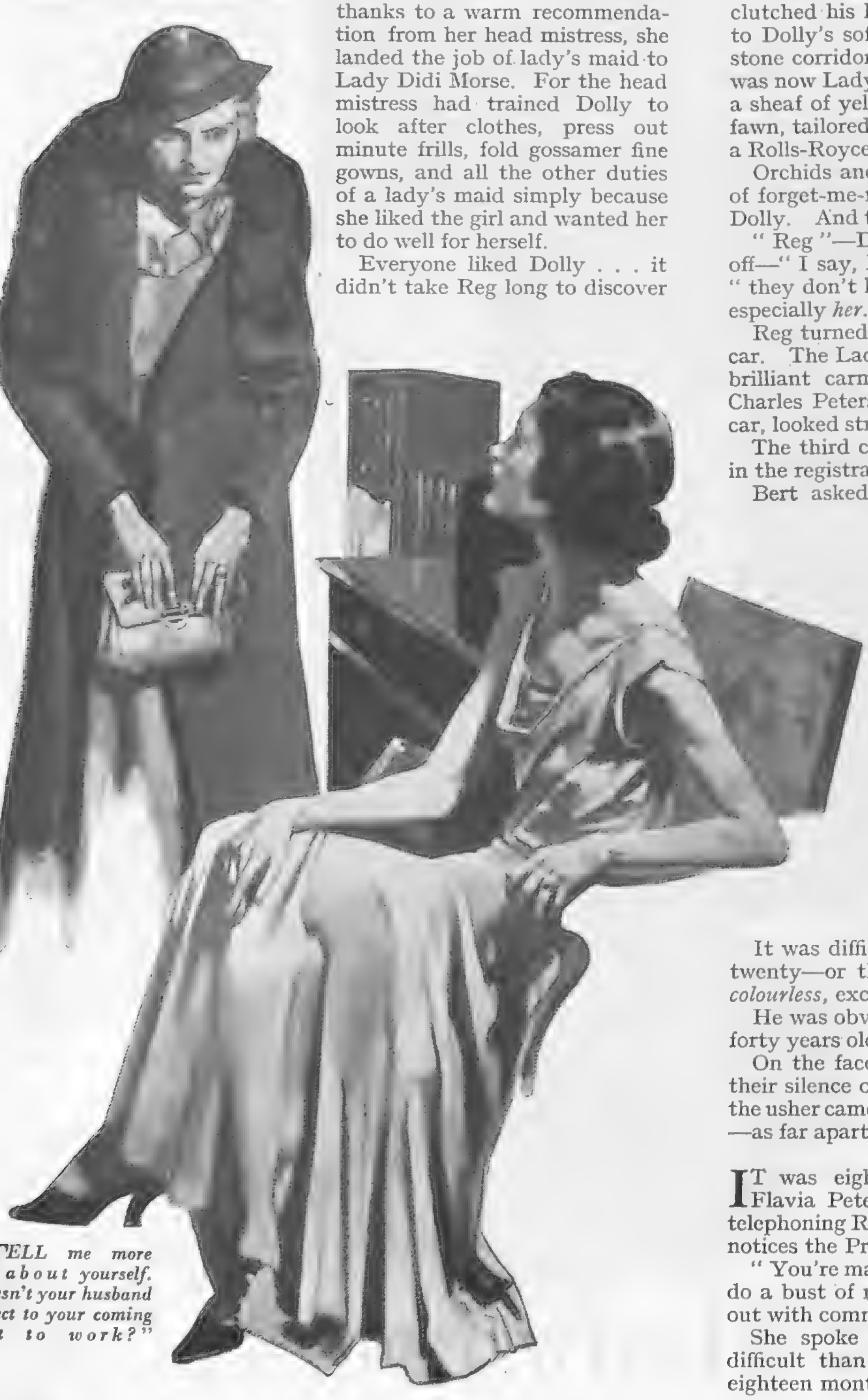
Yes, Dolly loved him all right, but he couldn't help worrying as to whether she realised to what a fierce test her love would be put, living in one room (though it was a very large one, and she had chosen the furniture herself—to be paid for at so much a week); budgeting his pay to the last ha'penny, with the always-frightening uncertainty that there was no reserve for illness, holidays, or new clothes.

Dolly had been used to better things, that's what bothered Reg. Her father and mother had a whole house, if you please, at Tulse Hill.

Of course, the old people were lucky; they had been able to buy when houses were cheap and the small tradesman (Dolly's father had owned a butcher's shop) stood a chance of not only providing for his family week by week, but of putting a bit by, so that when the multiple stores started spreading themselves all over the suburbs, old Lane sold his site to one of them at a handsome profit and retired to spend the remainder of his life rearing prize tomatoes and cucumbers.

There had been enough money, too, to send Dolly to first-rate needlework classes as soon as she left school, and from there, thanks to a warm recommendation from her head mistress, she landed the job of lady's maid to Lady Didi Morse. For the head mistress had trained Dolly to look after clothes, press out minute frills, fold gossamer fine gowns, and all the other duties of a lady's maid simply because she liked the girl and wanted her to do well for herself.

Everyone liked Dolly . . . it didn't take Reg long to discover that. And it made him all the more frightened of the future. Such a small baby, petted, cuddly thing she was, how dared one hope that she might weather the harsh life of poverty which was the best he could offer her ?



"TELL me more about yourself. Doesn't your husband object to your coming out to work?"

Yet Dolly herself showed no fear of the future :

" I don't mind how poor we are, Reggie," she had declared, " so long as we're together."

And because he wanted to believe her and loved her so, he had dared to put up the banns in the registrar's office three weeks ago.

For himself he would have preferred a church wedding, but Dolly had begged:

" Let's keep it a secret, Reggie, until we've done it. I don't even want Dad and Mother to know, in case they try to scare us off because we are so young and have no savings."

So, being a " whole hogger," Reg had gone to the registrar instead of to the vicar of his parish. After the ceremony they were going to Tulse Hill to break the news to Dolly's people, and then back to their own " home " in time for supper.

As to Reg's people . . . they wouldn't hear about it for a fortnight or so, because they were somewhere in the wilds of Canada, and he had only dared to write them last night.

The door of the waiting room opened again, and Dolly, nudging Reg, whispered excitedly :

" Come on—it's our turn next."

Like a man in a trance, Reg staggered to his feet. He clutched his hat in one hand, and the other continued to cling to Dolly's soft fingers. As they passed through the draughty stone corridor, he caught a glimpse of Lady Flavia Raine, who was now Lady Flavia Peterson. She was wearing, Reg noticed, a sheaf of yellow and brown orchids pinned on the lapel of her fawn, tailored suit. At the entrance to the building there stood a Rolls-Royce touring car.

Orchids and a Rolls for *that* woman, whereas a tiny nosegay of forget-me-nots was the most he had been able to afford for Dolly. And they were going to Tulse Hill by bus and tram.

" Reg "—Dolly's voice seemed to be coming from a long way off—" I say, Reg,"—she, too, was watching the other couple—" they don't look a bit happy, do they ? I don't envy them—especially *her*."

Reg turned so that he caught their faces as they entered the car. The Lady Flavia's was drained of colour, emphasising her brilliant carmine lips; and her luminous eyes held no joy. Charles Peterson, standing on one side for her to get into the car, looked strangely puzzled, and unsure of himself.

The third couple, Mary Johnson and Bert Roberts, sat alone in the registrar's waiting room now.

Bert asked kindly: "Sure you're not cold ?" There was a slight draught coming through the window.

She shook her head, and gave a slow placid smile.

Presently she asked in her turn :

" Did you remember to pay the witnesses five shillings each ? "

He said yes, and volunteered that their train left for Brighton at 4, so there would be time for a cup of tea on the way to the station.

" I like Brighton," declared Mary in the same quiet voice, and Bert agreed, " So do I."

Then they relapsed into a very undisturbed silence, this colourless young woman with tense grey-green eyes, and the little nondescript man who blinked nervously behind his horn-rimmed spectacles.

It was difficult to gauge their ages . . . she might have been twenty—or thirty—or even thirty-five. So drab was she, so *colourless*, except for those queer eyes.

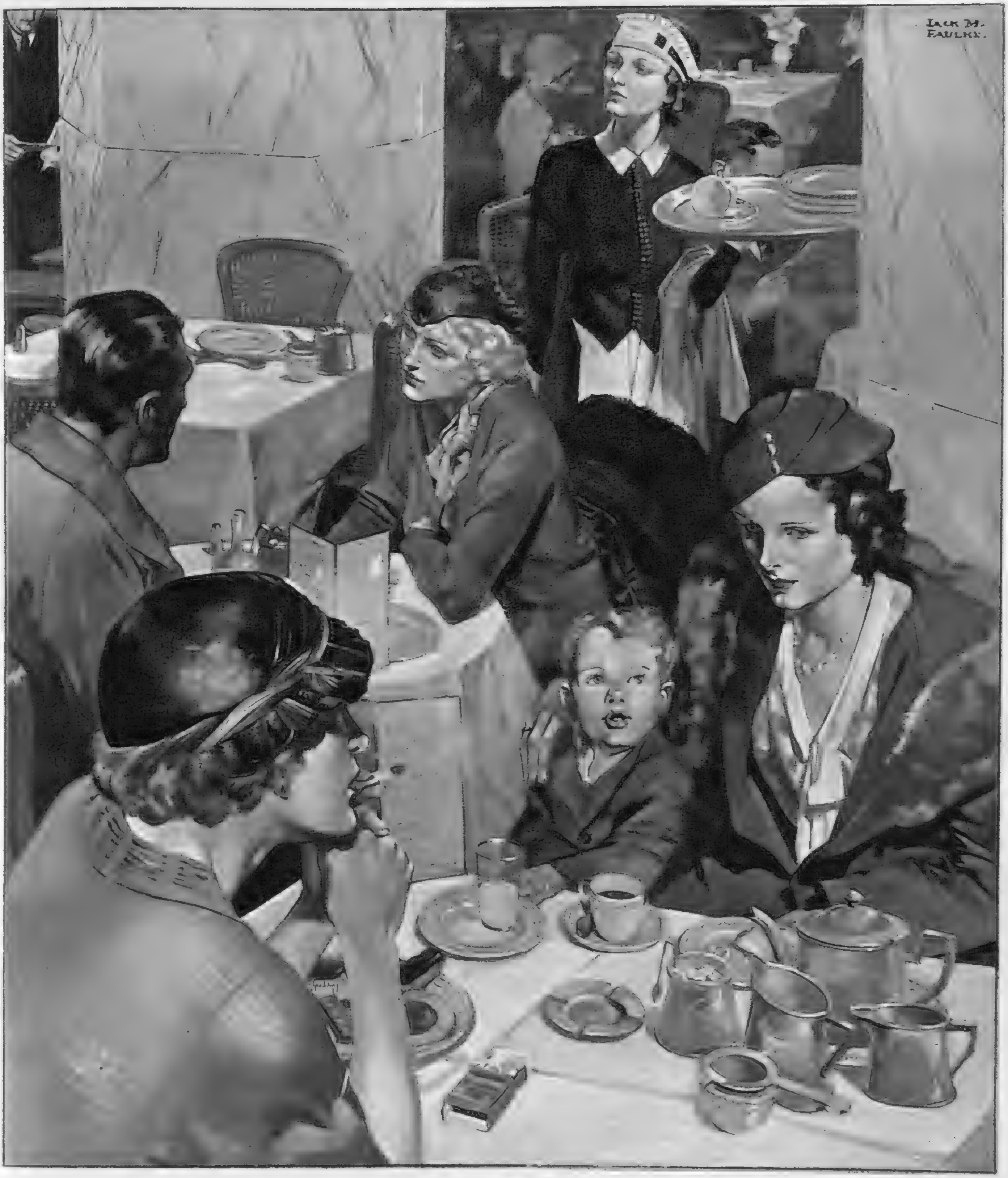
He was obviously a clerk . . . too retiring to be a salesman . . . forty years old, perhaps, or younger.

On the face of it, unimportant, uninteresting people, but in their silence one sensed their satisfaction in each other. When the usher came to call them, they smiled a little shyly and walked —as far apart as possible—into the adjoining room.

IT was eighteen months after her marriage and the Lady Flavia Peterson lay in bed smoking a Turkish cigarette and telephoning Rocco Dennison to congratulate him on the excellent notices the Press had given his exhibition.

" You're made, Rocco . . . you're the rage . . . now, swear you'll do a bust of me before all my friends and enemies swamp you out with commissions ? "

She spoke with deliberate flippancy. It was much more difficult than she had realised to talk to Rocco even after eighteen months' silence.


JACK M. FAULKS.

"AND you," she hazarded, producing a packet of cigarettes, "you seem to have done all right"

When first the idea had come to her to telephone him, she had thought their affair to be safely relegated to that sealed compartment of one's heart which holds unfulfilled dreams. She had even hoped that she and Rocco might become good friends.

Then, as soon as she heard his voice . . . that lazy drawling:

" Hallo—who 's that ? " something which she had thought to have shrivelled and died came unexpectedly to life again, and she knew at that moment that she loved Rocco Dennison as deeply, as passionately as ever.

Loved him as much as she was capable of loving.

She had told Rocco that eighteen months ago, and he retorted, the Grecian line of his lips curved into a sneer:

" Then, darling, I deplore your capacity for loving."

He drawled now: " It 's kind of you to telephone me."

And Flavia, reckless because she was so unsure of herself and so terribly pleased to be talking to Rocco, invited him:

" Come to tea with me this afternoon."

To her surprise, he accepted without hesitation, and when Charles, looking terribly fit and British after his daily dozen and a cold bath, came to her room as was his custom before leaving for the City, she told him:

" Rocco Dennison, the sculptor everyone is making such a fuss about, is having tea with us this afternoon. Can you be back, d' you think ? "

Charles was afraid he couldn't. There was a special board meeting he had to attend which wouldn't be over much before 6.30.

" Besides," he excused himself charmingly, " I don't know what one says to a famous sculptor. Art isn't my line of business, unfortunately." (*Contd. on p. 78*)

THE MARCH of

Death Dance of Revue . . .

They may never dance again . . . .

IS Revue finished?

The rumour is abroad, and I regret to say that even the wisest are shaking their heads.

"It 's doomed because there aren't any good ideas," Joe Low, the *Variety* correspondent, told me; "the shows are too costly to produce, and the cinemas can give a bigger show and more comfortable seats for the same money."

"I hope I never do another," said Charles B. Cochran, who has backed so many revues he should know what he's talking about.

But the facts speak even more strongly: there has not been a West-End revue that has made money all winter, while now, at the opening of the spring season, when usually there are half-a-dozen revues starting off to good money, not a single one is even in sight!

Why this change?

The illustrated society journals give as many photographs of brilliant openings at revues as they did when revue was at its height several years ago. The critics acclaim the witty sketches, the catchy music and the spectacular sets as ardently as ever. And at the dinner-table one hears: "Wasn't Lillie divine! I simply adore Lupino Lane!" While in the streets one hears the latest tune whistled by penny newsboys.

But, in spite of all this publicity and patronage, it is upon the pit and galleries that the theatre's support rests; and the man who has only four or five shillings to spend on seats for his young lady can get a more impressive show in the cinema; but, what counts even more, he can get a show which is more specially constructed for the modern man-in-the-street.

For revue to-day is hopelessly out of date in general appeal. Primarily conceived for and by a sophisticated minority, its good things are too subtle for the pit, while when a simpler entertainment is attempted it falls way below the average man's intelligence of to-day, offering him humour and ideas and music of the slapstick school of twenty-five years ago.

Every producer I known admits he is between the devil and the deep blue sea when it comes to giving the ordinary public what it wants. Yet the film producers and even the B.B.C. seem to have found the winning middle road. I obviously cannot give in this space scenarios of successful revues, but I can give one key that opens the door to the psychology behind them; and that is that What Society Likes no longer sets the criterion for the middle-class audience. The man-in-the-street is demanding a new standard of entertainment constructed specially for his own new and groping sophistication. He will no longer go to a revue because Society says it 's divine.

Only when producers take up this key will the revue girls dance back on the stage.

Medicine

A trap like this led to a "plague" in America

LAST summer I was reading about the Plague that wiped out a great portion of the City of London in 1665. And last week my eye fell on an American newspaper report that gave me a sudden, dramatic and appalling flashback:

41 deaths, 721 cases of agonising dysentery, spread over 206 cities in the U.S.—and the cause, at first baffling, at last traced to one common source: and that source the same unbelievably mediæval mephitism that spread Plague through the City of London in the seventeenth century!

But let history repeat itself without further comment:

England 1665. Plague, which has rendered London a City of the Dead, with its graveless burial-fields and its death-searchers probing quaint Elizabethan houses for concealed corpses, has been traced almost entirely to the unsanitary removal of sewage through open wooden gulleys running at first-storey level above the streets. Until the city is rebuilt with an efficient sewerage system, death can no more be warded off than a cloudburst of mud without proper drainage.[1]

America 1934. The full-fledged epidemic of amebic dysentery[2] reported in Chicago has been traced to antiquated and defective sewerage in two big hotels housing visitors from all over the country to the Century of Progress Exposition recently closed. "Modern" and famous, these hotels have been found by the American Medical Association to be equipped with a plumbing system so old and faulty that sewage has siphoned back into drinking-water pipes when heavily taxed. Not long ago a cloudburst flooded the food-packed cellars three to six inches in muck, making a vast open cesspool of the already leaking sewer-pipes. Twenty modern "Christopher Wrens" have been called in for rebuilding.[3]

In passing, it is a relief to note that, in spite of the almost unprecedented drought of the last months, so easily associated with disease, and, in fact, the precursor of the Plague of 1665, no increase in disease has been reported in London, where, despite our much-maligned old-fashioned hotels without private baths, the sewerage and fresh-water systems have remained perfect and unconnected.

Efficiency is one thing; machines that work are another.

Medically Sound.

My apologies and "Good Health!" to Mr. Kaye Don, whom I ominously referred to as the "late Kaye Don." Like the famous story of Mark Twain, I grossly exaggerated his death.

Money . . . Money . . . GONE!

Captain Miles, Charming fellow!

Charm can go a long way to ruining a man. . .

GOLD will have disappeared from France as the standard of exchange by the time you read this, or will be abandoned within a matter of weeks, according to an "inside" informer; but so inevitable appears its doom (in order to balance internal and foreign prices) that I at once skip to an interesting and unheralded force-lock behind this move: and that is, again and again, *l'Affaire Stavisky.*

At first thought, it is amazing how this pompous, money-torn suicide keeps cropping up in French political life; but, as one dwells upon the wedges with which each succeeding party forces out the previous one, a new light is thrown on the value of Stavisky to the present policies: for it becomes clear that the champions of abandoning the gold standard have in Stavisky a fine torch with which to fire the rotting framework of public finance, which, when razed, will leave a clear ground for them to reconstruct France on their own lines.

The fascinating murder of the Judge "who knew too much about Stavisky," M. Prince, was an ideal "jemmy" to pry open the windows of the old *Chambre des Députés* and let out the foul air of alleged political corruption.

But this is only one of a series of revelations which will continue to be "unearthed," according to my informants, until French capital is in a secure place—the first foothold of which is to get rid of the badly-fitting shoe of gold.

Scandal at Home.

Let us be thankful that in England we have at the moment only one Captain Miles, about whom, nevertheless, a prominent banker assured me:

"In my opinion he should get twice the sentence of Leopold Harris."

"I think he was merely a poor devil who was duped," said a former C.I.D. expert and fraud detector for an insurance company to me. "Most criminals I've ever known have been weak, rather likable chaps who wanted too much. Very few have been hardened, scheming plotters."

Which brings up to me again the personal charm that many criminals have, and yet which it is against all our instincts to associate with crime.

But neither Captain Miles nor Stavisky had the piquant personality that will make them immortal among criminals, which was possessed by a famous international swindler of twenty-five years ago. This was the man who committed countless forgeries under the name D. S. Windle. When brought to court at last, he brought down the house, as they say in the theatre, by declaring:

"Anyone who was such a fool as to accept a signature like mine deserved to lose everything. Isn't D. S. Windle very obviously D—— Swindle?"

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[1] Paraphrased from the Plague of London.

[2] Dysentery was dreaded in the war, where it broke out in the trenches for the same reason.

[3] From the American Medical Journal report.

TIME: By Wilson McCarty

More Private Lives

What would Queen Christina say to this?

A DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING man, father of a girl of eighteen, went into a cinema. It was another of the increasingly popular private-life historical personages type of film. As a matter of fact, it was "Rasputin, the Mad Monk."

When he had sat through the entire film, and seen the mad monk of the old Czarist Court make love to and forcibly seduce the Princess Natasha, and when he had witnessed, too, the Princess's fiancé, Prince Chegodieff, avenge her by murdering the lecherous priest, he walked straight from the cinema to his solicitors and declared that he and his wife had been scandalously libelled.

For, as you realise, the man who had seen that film was Prince Youssoupoff, and the girl who had been depicted in the film was, he swore, no other than his own wife, Princess Youssoupoff.

To-day, the world knows the stories both of that film and the libel action following it so well that I need make no comment or expansion.

But what conjecture it leads to about the popularity of these historical films, anyway!

What would Queen Christina say if she were to come back to life and see the film "Christina of Sweden"! What would be her reactions to the amazing scene in which she stays, for three days and nights, in the room with the man who thinks she is, till then, a boy; but who emerges, according to one review, "knowing everything about her except that she was Queen Christina"?

What would Catherine of Russia say if she returned to life and saw, exhibited before her subjects, the intimate and distorted history of her life? What would Henry VIII., who was rather fond of beheading people, do if he dropped in by chance at the film which shows him as an even coarser and more lecherous man than his Court dared whisper he was?

Law-suits would be mild revenge for these monarchs. Their actions would be more like what we might expect from Al Capone if his life-story were unflatteringly filmed. A nice little gang-war, with machine-guns in front of the cinema-houses!

This Mania for Scandal.

Behind all these historical *exposés* lies the increasingly voracious appetite of the public to get more and more "inside facts" about famous people, making them appear, where possible, in enormous, grotesque, morbid and sexy caricature.

King of the World for such "inside facts" is the American gossip-writer Walter Winchell, whose personal remarks about the well-known, from royalty to gangsters, is so established that, it is related, one young husband came home from the office and said to his wife: "I hear we're expecting a blessed event, darling." And then, before she could answer, he explained with considerable authority: "I read it in Winchell's column this morning."

Heavenly Loud-Speaker

Father Coughlin—he gets 800,000 letters a week

WITH the increasing hue-and-cry that is raised for Better, Brighter Programmes from the B.B.C., there has come opportunely to my hand an amazing report of what has been found to be the most popular broadcast in America: for it is not, as one might guess, jazz or philharmonics, or even Walter Winchell's Gossip (see column under MORE PRIVATE LIVES), but is the sermonising of the Catholic priest Father Coughlin (pronounced "Kawglin").

This priest—who will be compared below to our own Rev. W. M. McCormick, Dick Sheppard, Father Ronald Knox, and Dean Inge—has received as many as 1,000,000 letters following a single broadcast.

The Rev. McCormick's most popular monthly broadcasts from St. Martin-in-the-Fields have not brought more than 10,000 letters.

Dean Inge, whose writings are famous all over England, has not broadcast since 1931.

Father Ronald Knox, whom you will have heard again in March, speaks with wonderful force, and, as evidenced by the reception of his famous "SEVEN DAYS HARD" review of the week not long ago, with wonderful popularity.

But these ministers of God—and was there ever a more heavenly trumpet to unite men than wireless?—are like certain brilliant talkers that one listens to in private drawing-rooms compared to the force wielded by Father Coughlin throughout the entire United States, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. The fact that he has an average fan-mail of 800,000 letters per week, delivered literally by the truck-load in full-size U.S. mail-bags, is proof that he gives the people the "ideal" programme of the air.

The Secret.

Father Coughlin's secret is not his mellow, rather Irish, passionate voice, but the forceful thoughts he delivers with that voice on every subject of topical interest.

Before Repeal, for example, he preached against Prohibition over and over again. When the Soldiers' Bonus was under discussion, he harangued Secretary of the Treasury Mellon for ignoring the veterans, likening him to Judas Iscariot. Tremendous applause acclaimed him. And before every broadcast he steps to the microphone armed, not with a vague or even beautiful text, but with hard statistics with which to fight for what he believes the people need.

It is generally accepted that there would be a furore if the B.B.C. allowed any speaker, even a divine, to air his opinions so frankly, but when I hear the enthusiasm of the Americans, who are no angels, for such straight, sincere talk, I wonder. . . . And if you doubt *they* like opinion, remember again that 10,000,000 of them listen to him three times a week over a national network, and, what is most amazing of all, contribute £100,000 a year to his works and ways.

Good-bye, London . . .

Nature can't imitate this

"Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there . . . !"

ROBERT BROWNING wrote—and, incidentally, have you read the biography of Elizabeth Browning's dog "Flush," by Virginia Woolf?—but why, when spring is mentioned, does one instinctively think of getting *away* from London?

Was London not included in the beauties of Browning's England?

For now that April's here, I can think of no country scene more lovely than the view from the little bridge over the lake in St. James's Park: in the distance, across the veiled green, are the white buildings of the Foreign Office; and, rising one behind another, they look like Constantinople at sundown (though in itself this is no particular virtue!); or, more, they look like the minarets of Sacré Cœur Church, glimpsed high above Montmartre from a street way below in Paris on a sunny afternoon.

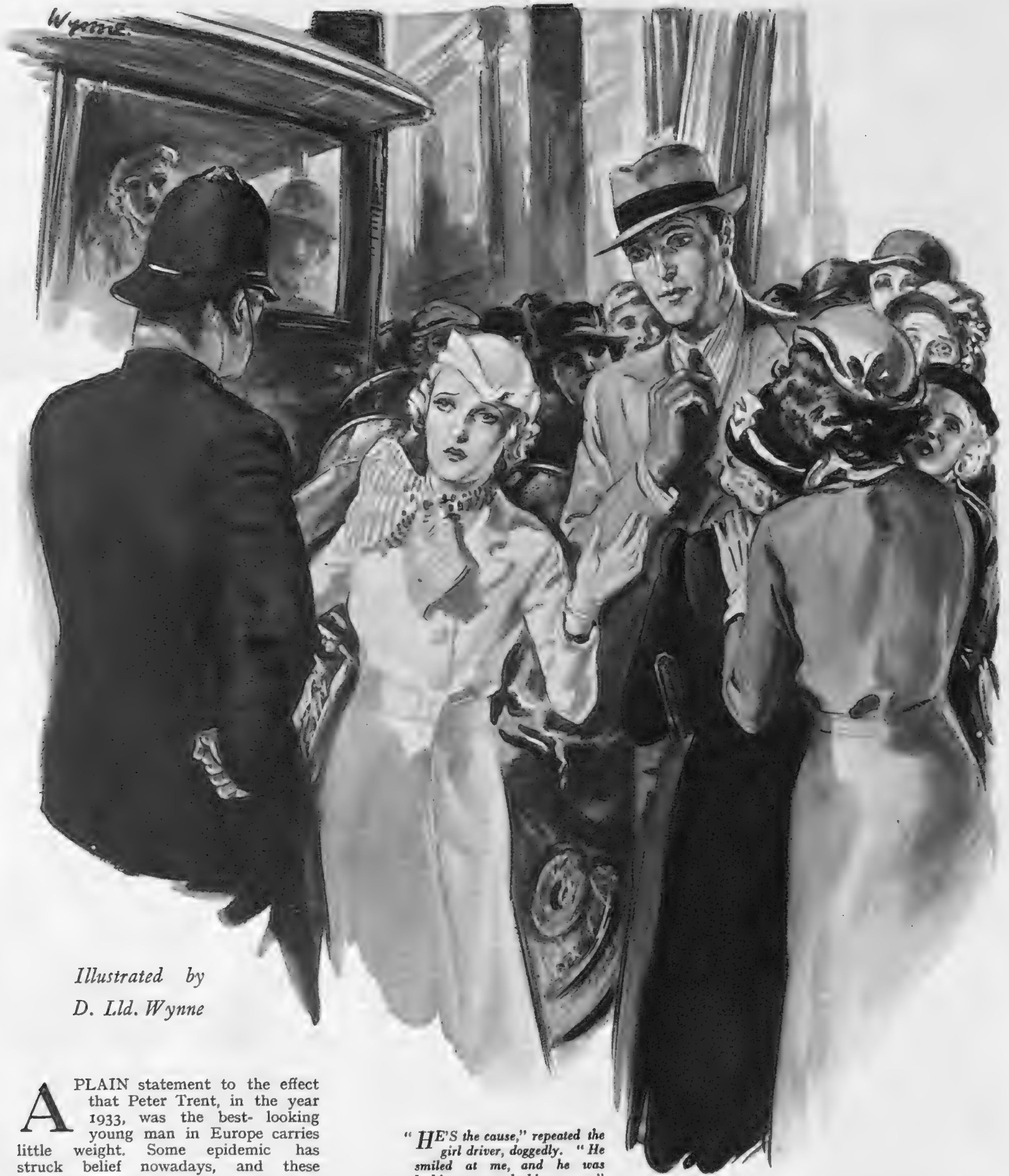
Or walk in Hyde Park: the scarlet coats of the Guards against the fresh grass and the budding trees will make you stop and catch your breath; and, stopping, you will hear in the distance the band playing "Pomp and Circumstance"; and, hearing it, you will be transported to a world of dreams, rank sentimentality and joy of spring!

Or if you want flowers, and believe you will have to go to the country or at least to Kew, stroll into Battersea Park one afternoon; look at the amazing gardens, then turn for contrast, walk a dozen paces, and look down at the Thames carrying the commerce and beauty that are unknown in the rustic scenes of poetry. Nor will you find the flowers under Eros, nor St. Martin-in-the-Fields, nor the Parliament buildings by the river-bank.

Beauty is in the City. It is the juxtaposition and surprise of a tree-hung square in the heart of the City. It is a tramp waking up in the Green Park to look at the sun rising over Buckingham Palace, where the Guard is just being changed. It is standing in the centre of the Green Park, where it is absolutely still, like the country, and hearing the muffled roar of Piccadilly, like the sea. It is, *enfin*, art.

"Nature is a poor imitation of art," said Oscar Wilde.

And while that is more witty than true, the countryside has not, for me anyway, the same beauty that I can find alone in London. Yet at this season the roads will be filled with motorists. They will be driving into the country, one behind the other, gesticulating and rhapsodising on the beauties of nature; while, when they come back to town and hurry off to work, their eyes straight before them, or hurry back home, their minds intent on the evening meal, it will never occur to them that right here, in the heart of London, spring is bringing more beauty than they need ever bother to seek miles away.



Illustrated by
D. Lld. Wynne

"HE'S the cause," repeated the girl driver, doggedly. "He smiled at me, and he was looking . . . looking . . ."

A PLAIN statement to the effect that Peter Trent, in the year 1933, was the best- looking young man in Europe carries little weight. Some epidemic has struck belief nowadays, and these plain statements are not accepted. For that reason, this little incident telling how Peter upset Piccadilly traffic in the spring of last year is taken out of its proper sequence in the story and placed in the beginning as proof of Peter's looks.

Peter arrived in London from Paris late on a May evening. He drove immediately to the Ritz, had supper in his room, and, being somewhat tired, went to bed.

After breakfast, on the morning following his arrival, Peter Trent decided that he would walk down Piccadilly as far as the Circus. It was one of those peerless mornings that are a little frightening. A miracle had happened during the night. An invisible army of occupation had settled down in the old town. There were little breezes strange to Londoners, whiffs of perfume that brought extraordinary thrills, masses of sunlight thrown against walls black with the smoke of the centuries.

Nothing unusual happened till Peter, walking on the north side of Piccadilly, approached the corner of Sackville Street. That is, nothing to upset the dignity of the ancient thoroughfare. Thirty or forty women, walking westward, stared at Peter Trent as they came towards him, turned after passing him, and, moving backward, collided with pedestrians making for the City. Also a number of ladies in the buses that were rolling in from Hammersmith, Fulham, and Chelsea thrust their faces against the windows when they glimpsed the tall young man on the pavement.

Near the corner of Sackville Street a window in which were exposed many old sporting prints halted Peter. He stood for a moment to look at a picture

Peter *the* Magnificent

Love is Blind— but not always . . .

By James Francis Dwyer

of Sir Tatton Sykes driving a four-in-hand to the Derby and clipping the left front wheel off the coach of a Nabob as he swirled by. Peter smiled as he turned away, and that smile hopped right across Piccadilly and hit the eye of a young woman who was piloting a sports car westward.

The girl committed a perfectly insane action. In an effort to get a closer view of Peter Trent, and, possibly, possessed by a fear that she might lose sight of him altogether, she slewed her car across the road, hoping that she would dodge the snout of a lumbering bus.

The bus caught the sports. Caught it and ground it viciously against a lamp-post, while the driver was hurled from her seat to land quite close to the feet of Peter Trent, who had rushed forward on seeing her danger.

A massive policeman faced the girl as Peter helped her to her feet. The policeman was indignant. "Perhaps you can tell me," he roared, waving a fat notebook before the shaken driver, "why you did a thing like that?"

The girl looked up at Peter Trent. She was a very pretty girl. Pure English type: Milk and roses, blue eyes and all that. "He," said she, indicating Peter, "he made me do it. He smiled at me."

"Smiled at you?" gasped the bobby. "And what had that to do——?" He paused and wheeled on Peter. "Who are you?" he asked. "A cinema actor, maybe?"

"I am not an actor," snapped Peter. "I had nothing to do with the accident."

Peter, much annoyed, turned with the intention of continuing his walk, but he found it impossible to thrust a way through the crowd. Women, hundreds and hundreds of women, were packing themselves around him with a speed that terrified him. Looking up into his face, nudging each other and repeating the excuse the girl driver had given to the traffic policeman.

Another bus bumped into the stern of the one that had collided with the girl's car, and behind that came another and another, till the line ran back to the Burlington Arcade. And out of each bus descended a swarm of women shoppers to whose ears had come an indefinable rumour about a god whose smile had upset a car. They scampered to the scene of the accident, embedding poor Peter still more deeply in the husk of breathless femininity.

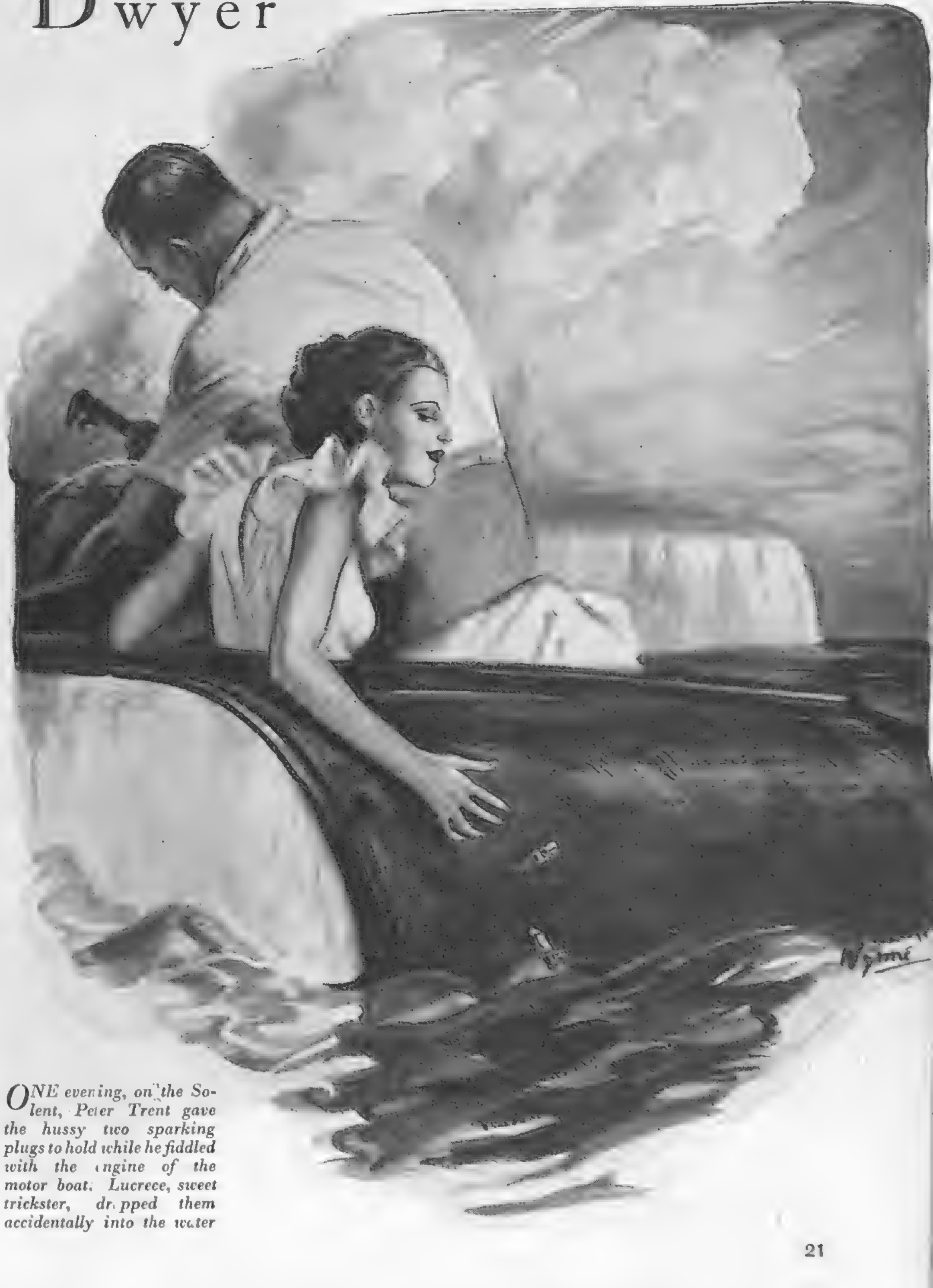
"He's the cause," repeated the girl driver, doggedly. "He smiled at me, and he was looking—looking—."

"So 'andsome," gurgled a woman of the charlady type. "Dearie, you're right. 'E shouldn't be abaht lookin' at girls. Not on a spring mornin' anyhow."

The charwoman turned and examined the circle of female faces. The younger ones giggled and surreptitiously mopped their faces with powder puffs, the middle-aged ones smiled quietly, while a few of the elderly ones openly supported the charwoman with definite nods. Clever was that charwoman to mention the beauty of the morning. Very clever.

To those elderly nodders it seemed that there was something a little indecent in the combination of Peter Trent and the May morning. Vaguely they felt that the union might produce something inimical to the morale of London. Peter and the unusual morning were disturbing. Frightfully disturbing.

"'E's like one of them Eyetalian stone



ONE evening, on the Solent, Peter Trent gave the hussy two sparking plugs to hold while he fiddled with the engine of the motor boat. Lucrece, sweet trickster, dropped them accidentally into the water gods up there in the British Museum," said the charwoman. "They're not dressed up like 'e is, but 'e'd be like 'em if 'e was stripped."

A police inspector thrust his way through and demanded the reason of the tie-up. The bobby explained. The grim inspector looked at Peter.

"Take him and the girl to the station!" he ordered. "Get 'em out of this while I unloose these buses!"

Peter Trent objected, but his objections were in vain. The statement of the girl must be investigated, and Piccadilly could not be blocked to the suburban shoppers.

A small army of women followed the girl, the bobby, and Peter to the police station. The women tried to storm the charge room, but were kept out by the reserves. They climbed on to the window ledges and clung to the bars while the girl told her story.

Of course, Peter Trent was released. The girl's statement sounded ridiculous when repeated in the grimy room.

"Listen, me lad," said the sergeant, "If I were you I'd take the back way to the lane. The ladies are plentiful out front. And why don't you ride in a taxi anyhow? Or put an old black beard on your face?"

NOW you may have seen Peter Trent—at Ranelagh, Wimbledon, Ascot, or in gay Continental resorts? On his arm, clutching it proprietorially, his mother, Mrs. Gwendoline Trent, widow of that famous banker, Sir William Trent, long gone to a spot where it isn't possible, from all accounts, to get off the gold standard.

Gwenny Trent had a nice husky voice, and you might have heard her unctuous murmur of "This is Peter" when she flashed her handsome son before the eyes of some woman who had never before been brought face to face with such glorious manhood. Famous was that remark. Gwenny Trent could say "This is Peter" in a manner that defied all mimics.

Blessed Peter. He squirmed under that never-changing introduction. Modest was that boy. Wished there were shell-holes all over the resorts into which he could climb when Gwenny fired her three-word torpedo.

Tried now and then to fight his looks. He would walk into a shop selling suits made like the Treaty of Versailles, to fit no one. Peter would climb casually into one of those machine-made coverings and the suit would cling to him so lovingly that men who passed him on the street would moisten their lips to ask him the name of his tailor, refraining at the last moment because he looked so infernally regal.

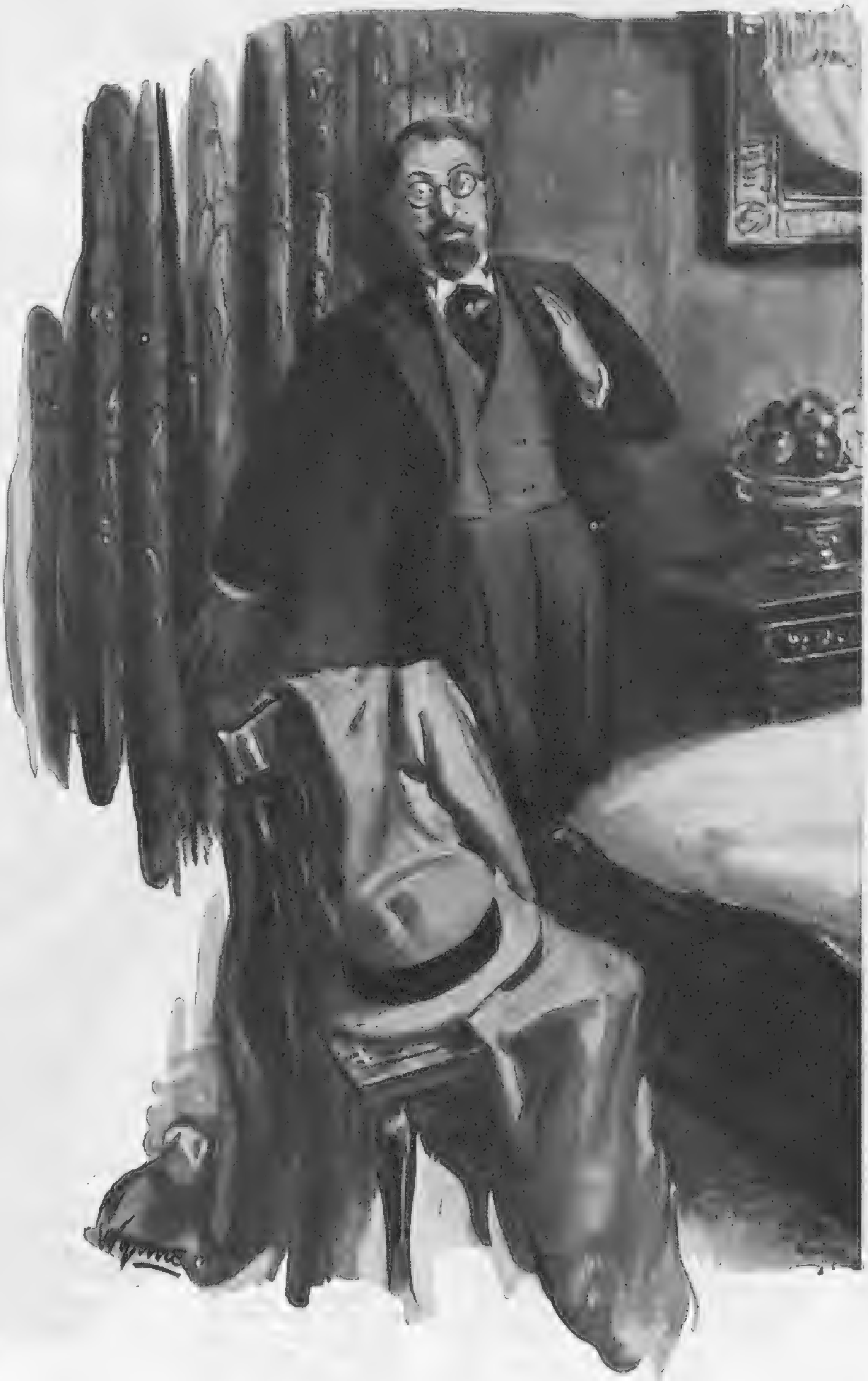
Same with hats. Hats, when given permission to sit on Peter's head, were not hats any longer. They took on the majesty of that gorgeous crown of Charlemagne one stares at in the Imperial Museum of Vienna. "Please wait, sir," stammered a Bond Street salesman, after Peter had approved of a fifteen-shilling hat. "There must be a mistake here. The tag says fifteen shillings, but—but now that you have put it on I am sure it must be worth thirty!" It was always like that.

Gwenny Trent fought the women who fought for Peter. A Swedish maid in the employ of Gwenny listened one night at the door of Mrs. Trent's bedroom. Gwenny was indulging in a monologue after she had safely rescued Peter from a bunch of masked hussies at a Mayfair ball. The Swede reported the talk as follows: "She say: 'Py Gott, dey won't haf heem! Py Gott, dey won't!' She bane say it toity times. Dose wimmens chases Meester Peter like houns after a leetle hare. Of course, ven he ees near naked on the beach dat poy looks pretty nice. . . ."

A raid made by the Persians on the Temple of Apollo at Delphi in 548 B.C. was beaten off by the god himself, who helped the guards by throwing rocks at the attackers. Peter Trent did nothing to help his mother. Possibly a little tired of that introductory remark, "This is Peter." But Gwenny Trent was a fighter. She out-generalled quite a number.

THERE came to Cowes a sleek thing from Dinard. Gwenny Trent eyed her like a Secretary bird watching a serpent. Gwenny was game.

The sleek thing, whose name was Lucrece Despard, played a dirty trick on Gwenny Trent. One evening on the Solent Peter Trent gave the hussy two sparking plugs to hold while he fiddled with the engine of the motor boat. Lucrece, sweet trickster, dropped them accidentally into the water.



They were out all night, got rescued at daylight, found someone to marry them, then returned to Ma Trent. Impudent was the young wife. She held the hand of her husband and murmured softly, "This is Peter! My hubby, you know."

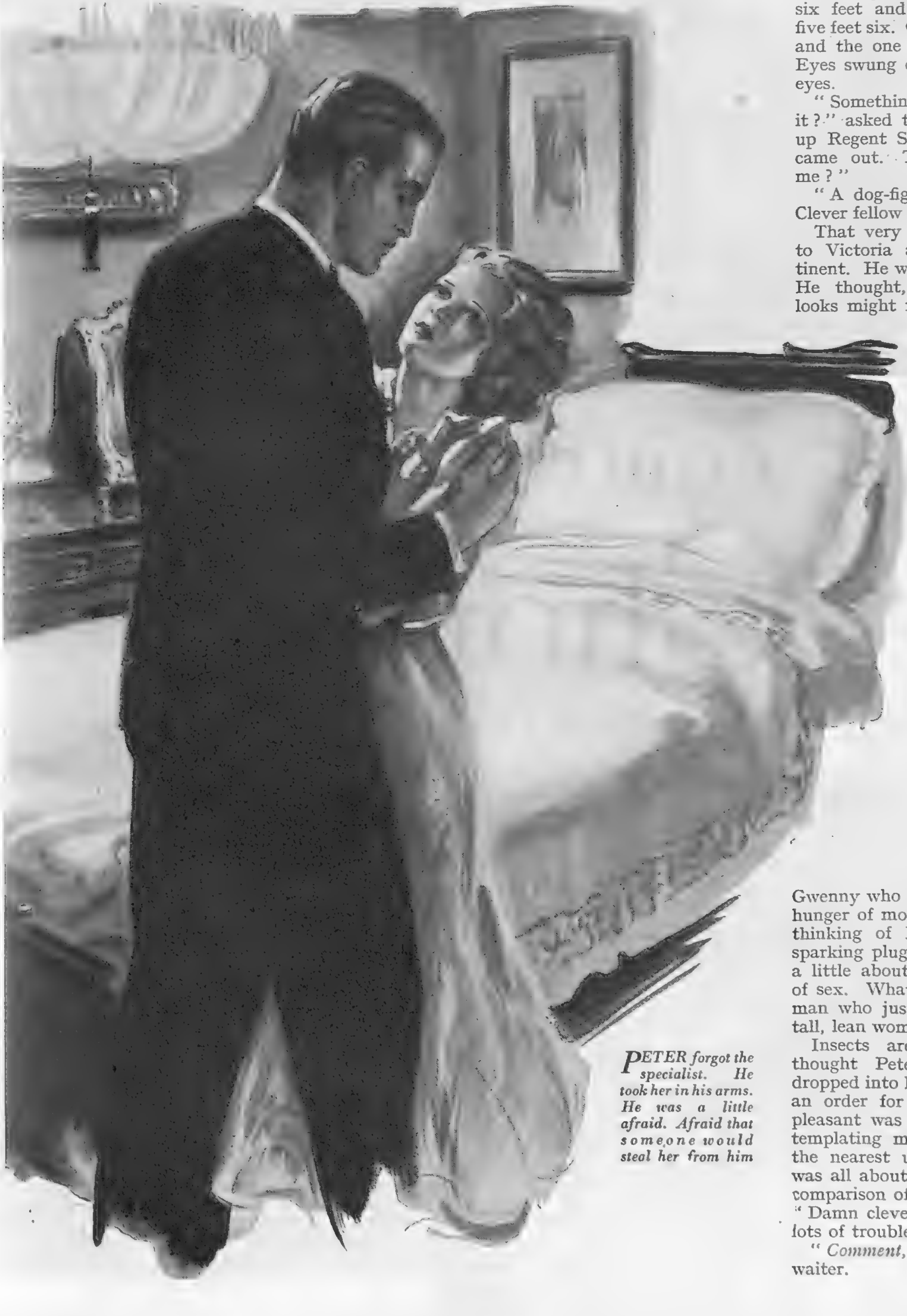
It killed Gwenny Trent. Heart. Died right there on the battlements, so to speak. Tried to speak to Lucrece but couldn't. "I think it was a curse," said young Mrs. Trent. "Just as well I didn't hear it."

Might have been a curse. Unlucky was Lucrece. Three months later Peter went to Scotland on business, and Lucrece, finding the hours dragged, took a run into the country with a fellow named Ransome. Tommy Ransome.

Tommy thought his car was an opossum. Tried to rush it up a telegraph pole outside Rottingdean and the thing fell back on him and Lucrece. Awful mess.

Peter took it hard. Moped around the Continent for months, then he returned suddenly to London. On the morning following his arrival he was, as we have already told, taken to a police station on a charge of tying up the traffic in Piccadilly.

Now his past life has been recorded, and we are alongside him as he sneaked out of the back door of the station and jumped into a taxi. Poor devil. Blushing like a schoolgirl.



PETER forgot the specialist. He took her in his arms. He was a little afraid. Afraid that someone would steal her from him

PETER TRENT happened to lounge along by the Carlton, where a crowd had gathered to see an American film actor step into his motor. Peter had no intention of stealing the show from the fellow. Not the slightest. He had grown tired of his hotel room and had crept quietly down St. James's Street, turned into Pall Mall, and then, bang, he was caught in the crowd waiting at the hotel.

Of course Peter had it on the actor in lots of ways. Age, for instance. Quite thirteen years. Height too. Peter was six feet and a trifle; the actor was five feet six. One woman nudged another, and the one nudged passed on the tip. Eyes swung on Peter. All the feminine eyes.

"Something happened just then, didn't it?" asked the actor, as his car swung up Regent Street. "I mean just as I came out. Took their attention from me?"

"A dog-fight, sir," said the secretary. Clever fellow the secretary.

That very evening Peter Trent drove to Victoria and headed for the Continent. He was a little afraid of London. He thought, foolishly, that his good looks might not be noticed abroad.

Ridiculous these tags we apply to handsome English youths. Those threadbare names grabbed from the classics: Adonis, Apollo, Dionysus. The Apollo Sauroctones, if the marble could be imbued with life, would be turned down by every coach in the country. The Belvedere statue in the Vatican shows a muscle-bound fellow who couldn't play football to save his life. Let's cut out the Greeks and find our comparatives at home...

Now here was Peter Trent sitting on the *terrasse* of the Café de la Paix. Scattered around him cocottes, confidence men, gigolos with plucked eyebrows, runaway bank clerks and tourists with tired feet. Peter, thinking of Gwenny who was filled with that terrible hunger of mothers with handsome sons; thinking of Lucrece who dropped the sparking plugs into the Solent; puzzled a little about this troublesome business of sex. What made the funny little fat man who just passed the café love the tall, lean woman who accompanied him?

Insects are built like each other, thought Peter, as a Parisian beetle dropped into his glass of Cinzano. Giving an order for another, he thought how pleasant was the life of a beetle. Contemplating matrimony, he just grabbed the nearest unmarried beetle and that was all about it. No talk of looks. No comparison of eyes, ears, noses, etcetera. "Damn clever," he murmured. "Saves lots of trouble."

"*Comment, monsieur?*" murmured the waiter.

(*Continued on page* 96)

Left:
An effective chorus number in "Take a Chance," a Paramount production

Here come *the* Chorus...

PATTER of dancing feet. Tapping of a thousand toes. Swaying of hundreds of supple bodies; waving of slim white arms. Row upon row of smiling teeth; line upon line of lovely limbs; beautiful faces in one unending panorama. Musical films are on the map once more, and all is joy in filmland. Look out, everyone. Here come the Chorus!

At the head of the chorus marches an energetic man with rather untidy dark hair, thick black eyebrows, and a deep dimple in his chin. He is the man who led the troops when musical films re-stormed the studios—and won their battle, feet down. His name is Busby Berkeley; and he has invented the dances and trained the chorus in most of the big musical film hits of recent memory.

Inside his head ideas are simmering that will help to put marvellous new Production Numbers on the screen, and send audiences home smiling, humming some new song-hit; thrilled by some new mass-formation dance-drill, executed with the kind of precision that spells sheer perfection. He is the man who did the dances for "Forty Second Street," and in doing so started Musical Films on their giddy career all over again. For they had their chance, in the early days of Speech and Song in Celluloid; and they failed dismally. Experts put their heads together and gave forth their opinion that musical films were finished, washed up, OUT. What is more, that they would stay out for ever and ever.

Giving those experts a string of months in which to pat themselves on the back, and say how right they had been (for no more musical films were made) Busby Berkeley and some other brave souls sought the office of Jack Warner, of Warner Brothers' films, with determination in their eyes, and a string of forceful words on their lips. They argued, reasonably, that since Warner Brothers had first put Talking and Singing films into circulation, theirs should be the studio to put the film with music, dancing, and girls back where it once stood.

The result was the production of "Forty Second Street," which paved the way for a positive flood of Musical Pictures. But when Busby Berkeley and the rest of the men who made "Forty Second Street" started out on their risky, gigantic task, they did so with wisdom in their hearts, and very wide-open eyes.

Says Mr. Berkeley: "We knew perfectly well why films with music had flopped. We knew that they were *bound* to flop, because why? Because they were simply stage shows, plus music, transferred to the screen by means of the camera. Nobody thought, in those days, of using a new kind of technique to present song and dance in the black-and-white terms of a film photograph.

"They just went blindly ahead, and used the same ideas, the same technique as that used in producing a musical comedy for a regular theatre. Could anything be more crazy? The two mediums are poles apart. In some ways, the film offers wider scope than the stage; in others, it is far more restricted. The man who says—'That's a successful musical show: let's

A Story *about* Musical Films, how *they* are made, *and the* Girls who *make* them popular

Told by
Busby Berkeley
to
Margaret Chute

Above left:

SOME of the chorus in "Too Much Harmony," in which Bing Crosby sang so many popular songs

Left:

AERIAL joyriders. A bevy of beauties disembarking from a dirigible cabin. A scene from the R.K.O.-Radio Pictures aerial musical extravaganza, "Flying Down to Rio"

Below:

A PYRAMID of Beauty. Some of the girls trained and directed by Busby Berkeley for "Footlight Parade"

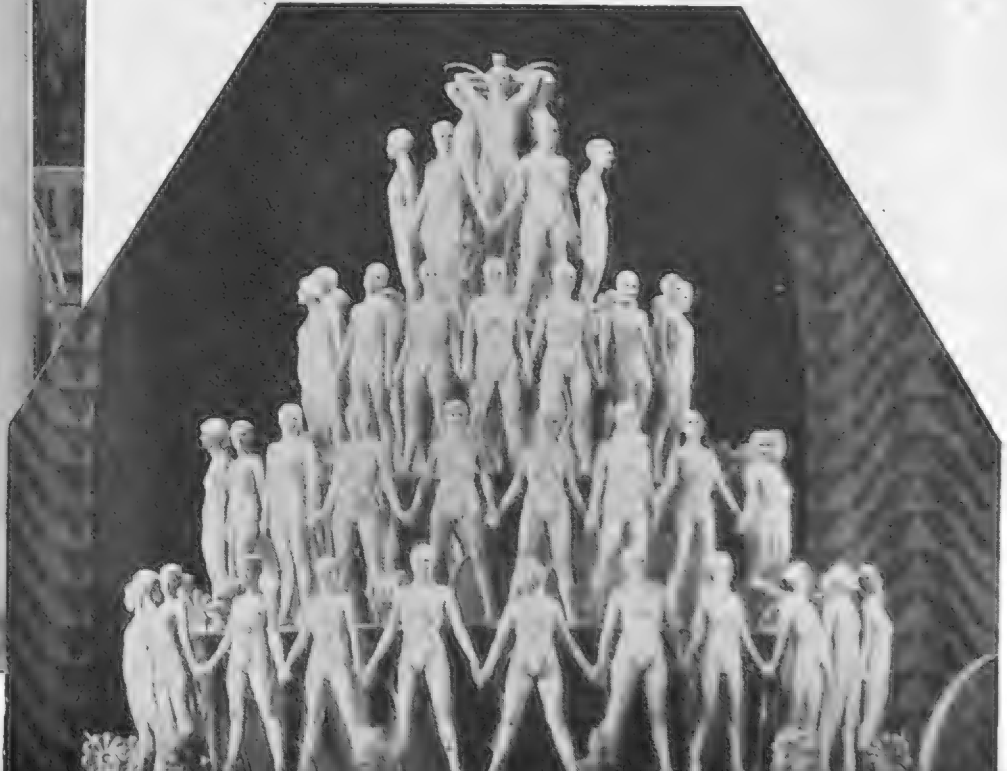
make a film of it' is simply asking to be led straight to the nearest bankruptcy court. And producers have found that out, now! It has cost them a pile of money, but most experiences have to be paid for, some time. There is one vastly expensive song-and-dance film made in Hollywood in the early days of sound on the screen that will never see the inside of any theatre! Not one farthing of the money expended on this work of art will ever come back into the coffers from which it flowed out so easily, with such high hopes behind it.

"But the lesson has been learned. For many months not a single film with music and dancing was turned out of the Hollywood studios. Then 'Forty Second Street' hit the eyes and ears of the paying public; and to-day, at least thirty per cent. of the new films lined up for production in 1934 will have music and dancing and chorus girls in them. There lies the danger, of course. Executives have found a fresh way of making successful, saleable films; if they give the Dear Public an overdose we shall all find ourselves out of a job again.

"At the moment, there is more activity in Hollywood than there has been for a long time. Mainly, let it be explained, owing to the demand for attractive young girls who can sing and dance and obey the commands of a Dance Instructor like a regiment of soldiers. Fortunately, most of the girls who have come to the studios seeking fame and fortune are able to dance really well. They attend dance schools; and even if they haven't enough money to buy a good dinner they still keep up their payments for dancing lessons.

"Because I arranged the dances and chorus work for such films as 'Forty Second Street,' 'Gold Diggers of 1933,' 'The Kid from Spain,' 'Footlight Parade' and 'Wonder Bar,' I suppose it will be rather a shock if I say that none of my chorus girls really danced a step in any of these productions—except in the popular waltz number called 'In the Shadows' (with those violins, d'you remember) in 'Gold Diggers.' What DID they do, if they did not dance? They moved rhythmically, and formed themselves into a mass of constantly changing patterns, to create camera effects. And that's all. Every move they made, singly or en masse, was planned with the camera in mind.

"So we come back to the point I raised before about the folly of putting a musical comedy on the screen, in the old-style manner. The screen needs an utterly (*Continued on page* 80)



The Skeleton in their

"A GOOD hunt, wasn't it, Sir Alfred? By the way, I am having a few people to dinner to-night. Delighted if you would join us."

"I shall be honoured, sir."

Sir Alfred Lowenstein grunted as he dismounted in the lane. "Getting heavy," he thought. "Can't jump as I did in the old days." His groom took the horse; the chauffeur helped his master into a heavy fur coat. The gleaming car rushed through the darkling country. The secretary who hurried into the hall at Thorpe Satchville at the sound of tyres on the frosty gravel read good humour in his employer's face, and ventured to remark: "Good hunting, sir?" as he handed over the batch of cables. "Very good, very good," confirmed the great man. "Get New York on the 'phone. Tell Baxter I dine out to-night. Send a typist to my dressing-room; I shall dictate while I am being massaged. Telephone my wife at Biarritz. I shall be delaying my return for a day or two. Come to the bathroom. I will give you these cable replies now."

An hour later, bathed, massaged, at peace, he stretched

Continuing a New Short Series—

WHILE the Economic Tide is Rising we can recall with detachment the Incredible Exploits of the High Financiers whose Downfall was brought about by the Slump. In this short series of articles Mr. Patrick Thompson presents Ivar Kreuger, Lowenstein and others after their big crises, not broken but successfully saved. He shows that only a miracle could have averted the fate of these piratical financiers—one of those miracles which may happen in fiction, but not in fact

MADAME LOWENSTEIN at a meet of the Quorn Hunt

MR. DREW, who was the pilot of the Fokker aeroplane from which Alfred Lowenstein disappeared whilst flying from Croydon to Brussels

PASSIONATELY fond of hunting, Alfred Lowenstein had a country seat in the centre of the hunting country. A view of his house from the sunken garden at Thorpe Satchville, nr. Melton Mowbray

Cupboard

No. 2: Alfred Lowenstein

The Emperor of Artificial Silk

ALFRED LOWENSTEIN rode to hounds whenever he could spare the time, and his stables sheltered some excellent horses

By C. Patrick Thompson

his thick body out on the couch in the darkened room. The air, the exercise, the bath, the massage, had combined to rejuvenate him. His muscles smiled, his nerves sang sweetly, his sagging stomach felt taut again, a sense of well-being irradiated his whole system. At last. The peak of social recognition. Royalty had invited him to dine.

IT had taken a long time. The Rothschilds had avoided knowing him—until that big deal with Pierpont Morgan and the Mellon representative had brought them together round the same dinner-table in the Morgan house (a good move, to force the great old-dynasty magnates to make social advances if they wanted to buy out the American public utility holdings in his Hydro Electric Securities Corporation, in order to round off the great Electric Power Trust built around the former Insull empire). That meeting had led to a useful association. The great capitalists of the Old and the New worlds had participated in the enormous refinancing operation which finally consolidated his world-wide empire of artificial silk—the floating of World Rayon, capitalised at a thousand millions, and merging all the chief artificial silk concerns, including Courtaulds. Governing director of the new combine, Sir Alfred Lowenstein.

Well, they were old fellows, and sometimes he felt he was getting old, too; and old chaps had to stand together against the upstarts and the flashy speculators who were making such a splash in this big expansion-era boom of 1940. Of course, there had been a time when he himself was suspect and avoided. He had got into a bad jam on the eve of the big slump. He had even contemplated—strange to think of it now—a fantastic suicide.

His mind travelled down the passage of the years, back to that busy young fellow in the Brussels of half a century ago. His small-banker father, his home where the talk was all of deals, commissions, loans, stock quotations, bourse tricks; he was born into finance as a peasant is born into the fields. His first big chance: the meeting with Pearson and Farquhar, pioneer promoters of hydro-electric companies in Mexico, Brazil, Spain. They had the concessions and engineering knowledge, he had the financial adroitness. He had placed shares in the Farquhar-Pearson concerns with the Belgian public. There was that time he and his associates descended on Barcelona, spotted the opportunity for harnessing water-power, promoted the company which gave the big city traction, power, light. Adventurous days. And then, the war, with all its opportunities.

At first, it had looked as if he might be flung into the slaughter. But he had fixed that all right. A little trouble at first with the Belgian Government, who ordered him to resign his commission and get out of his uniform. But one outlives these things. He had reappeared in British uniform, with a captain's rank. Concerned with supplies again, of course. Quite a coup, that. It helped him in his later career to be known as "Captain" instead of "Mr." Lowenstein.

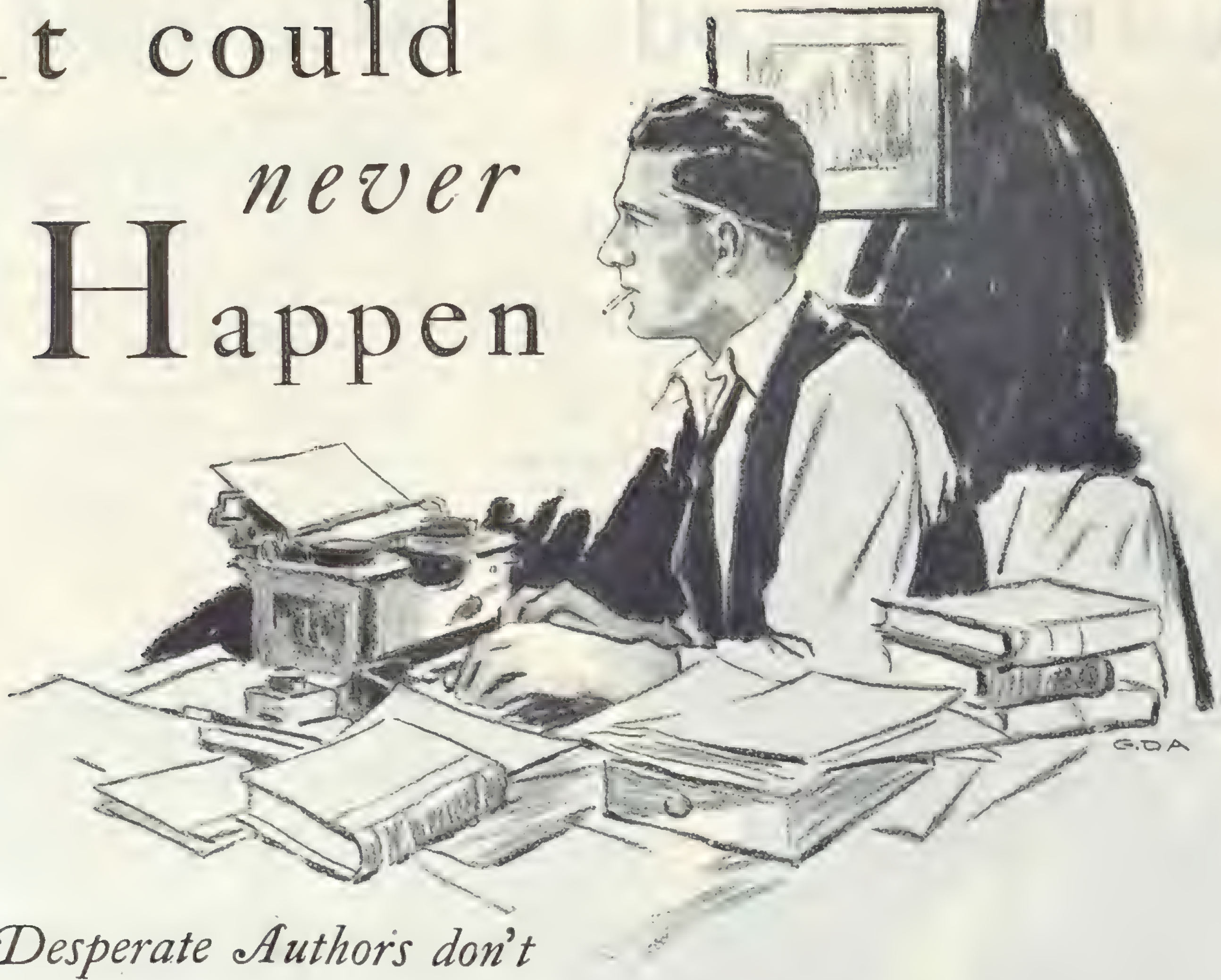
In war-time England he and old associates of the hydro-electric promotion days did some profitable deals together. The most promising business they got in on was the artificial silk company, British Celanese, the phœnix which arose from the ashes of the wartime airplane dope concern, the British Cellulose and Chemical Co. He participated in the financing, and took, in return, the royalties contract and a block of preference shares. Henry and Camille Dreyfus, Swiss chemists, were the technicians whose patents they exploited. Annoying fellows, the Dreyfus brothers. They wouldn't take a back seat and let him handle the company. He had to use the financial strong arm and put them in their place.

It looked like a gold mine, that business. Artificial silk markets were growing fast. But why stop short at Britain, a little island in the North Atlantic? The more he thought about it, the bigger and better it looked. He would sew up Europe, control prices and markets, force Courtaulds into a merger, invade the East, establish subsidiaries in America, become a king of artificial silk.

He was getting well known. He had taken steps to put himself in the path of public notice. War and peace-boom profits (from promotions, commissions, pools, syndicates, exchange gambles, speculations of all sorts), allowed him to make the impressive show so necessary to an entrepreneur of finance. Even then he had a rajah's retinue; a private airplane, a castle in Brussels, an English hunting estate, villas at Biarritz, hordes of servants and secretaries. Impecunious aristocrats, South American magnates, and the cosmopolitan smart set came to his parties in Biarritz, and back in Leicestershire, at Thorpe Satchville, the hunting folk admired his show jumpers, drank his champagne, and smoked his cigars. Half these smart-set fellows were gambling in stocks and shares, and the other half had impecunious

(*Continued on page 92*)

It could *never* Happen



Desperate Authors don't hold up crooked Film Directors in West End Restaurants—it could never happen. Never . . . ?

By F. E. Verney

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander

WHILE Wassermann, the film nabob, in his satin-lined suite at the Mayfair Hotel, was comfortably consolidating that second sleep in which gross men wallow when their torpid digestions have dealt with the caviare and Cordon Rouge of a late supper party, Lakry Hounslow, in pyjamas, stood viewing that portion of his two acres of Surrey hills which lay dew-spangled beneath his open dressing-room window. His little domain was looking pretty good at that moment, Lakry decided, with that ingrain of understatement which earns for Englishmen the twin titles of cold fish and dumb guys. Indeed, for reasons which tightened the line of his mouth, it was looking "gooder" that morning than he had ever seen it look. Those Woolworth daffodil bulbs he had planted had duly kept their appointments with the spring; there was a hint of forget-me-not blue on the rockery he had built—with little Peta and Terry as enthusiastic labour corps; and below the slope of green lawn—past the hard tennis court and the rose pergola—he could see the old beech tree, with the children's swing drooping expectantly from the bottom branch, Peta's little sun-bonnet sprawling on its seat.

There was, however, nothing sentimental about the small .22 automatic pistol that he took from under the paper lining of his sock drawer in the chest near his bed; and the clip of cartridges which he snapped into the magazine was the antithesis of domesticity. He buttoned the loaded weapon into the hip pocket of the trousers that he intended wearing that day.

Mary was not properly awake when he kissed her good-bye, though her brown eyes opened and lit up with her old smile. She had had a bad night, the nurse told him. Mary too looked "pretty good" to Lakry that morning. He stood for a moment gazing at her much as he had done at the garden; that slightly freckled nose described in her passport as "ordinary"—by him, as a peach of a snout; that regal brow which nothing could ruffle; that mouth, at need, as firm as his own, though now relaxed to its natural curve.

In the double attic under the old cross-beams he found Peta and Terry in their little pyjamas already embarked on the adventure of their day. With Raf, the toy grey horse he had bought from Hamleys out of his last cheque, they were staging a hunt composed of three dolls, Mickey-the-Mouse, a lopsided teddy bear, and a toy milk-float. Declining for once to be either fox or second huntsman, he ruffled their tousled heads, told them to take care of mummy, and went down to breakfast.

To Stevens, the gas-disabled ex-air-gunner who served the meal, he said:

"We'll start at nine sharp, Stevens, and go up in the old car. I don't want anybody to see you in a commissionaire uniform, so put it on in the garage just before you start—and wear a mackintosh."

"I'll see to that, sir. Any idea what time we will be back—the missus will want to know about dinner, sir."

"No," said Lakry. "I may not be back. I'm sorry I can't tell you what it is all about, Stevens; I want you to know nothing excepting that I provided you with the uniform and gave you certain orders."

"As you say, sir—but there's nothing I wouldn't do for you sir, gladly."

They smiled at each other at that. They were comrades of a nearly forgotten battlefield.

AT eleven o'clock that morning Mr. Carl Wassermann sat at his Louis Quinze desk with a grape fruit, a hang-over, and toast Melba. He directed a get-the-hell-out-of-this expression at the visiting card in the middle of his silver-cornered blotter:

"Mr. L. V. Hounslow, Royal Air Force (retired), Naval and Military Club. Authors' Club."

"Who's this guy?" he fired at his secretary.

Danny Solva, upon whom Nature had bestowed the optical distinction of gazing east and west whilst seeing due south, was—so Wassermann publicity told the world—the highest salaried secretary in the Hollywood executive firmament. Across a tableful of correspondence, he was able to answer that question in detail.

"Story-writer. We tied him up on a year's studio contract at two 'grand' a week, then stalled him. He's been waiting an hour—says he'll go on waiting."

"Nuts," said Wassermann. "I got no time for flop authors even if they are albinos. What are you here for."

"Hybrids is the word," Danny corrected; "and this aviator-author was no flop till we flopped him; anyway, he cuts ice over here—got a flying V.C. I reckon you'd best see him—he's been sending some hot letters to the contract department."

"No holes in his contract, was there?"

"I reckon it had the usual 'satisfaction' clause covering us legally, but the story would make bad publicity over here while we are trying to crash in on these British exhibitors."

"Why did Scenario make the contract?"

"Your orders—you wanted to freeze out R.P. and Paramount—keep them from getting him. Then 'productions' soured on flying stories, and the banks got depression feet at the same time; so Contracts handed him back the baby."

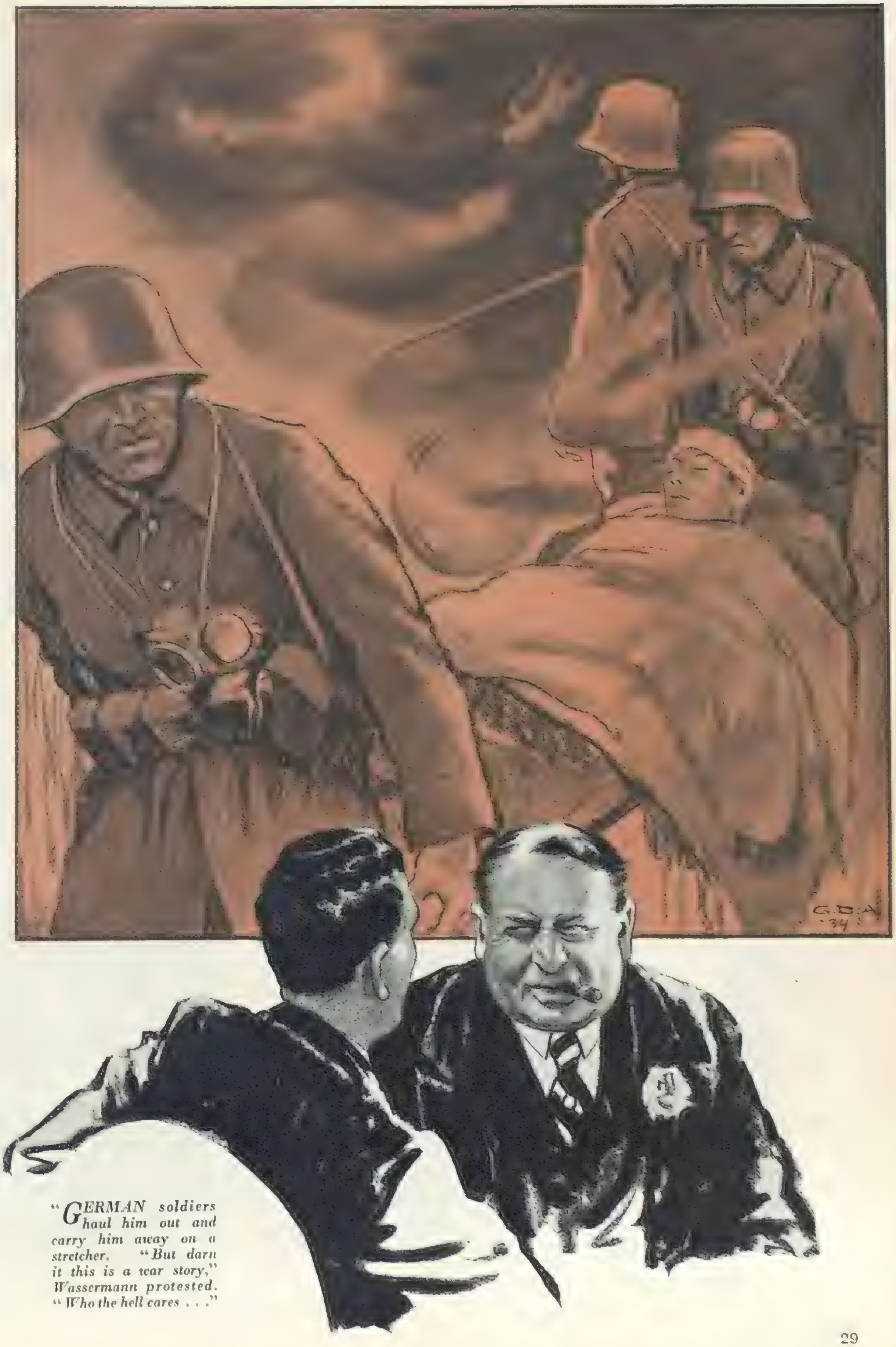
"You seen him?" asked Wassermann finishing his grape-fruit.

"Yep—one of the managers brought him along—seems to be well known in this joint. I dished him the old dope; told him his advance story didn't measure up; lacked credibility."

Wassermann picked his large teeth and looked at his diamond-studded wrist-watch.

"Let him do the worrying. What are my dates for the day?"

"Jimmy Grammercy's waiting in the next room for you to okay that new publicity dope: and there's a guy from Savile Row with a grip of patterns you wanna look at." Looking at his diary, Danny went on: "Them two Vienna platinums whose salaries you wanna scale down for *Emperor's Wives* are due any minutes; at half after eleven there's a building



"GERMAN soldiers haul him out and carry him away on a stretcher. "But darn it this is a war story," Wassermann protested. "Who the hell cares . . ."

skedule conference at the Wardour Street office ; at 12.15 you meet Anita and her manager at the Green Park Hotel——"

" Have you uncovered what that jane's drawing down at Elstree ? "

" Just one quarter of the six hundred per week that Elstree advertises. At one o'clock you are giving luncheon here to a bunch of critics—Jimmy's got the dope for that. This afternoon——"

" You can wise me up about that later," and he tore up Lakry Hounslow's card and dropped it into his coffee cup. " Anything in the mail ? "

WHEN Lakry Hounslow paid his third visit to the waiting-room of the Wassermann suite, he found five people there, and went back to the hotel foyer. He was aware of the magnate's list of engagements. Danny Solva—being one of those secretaries who believe in oil as a business lubricant—had read them out to him to prove the impossibility of a private interview. He was still in the foyer when Wassermann, Danny and a third man came out of the elevator at 11.25 and went to the waiting Daimler. He was outside the Wassermann offices at 12.15 when the great producer bustled out behind a big corona in the company of two executives, and re-entered the Daimler. Lakry's taxi was behind that plutocratic vehicle when it drew up at the kerb in front of the Green Park Hotel. He was in the restaurant lounge of the Mayfair Hotel chatting easily to an acquaintance when Wassermann bustled in with his publicity director and four film critics. A few minutes later the *maître d'hôtel* joined Lakry.

" Your table's ready when you are, Mr. Hounslow," he smiled.

In the restaurant Lakry sat down at his table a few yards from Wassermann's, waved greetings to a few friends, and gave his attention to the menu and the head waiter. Fingers around the stem of a cocktail glass while two waiters served his choice of a trolley of hors-d'œuvre, he surveyed the old familiar scene with a grimness indiscernible in his manner. Behind a bowl of pink roses at a table of six he glimpsed the grey-moustached face of his one-time Air Force commander, now Commissioner at Scotland Yard ; further on, MacLevy the whisky millionaire, now on the crest of a few more millions skimmed from the repeal of Prohibition ; Tony Shere and his wife giving lunch to two debs and Jimmy Lace of the Brigade ; Slievemann, the South African Bart, with two sugar babies ; old Lady Abinger and her latest gigolo (he supposed) ; Rex Flatau the publisher, with his charming wife ; even Peter Verney, making one of his sporadic forays from the Isle of Wight. Same old crowd. Same old place. And finally, Wassermann, personification of sophisticated omnipotence, restless-eyed, prosperously flabby, overgroomed. Lakry could hear his high-pitched voice crackling above the murmur of the band and the general hum of ordered conversation. Presumably he and the hard-eyed gentleman on his left were " selling " the latest Wassermann production to the four blasé men whose pens and good will might mean much to the gross receipts of Wassermann Inc.

It was not until half-past two that there arose the opportunity Lakry was seeking. Wassermann's guests got up to go, shook hands with their host, and were escorted away to the cloak-room by the publicity director, who gestured a farewell to his chief. Lakry, table-napkin in hand, left his own table and crossed to Wassermann's. The movie magnate looked up with a not unamiable smile. As Lakry had designed, Wassermann had observed the distinguished-looking man lunching alone and joined at intervals by various people for a few words of greeting.

" We have not met before, Mr. Wassermann," said Lakry, negligently dropping into a chair at the magnate's right side ; " but I know you well by repute, and I would like the honour of a few words with you."

" Sure," said Wassermann, " we don't stand on ceremony where I come from. Have a spot of this old brandy. You've a lot of friends in this joint, I've noticed, sir."

" Yes," said Lakry. " These places are very like clubs—and I have not been here for some months."

" I saw you talking a while ago to Viscount Hollyrood. My publicity director pointed him out —told me he was the best known columnist in Europe. I'd like to get acquainted with him—or maybe you are the Viscount, sir ?"

" My name is Hounslow," said Lakry, " but I may induce Lord Hollyrood to join us when he has finished his lunch. Here is my waiter with my coffee—I'll have it at your table if I may." The deviation of Lakry's table attendant was so natural an attention that Wassermann had no reason to suspect it as part of the stranger's stage-management of an interview with himself.

" Sure," he consented. " And what was it you wanted to say to me, Mr. Hounslow ? "

" Your firm and I have been having an argument about a film contract," said Lakry courteously, lighting a cigarette and watching the waiter pour out his coffee. "I thought that if we got together we could straighten out the difficulty. Curiously enough, my friend Lord Hollyrood has just been poking his journalistic nose into the matter. He made a news story six months ago of my going to Los Angeles to write stories for your people. I told him I'd be better able to satisfy his curiosity when I'd had a yarn with you."

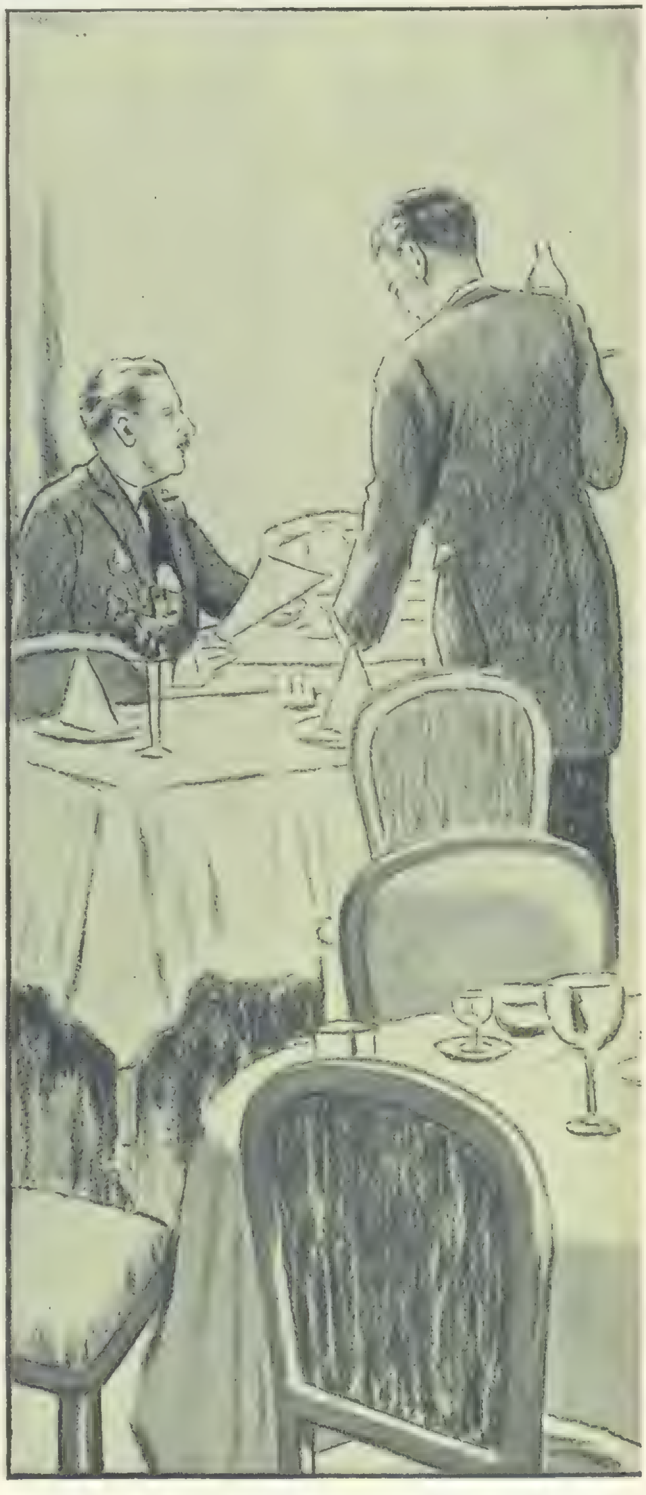
Wassermann rolled his Corona to a corner of his large loose-lipped mouth. He had now placed Lakry and his business.

" So you will, Mr. Hounslow," he said easily. " Publicity is a good servant but a bad master. We don't want the Viscount butting in on our good relations. Now let me see—just what was the trouble. Have some cognac ? "

" Thanks, no. The trouble, so far as I am concerned, is——" Wassermann held up a large flabby hand on which gleamed a blue diamond the size of a hazel nut. He was bland. He was masterful.

" I remember now, Mr. Hounslow. My secretary mentioned the matter to me this forenoon. To be quite frank, the snag was your advance story. It was a flop. It just could not happen. You gotta recollect that film audiences have got critical. We've educated them. They are tired of bunk. They want reality."

" So your firm has been saying for months," Lakry pleasantly returned ; " but let me tell you this : I write from reality. I've never written a story that hasn't got its counterpart in real life."



" *WELL—Mr. Hounslow, I gotta hand it your bet. A climax like that might be*

"That must be the trouble," said Wassermann, who, prior to his five million dollar advent into the film world had spent twenty years in the manufacture of Wassermann's potato crisps; "you real life-guys have no artistic perspective. You expect the ordinary public to have the same slant as yourselves."

"So they have," said Lakry; "but let's get to facts. What was there unreal in my stories?"

"I can't carry all these things in my head, Mr. Hounslow. You can take it from me that's the 'low down.' It just couldn't happen, that's all."

"I am going to convince you it could happen," said Lakry. "If I fail—then we will say no more about the contract. That may save you a legal action and unpleasant publicity."

"I reckon we are ready to take the contract to the courts when you are, Mr. Hounslow—but if it'll relieve your mind, call it a deal. I can give you ten minutes."

It was unnecessary for him to add he was delighted with the opportunity of issuing a judgment on such terms, for Lakry already knew most that was known of the context of Mr. Wassermann.

"The opening shot in my 'Treatment,'" said Lakry, "is a school football ground with a game in progress."

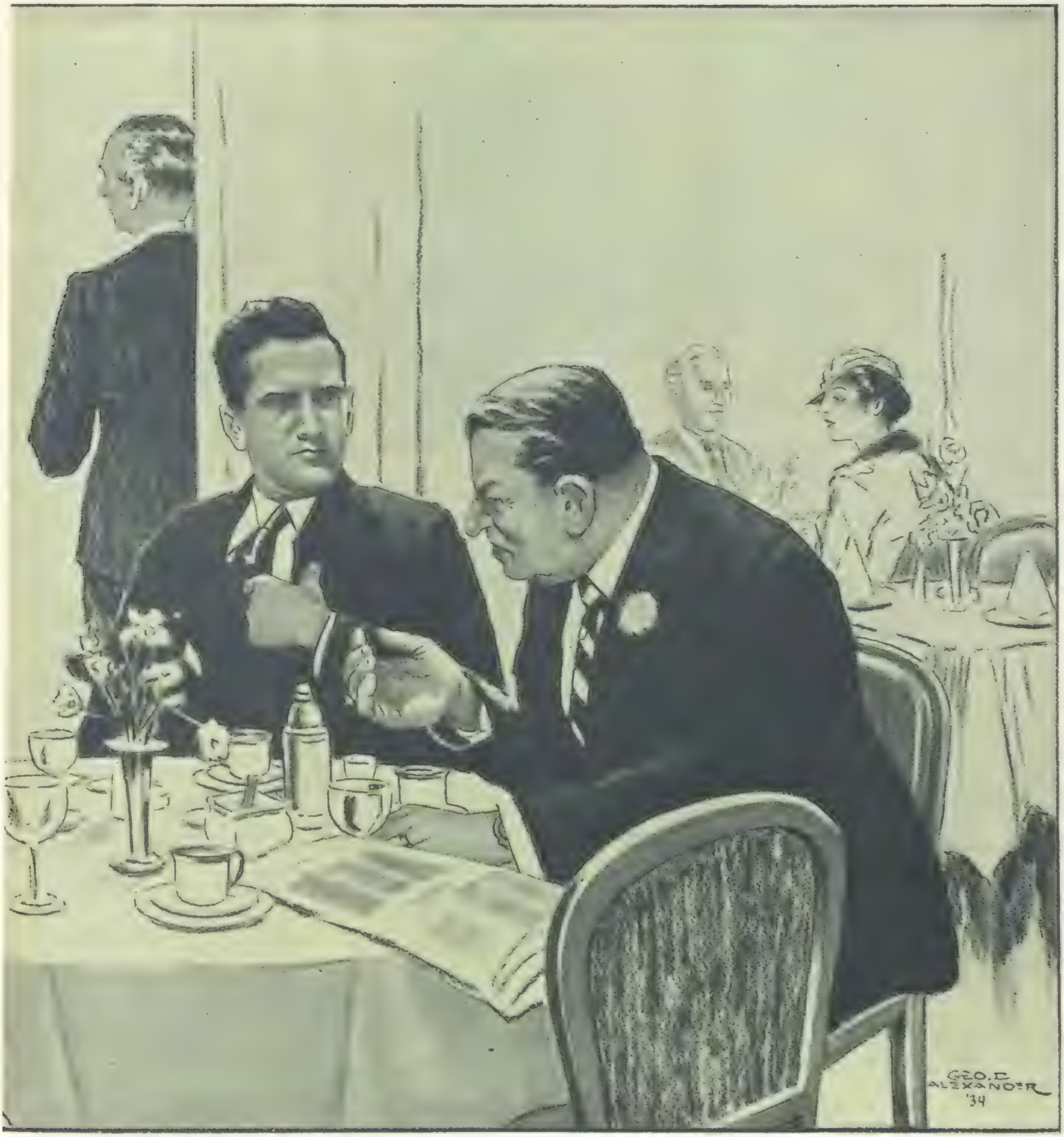
"Yep," said Wassermann leaning back in his chair prepared to enjoy himself to the financial profit of Wassermann Inc., and the discomfiture of a confiding author.

"It is the critical game in a series," went on Lakry, his clipped voice just audible above the music of the band. "We see that it is a tough game; to the players a matter of life and death; to the spectators a mild beanfeast with a sporting thrill. We see one of the home team knocked out and carried off the field on a stretcher. There is now a CUT to the interior of the dressing-room, where the twelfth man is waiting. A MEDIUM MID SHOT shows him to be a lightly built youth of sixteen with a pleasant intelligent face. The manager says:

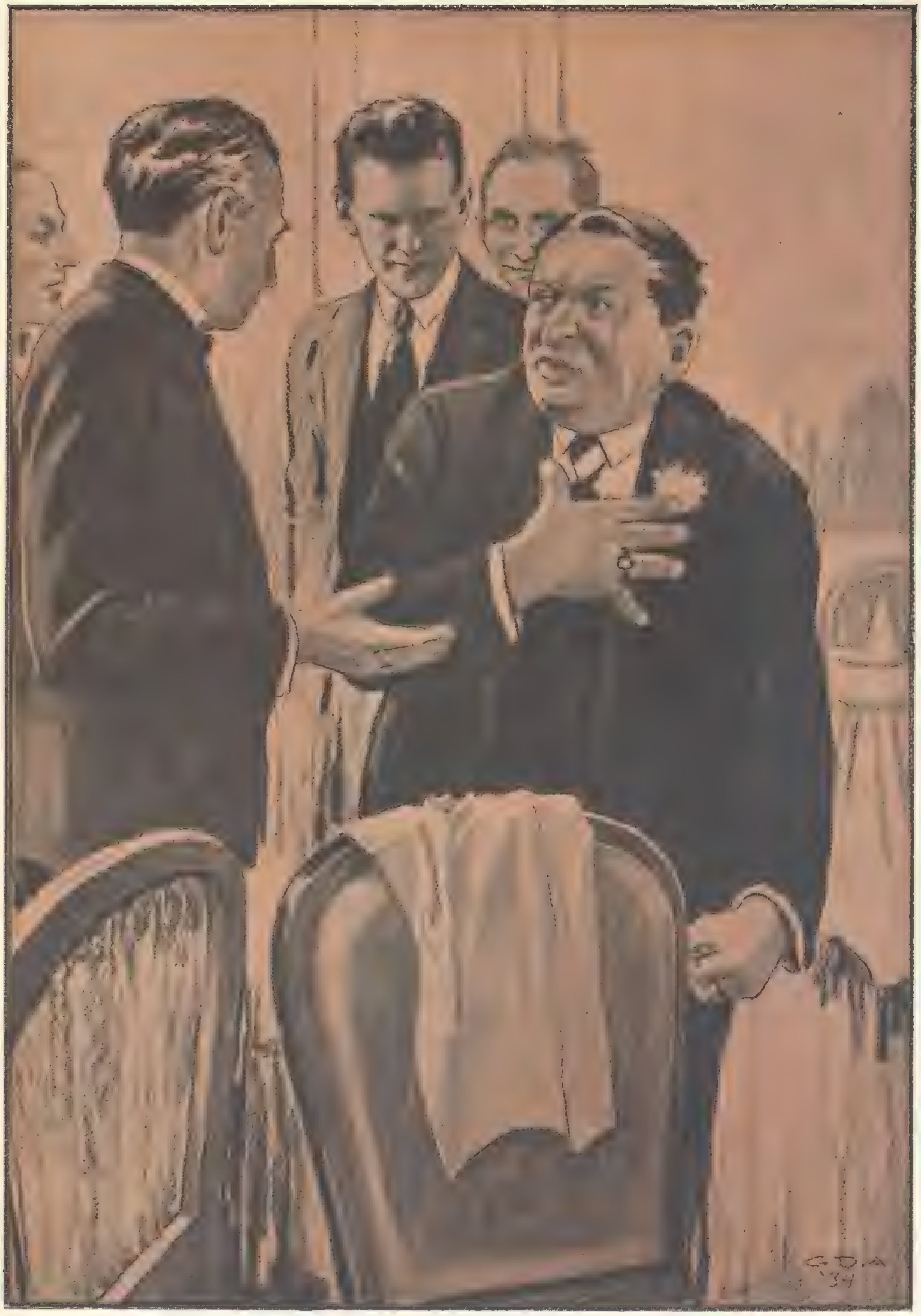
'Now is your chance, Lak—remember your tactics.'

'I won't let you down,' says Lak.

We CUT back to the field. The camera PANS the twelfth man out of the pavilion. We see an attractive schoolgirl of fifteen shyly hand him a flower. He smiles at her though there are de-



to you as a story salesman, but if this is your notion of registering the reality of your stuff, you've lost got over in a States joint, but in a British restaurant—the scene of your shot—it could never happen"



"*COME, come, Mr. Wassermann,*" *Alardi reproved,* "*Really !*" "*I tell you he's got a gun,*" *Wassermann insisted:* "*and he's just held me up for two thousand pounds*"

risive giggles and yelps from his schoolfellows on the stand. The game recommences. It goes steadily against the home team. Young Lak's slim physique seems to be the cause. He is tossed about like a cork. A CUT back to the pavilion shows the schoolgirl's apprehension. She is ragged by some boys, but she smiles all the same. She has faith. We QUICK CUT back to the game. Lak gets the measure of his opponents. Though he is smothered in mud and more a figure of fun than ever, he saves two goals. He finally wins the match for his side by a tackle which breaks his collar bone. There is now a TIME LAPSE of a year and a half."

"What tecknic's this?" Wassermann smiled.

"We are not considering your hackneyed technique now, but establishing the character of the hero. This is a story with a meaning. Now FADE IN a troop-boat at Folkestone, full of new drafts and men returning from leave. It is May, 1918. A MEDIUM LONG SHOT at the gangway shows our young friend Lak in the uniform of a second-lieutenant Royal Air Force saying good-bye to the schoolgirl Mary, now a V.A.D. It is a decent farewell; no sex slobber. Next shot is a British aerodrome in France. It is near dawn. Lak climbs into the pilot's seat of a two-seater Bristol Fighter—one of a mixed flight of six machines. He looks very boylike. He is not yet eighteen. His Squadron Commander looks up at him from the ground and says:

'*You'll get your show this morning, sonny.*'

Lak says:

'*Righto sir—I'll not let you down.*'

The formation goes up with Lak on the left wing—his football position. We see them high in the blue being pooped at by Archies, and having skirmishes. The formation turns for home. Then out of a high bank of clouds zoom twelve Albatros Scouts. Two of these dive on Lak's tail; a third attacks his left front. They are trying to break the formation. Lak's plane wobbles. He has been wounded in the right arm. He is driven out of position and at once attacks the three Albatros. By reckless daring more than skill he shoots down two and gets back to position. He is now bleeding from a head wound. His formation now gets broken, three planes being shot down by a red Albatros handled with superb skill. Lak tries to engage the red ace, who shoots the cowl off Lak's gun, smashing the mechanism and wounding him for the third time. His young observer's gun now jams, and the observer signs the fight over so far as their machine is concerned; they must run for the airdrome. Lak nods reluctantly and dives out of the scrap. As he does so his observer is killed."

"There's nothing new in this stuff," Wassermann interrupted.

"It'll be new enough presently," Lakry answered; and went on: "With his observer dead Lak has only himself to consider. He climbs back into the fight. He is shot at right and left, but gradually manœuvres his plane above the red Albatros, who is driving down another Bristol. Lak is not firing: the German ace knows he can't. Securing his position Lak dives straight down on the Albatros. Its pilot treats this as bluff. He does not believe the lamed Bristol intends anything so suicidal as a ram. Lak's machine strikes his wing, breaking it off. The Albatros goes down like a shot pheasant. Lak spirals after it out of control. FADE IN a section of enemy lines. We see the Albatros a blazing ruin. Lak's plane is near it, wrecked but not destroyed.

We see Lak is badly hurt, but conscious. German soldiers haul him out and carry him away on a stretcher."

"But, darn it, this is a war story," Wassermann protested. "Who the hell cares——"

"It is not a war story," Lakry corrected. "It is Part I of a peace story, the moulding of the boy who is father to the man. We now jump to post-war. Lak is reunited to Mary. They want to marry—marriage being a primal reaction of war. The snag is, Lak has no money and no trade but flying, for which he is unfitted by war wounds. He tries one job after another, to be beaten in each by men who avoided fighting. At last he is fit to fly and gets a test-pilot's job, and marries Mary on it. For her sake he takes risks he shouldn't, has a bad smash and is fired. He turns to writing. His book on aviation is a technical success, but makes no money. Mary and he now have a bad time. They have two babies and live in two rooms. He seriously thinks of smash and grab raiding, but tries his hand at short story writing. His material is authentic, his characters real, and he knows how to plan."

"I reckon you mean he's got imagination," Wassermann interjected; "but what is there in this to appeal to a film audience?"

"Everything," said Lakry. "You'll have your say in a minute. Lak now begins to earn real money for the first time. He is a success. Intent on giving his wife and family the deal he owes them, he buys a small country house on mortgage and furnishes it on the instalment system. As we have already learned, he is not the man to shirk risk. He resumes his social connections now that he can hold up his head. He spends more than he ought; we all do. But he puts all he has into his work and lands two short-story contracts in the States that mean security. His magazine work now attracts Hollywood. He is offered a contract at two hundred pounds a week for his exclusive services as story-writer."

"Here, what's this you are pulling?" Wassermann exclaimed.

"You'll have your say in a minute," Lakry told him again. "This film contract involves Lak forsaking the magazines; the company specifies a monopoly of his typewriter. The magazines offer no objections; they have begun to feel the depression draught. Lak burns his boats and signs the film contract. He writes two advance stories, but the cash advance for his transport to Hollywood is not forthcoming. The company goes on procrastinating, and Lak gets into a hole. As a last resort he cables his magazines. They reply that they can do without him. They assume he has flopped with Hollywood. His position gets desperate."

"I get you now, Mr. Hounslow," Wassermann grinned. "This is not one of your advance stories. It's an author's hard-luck tale—and it ain't got a tail."

"You are wrong," said Lakry. "It has a tail with a twist that'll interest you a good deal. The family doctor now informs Lak that unless his wife is operated on by a certain Paris surgeon, she will die. The fee is two hundred guineas. Lak has as many shillings, plus three writs for debts, a mortgage foreclosure notice, and a warning that his furniture is to be taken. At this third crisis in his life he reads in an evening paper that the president of his film company is in London full of dollars. Our hero goes to town to interview the president, but is turned down flat by the secretary.

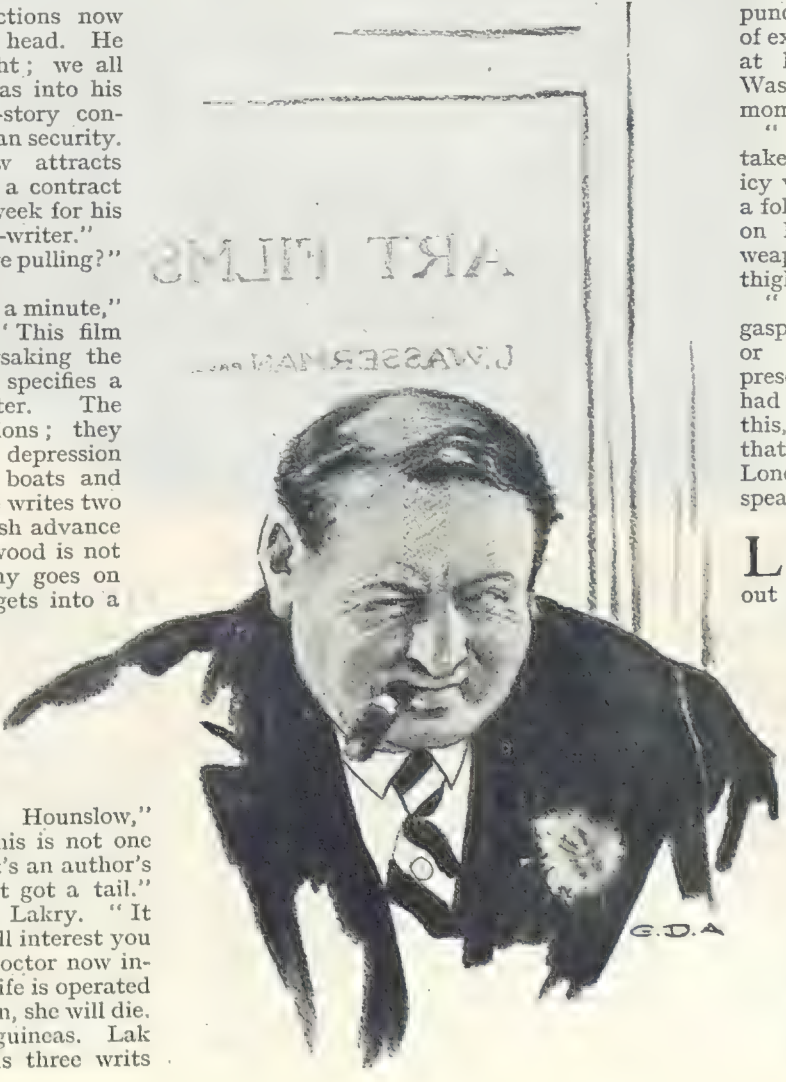
Wassermann chuckled. He was enjoying himself. This was a "new one on him."

"But as we have seen by Part I, Lak is not of the stuff of which average authors are made. Now we FADE IN the last shot—the story climax: a restaurant like this. Lak walks in on the president at luncheon. The president is pleasantly gorged with a good lunch; he is smoking a good cigar and drinking old brandy. There is the music of a good band in his ears. He sees a chance of ridding his firm of the claims of an author who might prove troublesome. Lak tells his story, reaches his climax. The president says—well, Mr. Wassermann, what would you say if I were to demand that you fulfil that contract or pay me two thousand pounds in lieu thereof?"

Wassermann stubbed out the end of his cigar on a plate and stared at Lakry while the restaurant band finished the last bar of "There's a Home in Wyomin'."

"What would I say?" he repeated. "I'd say you were bug-house. Your contract is not worth a darn."

"That is the answer my hero anticipates," said Lakry. "His reply is: *'It is my wife's life or yours, Mr. President. You have a cheque-book in your pocket; I have a gun in mine. Which is it to be?"*



Wassermann's laugh was loud enough to be heard half across the restaurant, but no one took notice of it. Recovering himself, he said:

"Well, Mr. Hounslow, I gotta hand it to you as a story salesman, but if this is your notion of registering the reality of your stuff, I reckon you've lost your bet. A climax like that might get over in a States joint but in a British restaurant—the scene of your shot—it could never happen."

Lak smiled, but into that smile there crept a quality which Wassermann suddenly found disturbing.

"That is where you are wrong again," said Lakry. "It is happening now."

Mary Hounslow had often remarked to her husband: "If I had not grown up with you, Lak, I'd never have dared marry you; your eyes look through to one's backbone." Into the ruthless blue frostiness of those eyes, Wassermann found himself staring.

"It is happening now," Lakry repeated, and his voice was like his eyes, ruthless and frosty.

Wassermann's flabby lips began to frame a response, then let loose a slight dribble of saliva as his eyes slowly encompassed the table napkin in Lakry's right hand just below the level of the table and his left elbow. Peeping from its snowy folds was the entirely convincing black muzzle of an automatic; and it was less than one foot from the bulge of the Wassermann stomach. Wassermann was profoundly shocked. His eyes went back to the full focus of Lakry's, his mind slowly adjusting itself to a situation familiar enough to a citizen of that country where daily life and business is not infrequently punctuated by similar lethal modes of exaction. That the chilly-eyed man at his side meant what he said, Wassermann did not disbelieve for one moment.

"Conduct yourself normally and take your cue from me," said Lakry's icy voice; he covered the pistol with a fold of the napkin, and leaned easily on his elbows, his right hand and weapon resting naturally on his left thigh.

"You've gone loco," Wassermann gasped. But whether he thought that or not, common sense and self-preservation compelled obedience. He had directed studio scenes not unlike this, and he now needed no convincing that life could be as easily lost in a London restaurant as in a Chicago speakeasy.

LAKRY slipped his left hand into the inner right breast pocket without disturbing his hold on napkin and gun, drew out two papers and put them in front of Wassermann. One was a typed bearer cheque for two thousand pounds on Wassermann's bank; the other a covering letter typed on the hotel notepaper. All they lacked was signatures.

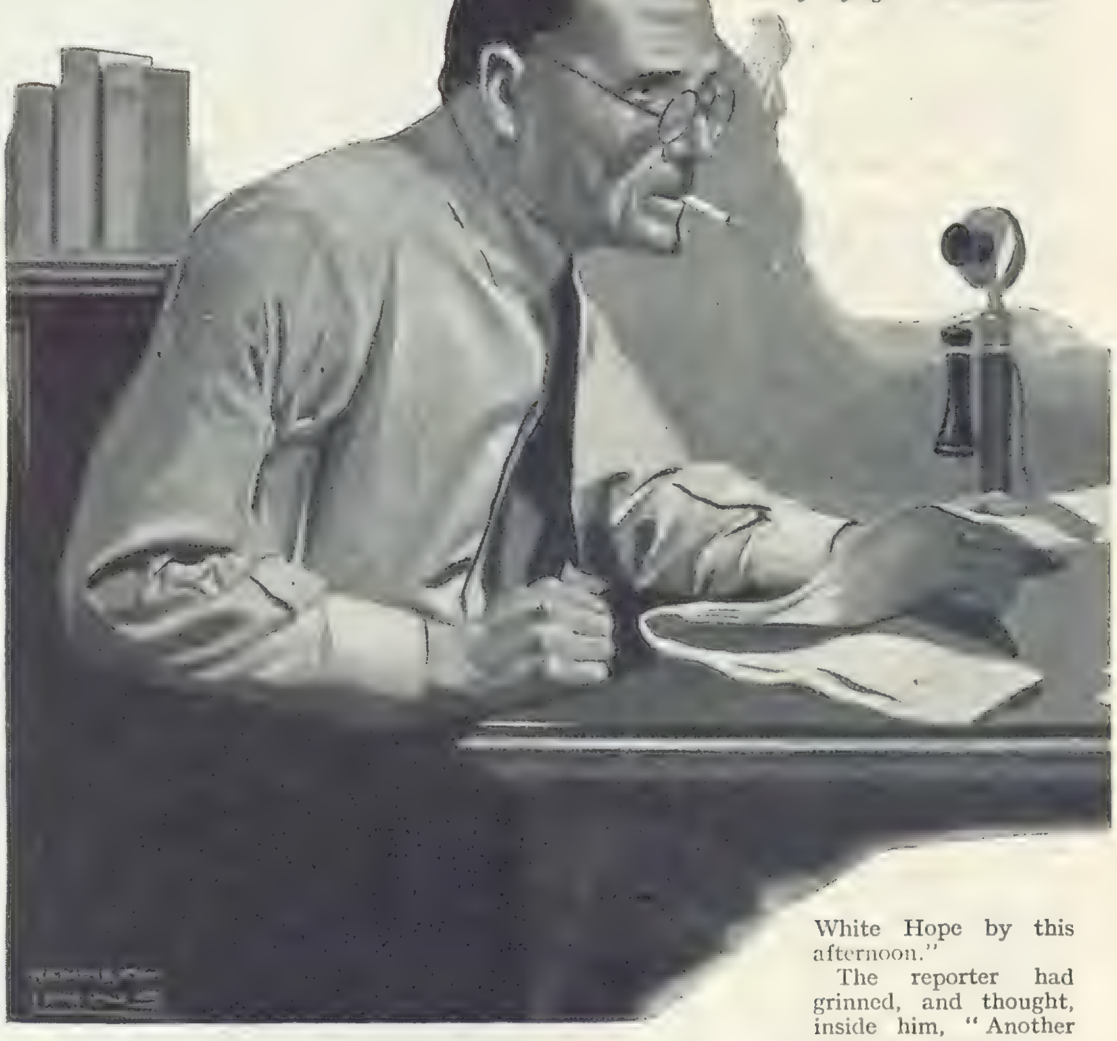
"Sign those," Lakry said. "Your usual signature. If my messenger does not get the money, you'll never sign another cheque." He unhooked a fountain pen from his waistcoat pocket and laid it decisively beside the papers.

Wassermann drew a deep breath and wiped the dribble from his (*Continued on page* 83)

Travellers' Tales No. 4:

BOXERS get my GOAT

By Hannen Swaffer



"YOU say that picture is Mrs. Paddy O'Hielen," she said, pointing to it. "I'm Mrs. Paddy O'Hielen. Fancy insulting me by saying I'm that woman."

MORTLEIGH HANDERS had gone on board the *Morama* quite illusioned.

He had never, in all his life, seen so much fuss as when the great liner left Fourteenth Street under the shadow of the towering skyscrapers. Nor had he known so many flowers as friends of travellers put in the cabins, flowers that would never be seen again, so many baskets of fruit that would never be eaten, so many books, which would never be read. Nor had he ever been thrilled so, as when a film star went up the gangway and condescended to tread the same deck as quite ordinary folk.

Still, Mortleigh Handers had not seen much of life. He was just a business man. As a rule, he merely read the papers.

Besides, Big Battler, the heavyweight champion, who was on board, had been seen off by a crowd of reporters. He was going to London to mop up whatever English heavyweights he could find. What a thrill that gave him.

A couple of European statesmen, who had been to Washington to try to arrange war debts, passed unrecognised in the general crush. Even on board, few noticed them until they turned green very suddenly and hurried below.

Then on deck, one morning, Handers tumbled into a couple of biggish men, apologised, made friends, and began to chat.

Not long after, when Big Battler went by, the talk turned to fighting.

"Another big cheese," said Mitchell, one of the two men with whom Handers was sitting.

"Yes, but good enough for our lot," replied Tompkins, the other. "All boxers are cheeses."

Mitchell, it seemed, was a sporting writer. Tompkins was in the picture business. Soon they were talking busily. Before long, Handers had quite a different idea about the boxing game.

Big Battler began to look smaller and smaller every time he passed. He soon saw through him, just as, overnight, he had suddenly seen right through the film star when she had got rather tight at dinner, and began to talk loudly and order the waiter about.

It was Mitchell who began.

"I found one of those cheeses once," he said, "and, really without meaning to. I wanted a story. And I've felt responsible for him ever since. Well, you can blame me, if you like. I'll stand it."

And he started his monologue . . .

It seemed that the black men were having it all their own way in the boxing ring. And Mitchell, very annoyed about it, as became a true-blue Imperialist who forgot that millions of blacks were his fellow subjects, said to a reporter one morning, "Go and find me a White Hope." The junior had stared at him, accustomed though he was to orders that led him on all sorts of quests.

"Go along and see Piggy Benjamin," he had heard, "and tell him I want a White Hope by this afternoon."

The reporter had grinned, and thought, inside him, "Another of his mad ideas."

HE found Piggy at the National Sporting Club, and, giving him the message, waited for something cynical that he could take back. But Piggy handed him a surprise.

"Strangely enough," he said, "I think we've got one. You never know . . . Mouldy McIntosh was talking to me yesterday about a boy he'd bought out of the Navy. The lad's due in London to-morrow. Mouldy tells me that he really looks like the goods. His trouble is he killed somebody once. A chance blow, of course. But it has made him afraid of using his full strength ever since."

And Piggy went on into a description.

"Got a heart like a lion, they say. Keeps his head in the ring. Knows how to use his feet. And has got a left, if

Illustration by
Kenneth Innes

only he won't be afraid of the consequences of shooting it out straight."

And so the reporter went back to his office. Within an hour, he had found a White Hope.

"Not bad going," he thought, "for a morning's work."

The next day the *Daily Splash* had got, on its front page, a long scream about the new White Hope. Near it was a picture of Mouldy McIntosh's find, bought, from a boxing paper, for half a guinea. It showed Boy Perkins—that was his name—with his fist coming right into the reader's face, and looking quite fierce, for a boxer.

Then it was the poster next morning. "A New White Hope," it read, in big type. And they sold a lot of papers on it.

"Yes, I was quite proud of myself that morning," said Mitchell. "I wrote the story myself, and it looked swell. People don't like to see a lot of black men as champions. And this find looked good for the game." But, apparently, things changed in the afternoon.

A man came in the office walking with his shoulders, jerking them almost, as he moved, and demanding to see Mitchell.

"Oh, some boxing thug," he hazarded, when the visitor was described. "Show him in."

Then in came a man with a face like an old boxer—thickened ears and a nose that wasn't straight—looking very fierce, too, and quarrelsome.

It was Mouldy McIntosh.

"What's all this nonsense you've said about my lad, Boy Perkins?" he asked. "Here have I bought a fellow out of the Navy to make a bit of money out of him, and now you've killed his chance."

"Killed his chance?" echoed Mitchell, picking up a copy of the *Daily Splash* in front of him. "Why, look at what we've said. I've talked about his ringcraft and said he has a heart like a bullock. I've described his wonderful left. In fact you'd think he was champion already, the way that I've written him up."

"Yes, that's just it," was the reply. "I've bought him out of the Navy, hoping that I could get a few matches for him up and down the country—forty quid here and fifty quid there. I thought I'd got a good meal-ticket for a couple of years. And now you've killed his chance. Why, after what you've said, *they'll all be afraid of him.*"

"Oh, we can easily put that right," Mitchell replied.

And he touched a button, so that his typist came in.

"Miss, you might take this down," he said. "And then take it to the Editor and ask him to use it to-morrow: 'We deeply regret that we said in yesterday's issue that Boy Perkins has a heart like a bullock and a wonderful left. As a matter of fact, we are informed by Mouldy McIntosh, his manager, that he has got a fist like glass, that he has never fought anybody worth while, that he is utterly new to the ring, as a matter of fact, and that he can't fight for toffee.'"

The manager had looked more friendly when the dictation began. But, as he heard the middle, and then the end, his face lengthened.

"I think you had better leave it as it was," he replied.

And he walked out of the room.

"Now, you wouldn't believe it," said Mitchell, "but fighting's a funny business. Boy Perkins would have gone on tour, if I hadn't written him up. He'd probably have been knocked out one night with a lucky punch. And that is the last you'd ever have heard of him. But that 'White Hope' story put him in the big-money class within a fortnight. And, my God, he became champion. He became an idol—and McIntosh retired rich . . . And do you think he thanks me? He still thinks I'm his enemy."

Handers had thought he'd learned a lot before the talk began. Film-stars do not look very alluring on a rough sea. Statesmen are not very diplomatic when a wave hits a vessel. Even Big Battler was looking smaller still. But his disillusion was to go on . . .

"I don't mind boxers so much," said Tompkins. "It's their women who get my goat. They're getting nearly as bad as film stars, and they're bad enough. Take that silly dame on board. We've bought her—just because she's finished in the States."

Boxers' women had worried Tompkins, apparently, more than the men had done. His monologue proved that . . .

And he began to tell of how, at Ascot, "one of the headquarters of British chivalry and fashion," was his cynical comment, "the blue blood of England" had assembled one year. Then, in the Silver Ring, while the frocks excited the fashion writers not far away, there was a fight.

An old man who had lost half a crown over a horse said "Damn." This annoyed, very much, a beefy-looking fellow who stood near.

"Don't swear like that in the presence of ladies," he had said.

Then, in the interests of all that was decent and chivalrous, he punched the old man on the jaw, and when the old man fell down, he hadn't got up again . .

"There was subsequently a legal argument at Reading Assizes," said Tompkins. "A man dressed in a scarlet robe and wearing a wig did not altogether admire the chivalry of the beefy individual who had objected to an old man saying 'Damn.' He called it manslaughter, and he sent him to gaol. You remember the case? It

(*Continued on page* 102)

Very Private Secretary . . .

"MY dear Henry," she said, "may I ask where you picked up this extraordinary-looking girl?" Henry Culverwell, who had welcomed her with an air of bland surprise, slipped a black tie round his collar

"How *can* the Silvias of *this* world live *without* Love?"

By Lady Troubridge

With Camera Illustrations by Peter North

SOCIETY had long grown accustomed to realising that where the beautiful Mrs. Henry Culverwell went, that handsome young peer Lord Marleton went also.

There were very few people in this year of grace in a position to cast a stone at Mrs. Culverwell, and not a few secretly envied her. To have quietly snaffled one of London's most eligible bachelors, and to keep him year after year, in spite of the young entry of charming and attractive débutantes, was no mean feat, but to do it without a scandal was cleverer still.

Even the old-fashioned people accepted the fact that Archie Marleton belonged to Silvia Culverwell, but they had their own way of looking at it, and their own reserved manner of describing the position.

They called Silvia "the reason why Archie Marleton had never married," and they agreed that it was very sad, but that if Henry Culverwell didn't mind, it was no one else's business.

In effect, Silvia Culverwell got away with it, and it had been going on for four years. She was so used to Archie that when they were alone together she hardly troubled to talk to him, beyond the sort of discussion of their friends and acquaintances she would have handed out to her husband. And Archie had very little more to say to her, but the spell held.

He told her his plans and received her sanction for them before he put them into execution. His time belonged to Silvia. She was no gold-digger, but his very big income was at her command. If she heard of a hard case among her friends—even the Silvias of this world have their good points—she wouldn't trouble to get out her cheque book; she would tell Archie about it, and he would make a note in a limp, dark blue pocket-book, and say, "How much ?" If a hundred would do, he wrote a cheque for a hundred, and the recipient overwhelmed Silvia with thanks.

"There is no one quite like you, Sil darling, with your warm, generous heart," and Silvia would feel how easy and pleasant it was to do good.

Not only had Silvia Culverwell an ideal friend, she had an ideal husband as well.

Henry Culverwell had made his mark in the world, quite a deep dent in the history of his time, and in doing this he had overworked himself and been obliged to curtail his official life, but he served his country behind the scenes, and if Silvia could never enjoy the sweets of office, she enjoyed a great deal of power and prestige from being Henry's wife.

"I expect he'll get a peerage one day," she used to say artlessly, and, though that event had not occurred, certain people were duly impressed.

Culverwell showed no sign of disliking Archie Marleton. He talked to him on any subject on which Archie could presumably have an opinion worth hearing. Public schools, county cricket, and so on. But he never spoke to him about women.

He had once spoken to Silvia about Archie, and listened in silence while she explained her feelings for him, which were those of an elder sister. It was a very beautiful relationship, as described by Silvia, but at the end of the recital he continued reading his paper without any comment at all. A very close observer might have noticed that during the four years the Archie-Silvia affair had lasted Henry Culverwell had grown older looking, a little greyer, and distinctly more silent, though he worked harder than ever.

He worked so hard that he had to engage a permanent secretary for the first time since his retirement. That was why Miss Amber Shaw appeared.

Silvia, busy going to race meetings and night clubs with Archie, had had no hand in her selection; otherwise, pre-occupied as she was, it was hardly likely that she would have selected a dazzling blonde who was obviously not more than twenty something and had eyes like lapis lazuli, and the figure of a bathing beauty on the films.

The first time Mrs. Culverwell saw this astounding creature, surprise kept her silent. Then she felt decidedly angry; all the more so that Miss Shaw had a distinct resemblance to herself ten years ago. The same startlingly fair hair and slightly tilted nose. The same rows of pearly teeth, and far, far better eyes.

" Mrs. Culverwell," said Henry to his secretary, and to Silvia he added, " Miss Shaw."

" Good morning," said Silvia coldly.

" Good morning, Mrs. Culverwell," said Miss Shaw, in a tone that was absolutely glacial.

In fact, first blood to Miss Amber Shaw.

That evening, instead of going straight out when she was dressed, Silvia undid that locked door leading to Henry's dressing-room, and walked in.

" My dear Henry," she said, " may I ask where you picked up this extraordinary looking girl ? "

Henry Culverwell, who had welcomed her with an air of bland surprise, slipped a black tie round his collar.

" Some sort of typewriting bureau," he said.

Silvia twisted her flexible diamond bracelet round her wrist.

" And I suppose you pounced on her," she said, " out of a dozen ? "

His tired brown eyes rested on her for a moment.

" I'm not much of a pouncer, my dear. She was the first who called, and she is extremely efficient."

" But . . . but . . . it isn't proper," said Silvia, " that you should be hours and hours alone with a raving beauty like this girl."

He laughed gently.

" Come and chaperone us, if you don't trust me." Then he looked at her steadily. " Don't you think we've got a little past this nonsense ? " and he looked at the door between their rooms.

Silvia forced a laugh.

" Oh, I don't mind," she said.

" No, of course, you don't. Besides, the girl can't help her looks. She seems a quiet sort of person, and most competent at her job."

Silvia walked back into her room, leaving a little waft of perfume behind her, to remind him he had once had a wife.

AT the Embassy that night, she told Archie all about it, and having decided to make a joke about it, she was very humorous. With infinite gusto she described this peach of a girl to Archie, and together they laughed at the comic juxtaposition of the staid Henry and this raving creature.

But Archie wasn't quite as tactful as usual.

" Poor old Henry," he said. " Fair's fair. Why shouldn't he have his consolations ? "

Silvia didn't like that remark. It was one thing for her to withdraw her life from Henry's, and quite another for Henry to withdraw his from hers. His attitude should have been that of patient waiting for the crumbs that Silvia threw.

" You are drivelling," she said to Archie plainly. " Henry would never look at her."

" Well, after all, he's a man," replied Lord Marleton, as one who makes a generous concession to a rival, but he hastened to ask her if she had a fancy for a square emerald, as he had seen a very good one yesterday at Cartiers.

Undressing that night in her room with the locked door, a disquieting idea came into Silvia's blonde head. She began to view Henry as a dark horse. Very certainly he was no fool. He had spoken to her once about Archie Marleton, and she had ignored it. Suppose, just suppose, that his answer to the presence of Archie was Miss Amber Shaw, and that where Archie was disguised as a friend, Miss Shaw wore the domino and mask of a private secretary.

In other words, tit-for-tat.

It wasn't a pleasant thought, and in the morning it faded away, and as the days passed it disappeared altogether.

For Miss Shaw was a paragon. She gave no slightest occasion for ribald jests, no possible cause for anxiety, except the fact of her devastating prettiness. She did not even try to enhance her charms in any way, and always wore the same dark blue dress and white collar and cuffs of piqué.

She might have been a lady member of Parliament, as far as her dress went, and

AND opposite him, dressed in her blue dress with the white collar and cuffs, was Miss Amber Shaw her manners were even more irreproachable. Whenever Silvia looked in—and she looked in very often—Miss Shaw's golden head was bent over the typewriter, and her hands, with the unlacquered nails, were pounding the keys, while Henry walked up and down the room, or sat in the arm-chair at his desk dictating.

It was true that they had an air of waiting for her to go away again. Miss Shaw looked up and composed her features into a forced patience after she had either said “ Good morning ” or “ Good afternoon,” according to the time of Silvia's visit, while Henry examined his nails or tapped the paper-cutter on the table.

Silvia found it more and more difficult to find anything to say to the absorbed couple, and when Henry closed the door behind her, she had a definite feeling that he was shutting her out of his life.

Of course, there was always Archie, but though Silvia would never have owned it, Archie was not quite what he had been. He took her too much for granted, and even treated her sometimes to moods and tempers quite indefensible in anyone who was not a husband.

Life was unnecessarily complicated, thought Silvia, putting on her new white tulle with the frills, in which she looked almost, not quite, as young as Miss Amber Shaw, and preparing to dine with Marda Juxton and her husband at the Monseigneur.

Marda had had to provide a man for Silvia at the last moment, as Archie had to dine with his mother, but something in Silvia's voice as she said “ of course ” had made Archie promise to come on as soon as this filial duty was accomplished.

In the meantime it wasn't bad fun, and Marda made herself pleasant, although in the pre-Archie days Silvia had made a determined snatch at Marda's husband, that gay young sportsman, Joe Juxton. Fighting tooth and nail, Marda had kept her own possession, and Silvia had escaped with a few scratches, so to speak.

Not real scratches, just a little invisible scar.

That was long ago, and the two women would have passed for friends. They kissed insincerely, praised each other's dresses, and Silvia's manner to Joe was exactly right, as right as Marda's to Archie. Joe was an excellent host, one of the hearty, breezy kind waiters adore, and his friend was reasonably amusing and quite good-looking.

“ And how is the great Henry ? ” asked Joe, when they had reached the stage of having the chicken presented to them whole, whisked away, and returned in pieces.

Whenever Henry was mentioned, Silvia promptly answered her cue. Henry was hard at work, writing a marvellous book on the history of the Parliamentary system. The long words in Silvia's pretty mouth had a piquancy which made them laugh.

“ Some job,” said Joe Juxton, who only read books about horses.

“ Yes, indeed. He's at it morning, noon and night.”

“ Not night, surely ?” said the friend, looking startled at so much industry.

“ Yes, I promise you,” protested Silvia. “ You wouldn't drag Henry out of that study of his unless you put a halter round his neck and drove him out.”

There was a gleam in Marda's green eyes as she said quietly, “ It strikes me, Sil, someone has done just that. Look up there.”

In the balcony, at a little table near the railing, she saw Henry's profile, rather a noble one, as she had seen it hundreds of times bent over the papers on his desk. It was now bent over the menu, and opposite him, dressed in her blue dress with the white collar and cuffs, was Miss Amber Shaw.

“ How utterly comic ! ” said Silvia. “ Dear old Henry and his secretary, having a quiet little bite together.”

But she couldn't make them laugh, though Marda looked pleased, but Joe Juxton, after a glance at the balcony, filled her glass with champagne with a sympathetic air.

And upstairs in the gallery, Henry Culverwell said to Miss Shaw, “ That is my wife down there, with a party.”

Miss Shaw nodded. She ate with a studied daintiness, and she drank her white wine with little sips. Between two of these sips, she remarked :

“ Your wife doesn't like me, Mr. Culverwell.”

“ Don't get fancies into your head, Amber,” he said.

Miss Shaw ate a very small piece of sole, and wiped her lips carefully.

“ And I don't like her,” she went on softly.

“ You needn't tell me that, either,” he rebuked her, but it was the rebuke of one friend to another.

“ But what do I matter ?” said Miss Shaw, with a little wave of her hand as if she was dispersing her unimportant self to the corners of the globe. “ Since I know that you do . . . still.”

Henry Culverwell did not smile now. He frowned.

“ You are a very good secretary, Amber,” he said enigmatically : “ perhaps not so good as a thought reader.”

Miss Shaw took another little sip of white wine.

“ There's no harm in guessing,” she said composedly.

“ Well, guess again,” said Henry Culverwell.

ARCHIE was not in a good mood when he came. He never was, after dining with his mother. Lady Marleton had given up telling him he ought to marry. She now impressed upon him that he should go in for politics, and during dinner she had sketched out his future career, or rather, what it should be if she had her way.

He should stand for Marleton, a safe seat, then a few years of work as an energetic member, then a lot of wire-pulling and a small post, or perhaps not so small a one.

“ Under-Secretary to the Board of Trade,” said Lady Marleton, as if she had the Prime Minister in her pocket. And before he was forty a governorship.

“ Why,” said Lady Marleton, signing to the butler to fill his lordship's glass with port, “ shouldn't you be Viceroy of India one day ? ”

Archie had laughed, but he had liked the sound of it, and it was rather a comedown for the future Viceroy of India to be Silvia Culverwell's appendage. But though his mood was not a sympathetic one, he was surprised when she murmured to him to look up into the gallery, and he saw those two.

“ Better go,” he suggested, after a long look. And the party went on to the newest and most expensive night club.

But Henry had spoilt the evening, and Silvia left her bacon and eggs before she had hardly touched them.

“ Let's go back to your flat, Archie,” she suggested, as they danced round the room. “ I want to talk to you.”

But when they were sitting in Archie's comfortable masculine room, all deep leather chairs and silver cups, it wasn't so easy to begin.

“ You saw that ? ” she said. “ Henry dining with that girl ? ”

Archie nodded.

“ With a man like Henry, that means something. It's . . . serious. Did you notice the girl, how beautiful she was ? ”

“ Quite a good looker,” he agreed.

“ She's far more than that, darling. She's a Helen of Troy. She could launch a thousand ships. She'll launch Henry all right. I can't think how I didn't see it from the first. I believe I did, in a way. Now I'm quite, quite

ARCHIE came forward and that slim blue-clad shoulder

laid his hand on
of the secretary's

sure. Henry'll lose his head over her, and will smash up everything to marry her."

"Oh, I don't think I should get the wind up like that."

Silvia found this remark distinctly unsatisfactory. In one moment Archie should have seen his glorious chance. He should have jumped to his feet, taken her in his arms and implored her to accept his name instead of Henry's. But he failed to take up his cue.

"Archie," said Silvia solemnly, "tell me I can count on you."

But Archie told her nothing of the kind. He told her a lot of other things instead. They'd had a very good time together, and she'd been a most marvellous friend anybody ever had, but, well, he had been feeling for some time that he ought to get down to some job, and politics seemed indicated, and so . . . well, he was sure Silvia would understand.

Silvia understood only too plainly. That abominable old mother of his had worsted her. After four years, Archie had slipped through her fingers. Silvia didn't waste any time now in recriminations. Nothing remained but to make the best of a bad job, and the best of a bad job was clearly Henry.

"WILL you leave us a moment, Miss Shaw? I wish to speak to my husband."

"Certainly, Mrs. Culverwell. I was just going. This is a half-day."

Irritatingly, she took her time in going. Adjusted the cover of the typewriter and sorted the papers, but at last she went. The door closed upon her slim figure and golden head.

It was an injured wife who faced Henry. She was even dressed for the part, in a deliberate copy of Amber Shaw's get-up, only Silvia's dress was black, and her collar was made of the finest silk piqué.

"Henry," she asked, "what is the meaning of your taking that woman out to dinner?"

Henry examined his well-kept nails.

"We were hungry, my dear," he said.

"Nonsense! It was a deliberate slight to me to take her where all my friends could see you together."

"Does Marleton object?" asked Henry blandly.

"Archie! What has he got to do with it?" Silvia flung at him.

"Ah, what indeed," said Henry Culverwell.

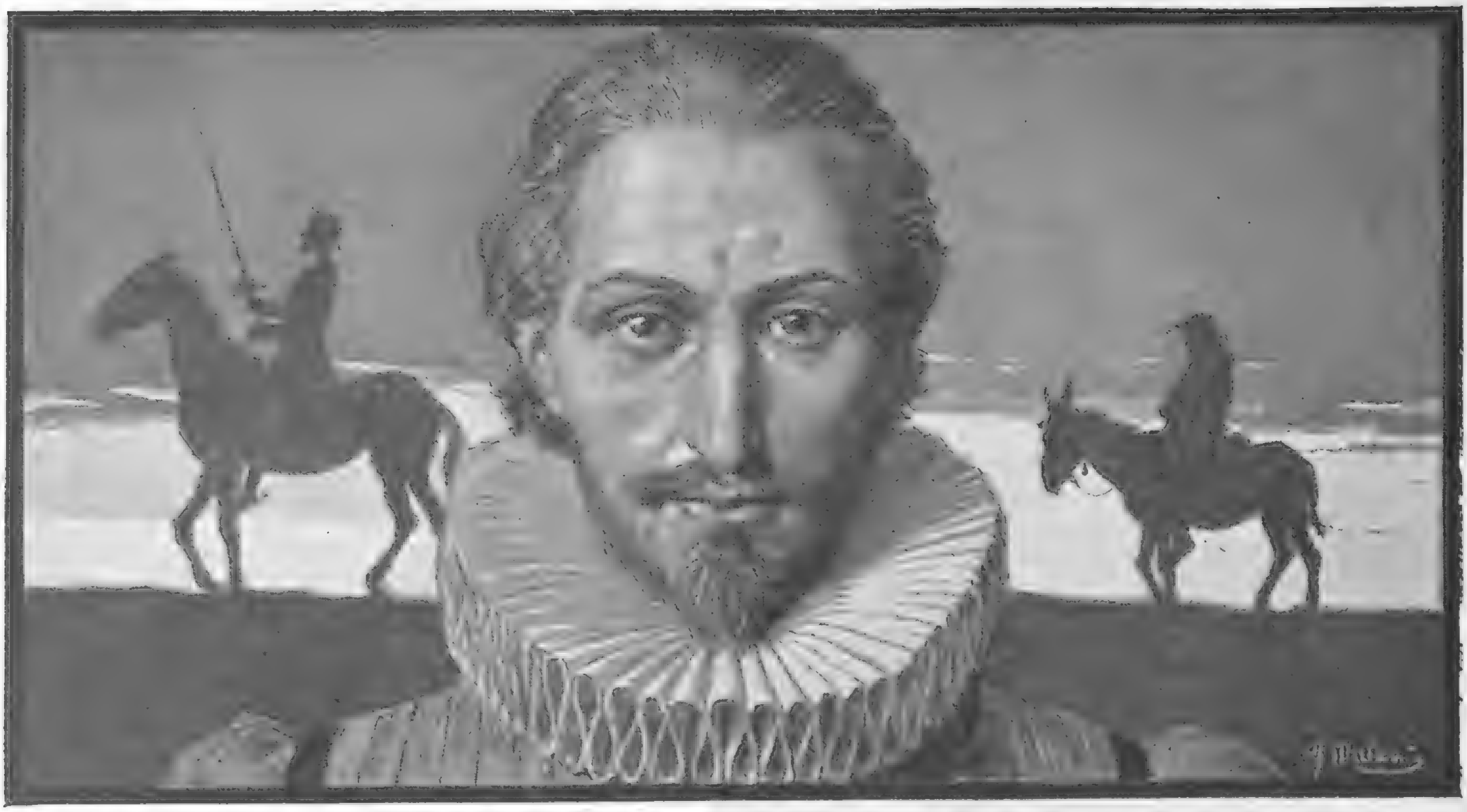
"Can't you see," said Silvia, "that the woman is determined to get hold of you, and to smash up our home?"

She was checked by Henry's harsh laughter. He seemed as if he could not stop laughing. Then suddenly he was grave.

"Our home was smashed up long (*Continued on page* 104)

Evening News

"AND you," Henry reminded her, "are married to me —a fact which has rather escaped your notice."
Silvia lifted her head from the cushion, and struggled upon her elbow



OLD TALES RETOLD

The Life and Adventures of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

Author of "Don Quixote"

Written and Illustrated
by
F. Matania, R.I.

HOW salutary it would be for those in the throes of producing any imaginative or intellectual work, who are irritated at petty interruptions or restrictions, to know under what difficulties certain masterpieces actually have been produced!

How inspiring it would be to read of the strenuous fights sustained by dead men whose living names recall only their glory and not their suffering.

The history of literature and art is full of such romances, dramas, and tragedies, which enhance the already priceless value of their production.

At the opera, the spontaneous genius of Bizet, whose "Carmen" has translated in terms of sound the brilliant sun of Spain in the heat of its passion, is for us a commonplace experience. We feel an intellectual, emotional, and imaginative joy in his masterpiece. But we never think that the first representation of "Carmen," before reaching the end, was drowned in a hurricane of protestation.

The serpentine hissing of malevolent musical diehards, the boorish booing of those whose ears were deaf to the new harmonies killed the author before he had the chance of seeing his work recognised to the full extent of its worth.

We never think, as we sit in a concert hall, that the major part of the music given to the world by Beethoven was never heard by the one who created it. His ears were "Two toneless drums whence sound had fled," and the undying treasure of his symphonies and sonatas was lavished upon the world while he starved for a single golden note.

It is hideous to realise how malignant Fate has been to genius; and still more hideous the persecution to which mankind has submitted those who have given glory and pride to that very same humanity.

The list of them is endless. From blind Homer to exiled Ovid; from persecuted Dante to Tasso driven to insanity—so it has been for countless benefactors of mankind who, like Christopher Columbus, lived a life of bitterness for an ideal, compensated, alas, only too late.

If they were ranged as an army, he who would ride at the head of that bitter legion is the man who "smiled Spain's chivalry away"—the author of *Don Quixote*.

He was born at Alcala de Henares, 20 miles from Madrid, in the year 1547, of one of those typical families of old Spain, which, through all adversity of circumstances yet retain its indefinable air of nobility and transmit from father to son the pride of its ancestry—doughty knights from whom it descends.

The biographers are unable to give us many details of his early life. Those which do exist are to be gleaned from chance allusions in his own writing.

Lopez de Hoyos was his teacher of grammar and philology, but he received a fair education during two years he spent in the University of Salamanca.

As a boy he had attended the performances given by the company of actors under Lope de Rueda, the founder of Spanish dramatic art. From childhood he had been passionately eager to acquire knowledge, ever a trait of an embryonically eminent brain.

His love of reading was evinced by collecting even the scattered bits of torn paper which he found in the streets, so as to draw from them some food for the ever-craving necessities of his growing intellect.

He was not less fond of the art of poetry. Endless sonnets, ballads and compositions in other forms testify to his lyrical gift, verses in which every now and then occurs a touch of humility, a modest recognition that Heaven had not granted him all the genius that a poet should have.

In spite of the popularity with which his pastoral poem "Filéne" was accepted, he was still lost amongst a multitude of people who wrote and called themselves poets during that fecund period of Spanish literature. He had reached the age of twenty-one, when he was charged with a message of condolence from the Pope to Philip II. on the occasion of the death of his son. It was then that Cardinal Acquaviva took him into his service as a "camarero," or page, employment then considered honourable even among the scions of the aristocracy.

This episode marked the end of the only happy period of his life. After this—farewell to joy.

For the first time he left Spain. He was to go to Rome. For the first time he separated from his beloved teacher, Juan Lopez de Hoyos, who had mentioned him in most affectionate and laudatory terms when he won the competition of literary exercises held during the funeral ceremony of Isabel de Valois.

But it is clear to us to-day that the superficial life of ceremonial and formality was not congenial to him. His restless nature, the craving for glory, and driving ambition combined to make him change the livery of the Cardinal's service for the uniform of his country's.

It was the year 1570. The military glory of Spain was at its peak. The profession of a soldier promised advancement. For there is ever promotion in war-time and on the East loomed a cloud that shadowed all Christendom.

The Turk was advancing on land and sea.

Vast preparations were being made to form an army that could face the Ottoman menace. The three States of Spain, Venice, and Rome had united to provide an armament with which to resume the hitherto ineffectual attempt of the Papal general, Colonna, to relieve the island of Cyprus, hotly besieged by Turks.

It was here that Cervantes first faced the grimmest of realities, and he, a supreme realist, felt that at last he had found a life congenial to his nature.

The pact between the Christian Powers was ratified on May 25th, 1571. By it they were bound to wage a perpetual war not only against the Turks, but also against the Moors of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli.

The most formidable armada that had ever been assembled in the Mediterranean gathered together. But although a naval force, it was, in effect, a purely military expedition embarked in ships. The Turk was the only sailor of account in the world, save for England—then too closely adhering to Elizabeth's early policy of isolation to be involved in a religious war.

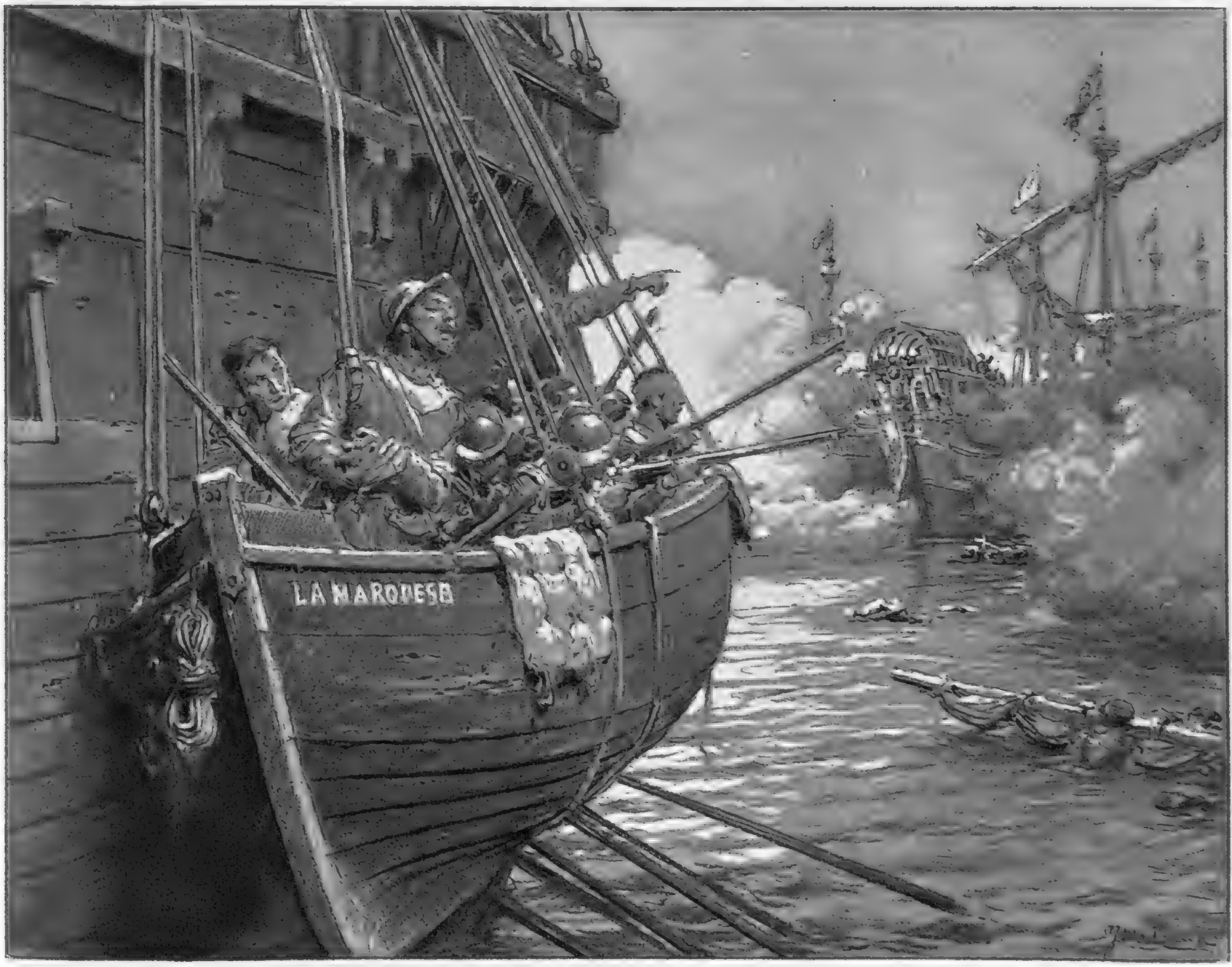
It was largely the military character of Continental naval forces that, seventeen years later, was to prove a major cause of the defeat of an even greater Armada. Two hundred galleys of war were packed with 4,500 light horse; 50,000 infantry; and an enormous quantity of artillery and ammunition. One hundred were laden with stores. They were under the command of "the last Knight of Europe," Don John of Austria, bastard brother of the King of Spain.

It was the 15th of September when, one by one, the vessels, fully equipped, sailed along the shores where the orange trees, their branches heavily laden with the golden fruit, sweep down almost to touch the sea.

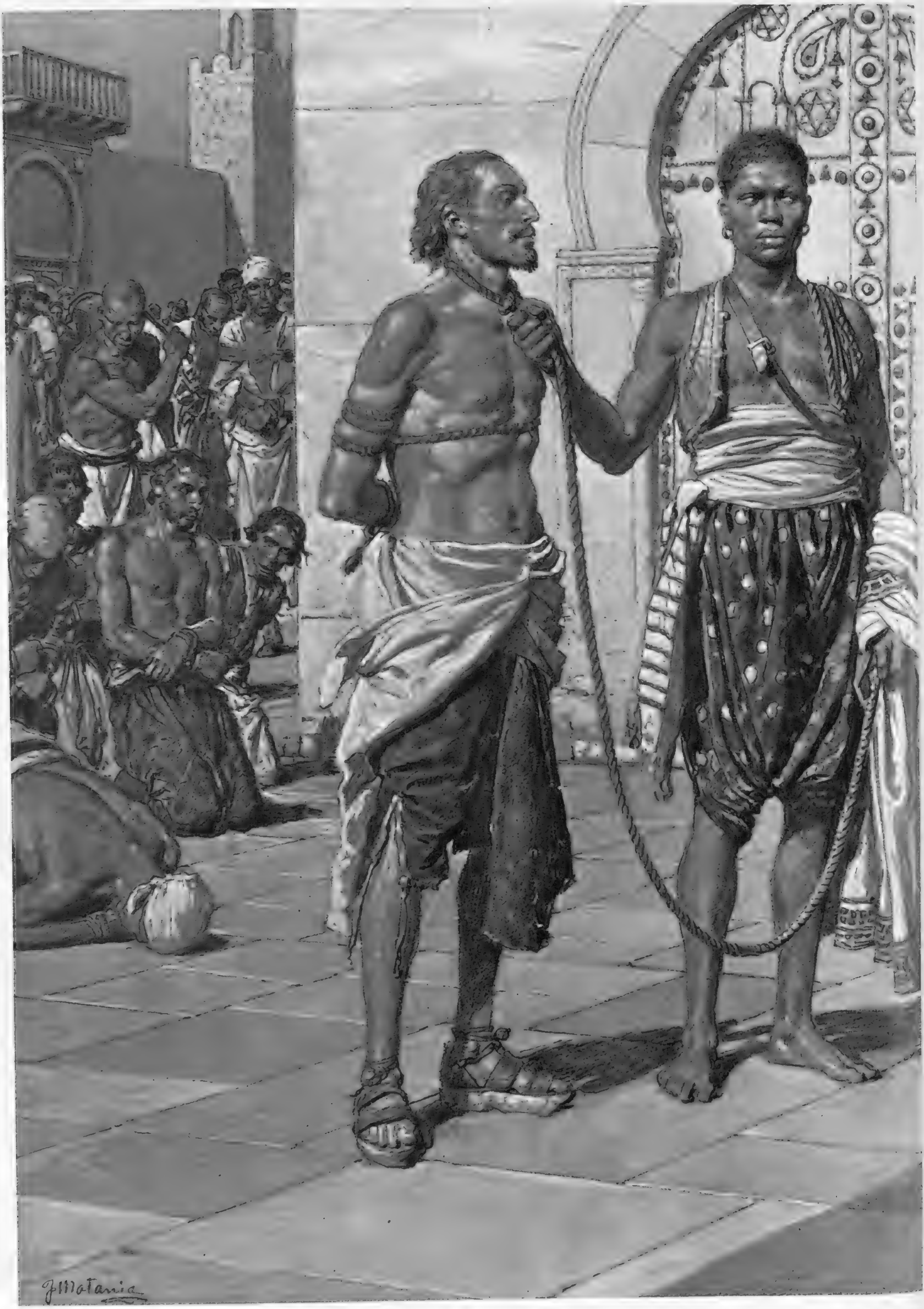
Cervantes was embarked in the galley *La Marquesa*, but, owing to a slight illness, he was temporarily relieved of service, and was lying in his cabin dazed by fever, and agonising that he was unable to take part in the battle.

The din of war without incessantly increased his excitement. The harsh commands, the violent explosions, the fragmentary descriptions that reached him at last proved too much.

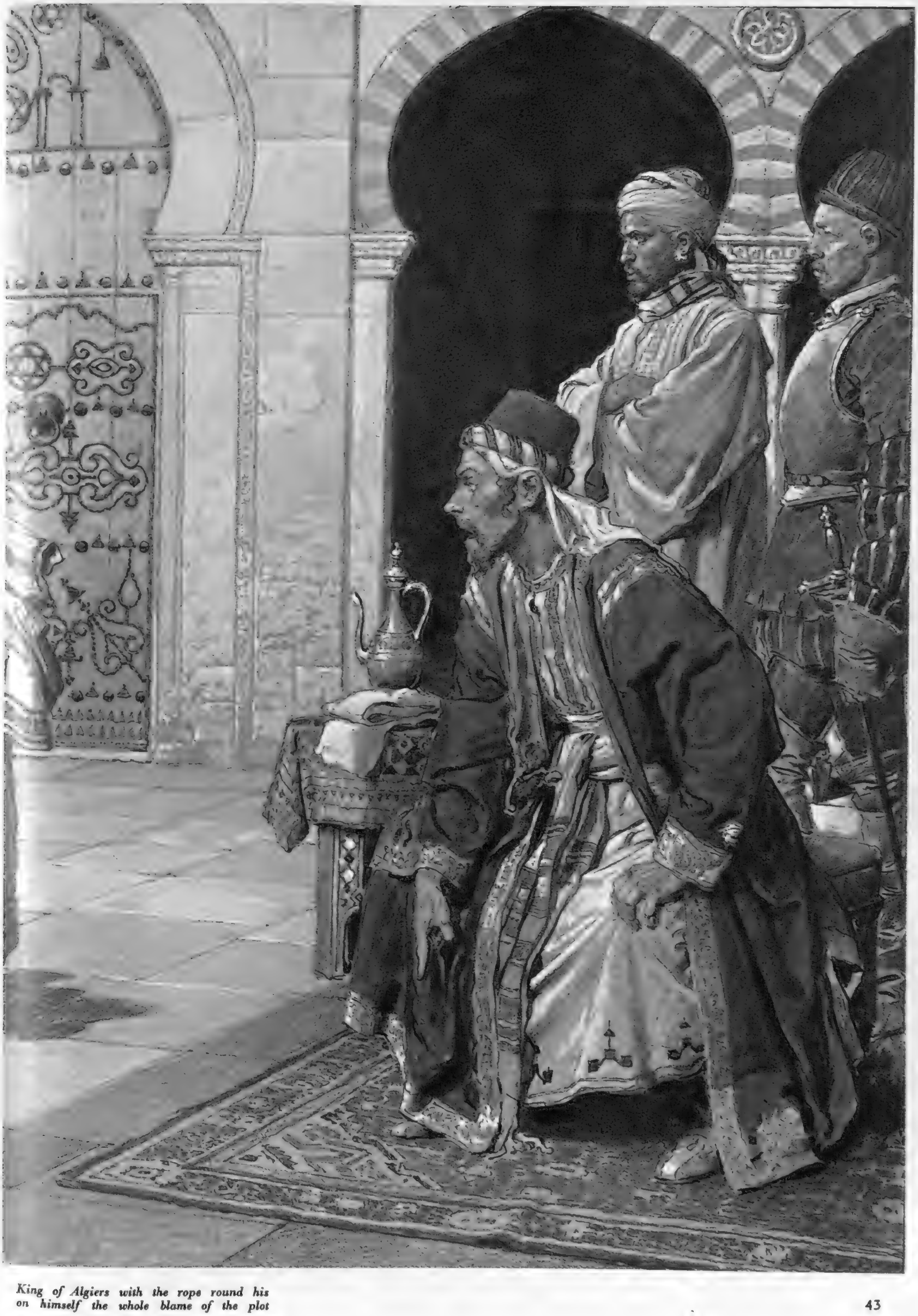
Cervantes could remain idle no longer. He left his bed. His comrades besought him to rest. Even Francisco San Pietro, the commander of his ship, ordered him to keep under shelter. But his fiery spirit cared nought for orders and less for advice. He buckled on his armour (*Continued on page* 44)



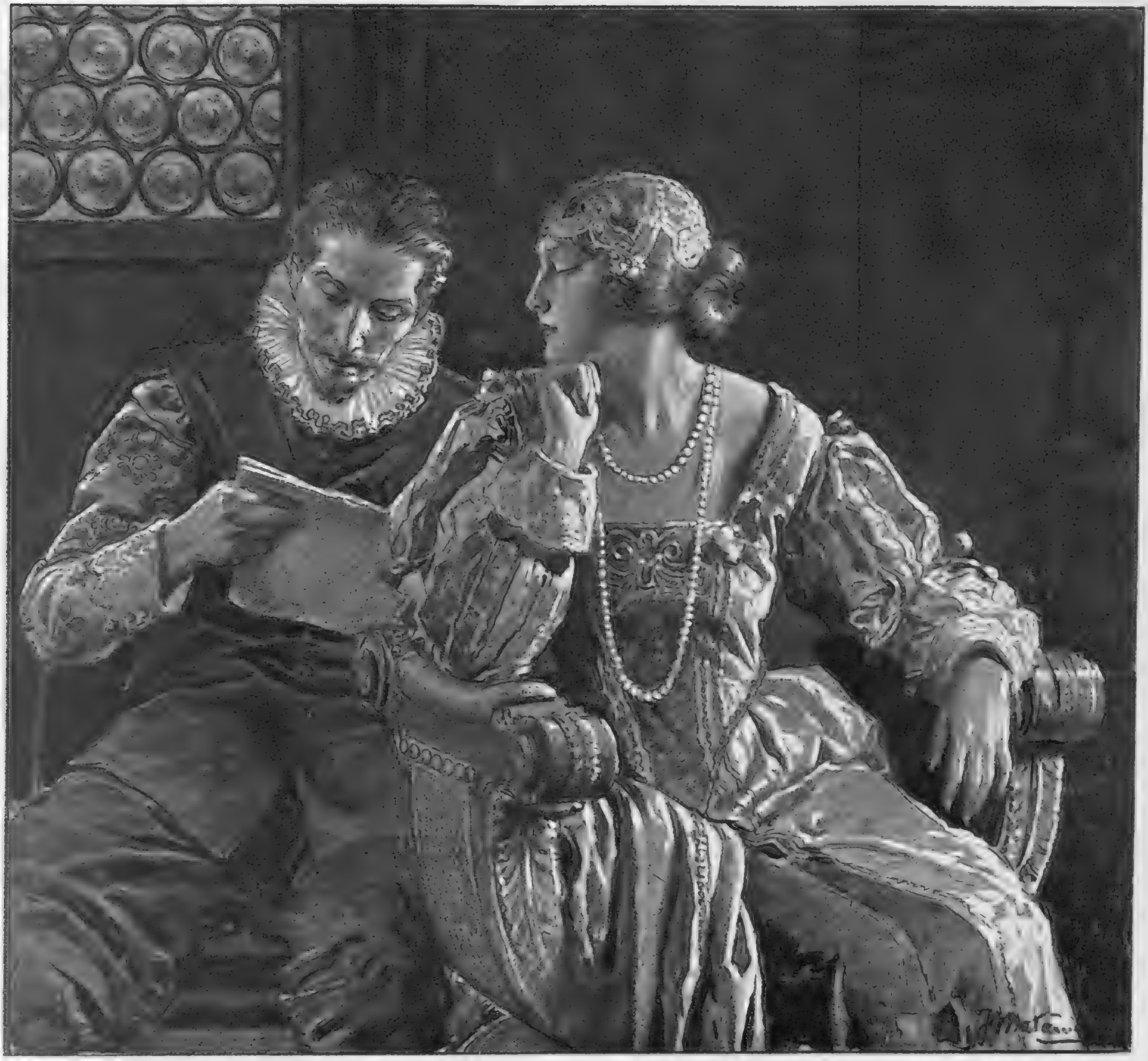
THE little squadron was stationed in a boat hanging by the side of the vessel—an extremely dangerous position—fully exposed to the enemy without possibility of shelter or retreat



TWICE he was brought before the throat—the penalty for having taken



King of Algiers with the rope round his
on himself the whole blame of the plot



CERVANTES and Dona Catalina. He drew from this association not only the pleasures of love, but also the inspiration for his poem, "Galatea." This he read to his inamorata

and shouted, "What would you think of me if I did not do my duty? I am resolved to die fighting for God and my King rather than guard my health and be deprived of my share on this Holy day!"

Twelve soldiers were put under his command. The little squadron was stationed in a boat hanging by the side of the vessel—an extremely dangerous position—fully exposed to the enemy without possibility of shelter or retreat.

Cervantes looked round the sea of battle, draped in sombre clouds of smoke that the gentle breeze could not dispel. Suddenly the gigantic silhouette of an enemy galley loomed through the murk. Simultaneously, flashes of fire burst from every side. High on the mast, blazing and blazoned through the obscurity, streamed the standard of Egypt. It was the flag flown by the Captain Pasha of Alexandria.

The fight went on. *La Marquesa* was gaining the upper hand.

But Cervantes was seen to stagger, clutching at his breast. After a short while he rose again and went on fighting, regardless of a scarlet patch that spread slowly over his uniform. Again he was struck and stunned. A bullet entered his breast and wounded him seriously. He and his companions seemed doomed despite the distress of the enemy.

The vicious hiss of a short-range explosion—and the left hand of Cervantes was shattered. Sheer loss of blood alone prostrated him.

His suffering was compensated by the complete victory of his ship.

In his own description we find words of generous recognition of the gallantry with which the enemy had fought this battle. In a flash of his mordant wit he wrote of the total incapacity of his left hand. He lost it, he says, "for the greater glory of the right."

True enough, for with his right did he write.

He wore his scar as his proudest decoration.

In all Latin nations the battle of Lepanto remains one of the classic feats of arms, and, while many details and names of generals pass into oblivion, the glory of Cervantes remains outstanding.

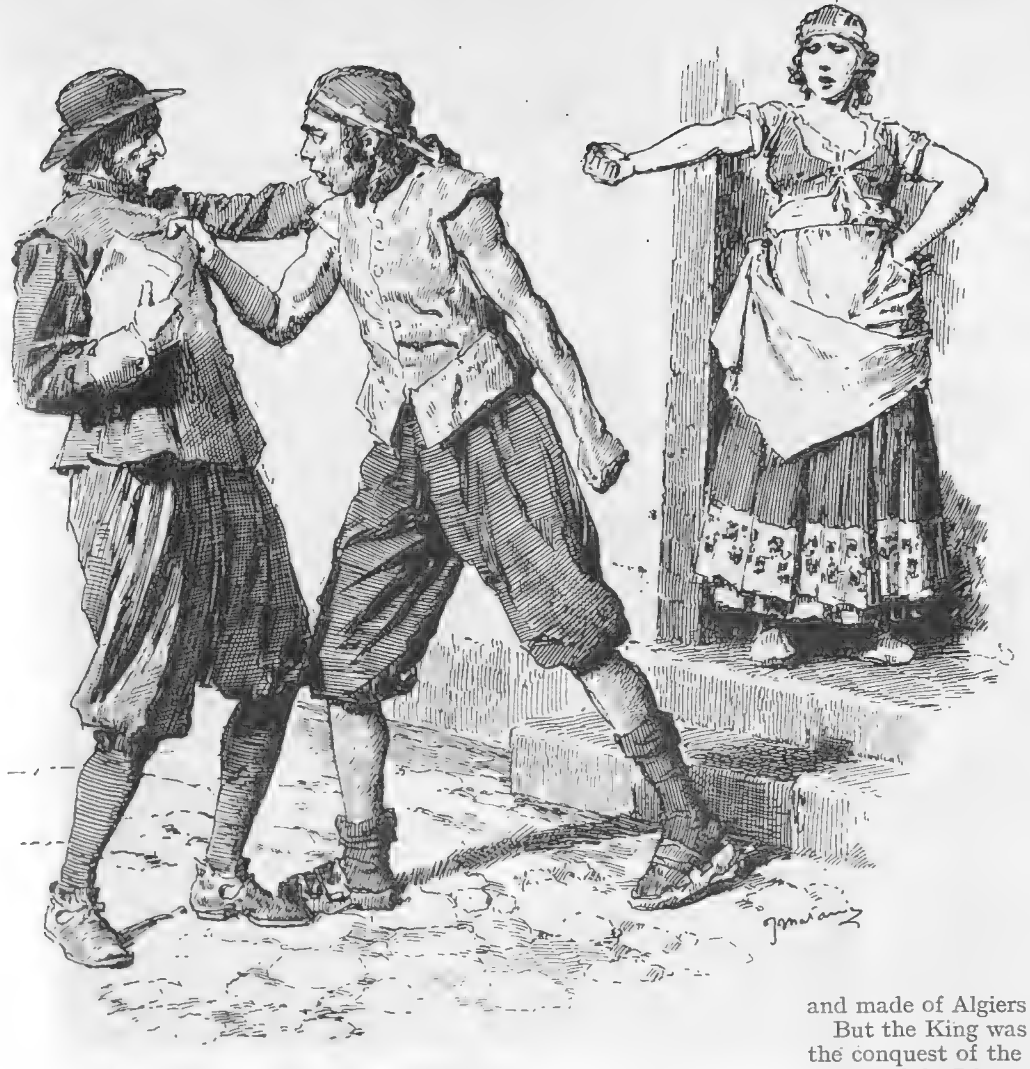
From his own countrymen he gained the name of "El Manco de Lepanto."

But Cervantes still remained a soldier. He was transferred to the crack regiment of the period, that of Don Ponce de Leon, the "Tercio de Figueroa."

He was at Naples with his regiment when he was granted leave by the Duke de Sesa, Viceroy of that State, to go to Spain. Towards the middle of September 1575, Cervantes, accompanied by his brother and comrade-at-arms, Rodrigo, left the Bay of Naples in the galley *El Sol*. The voyage was uneventful until they were off the coast of Minorca, when three vessels sailing at speed were unmistakably coming towards them.

The hostile intention of the oncoming ships was more than obvious. There was no way of escape. It was too late to dodge.

The unprepared crew of the *El Sol* improvised resistance, and Cervantes gave ample proof of his skill and bravery, but they were overpowered.



NOT contented with sending him away empty handed, disgrace enough for a debt collector, he was assaulted . . .

They had fallen into the hands of the pirate captain Arnaut Mami, a leader in the vast organisation of piracy centred round Algiers. No nation had been able to subdue or dislodge them. Ruffians, adventurers, slave-drivers from every part of the world had made the city the mart of their hideous trade, the origin of their frightful exploits.

El Sol was hemmed in on every side. The scum of humanity swarmed aboard, and every man still alive was chained without mercy. Shortly afterwards, the unhappy prisoners, bundled together in the steerage, were slowly sailing towards Algiers, followed by their vessel, now booty of the enemy. When they arrived at their destination, the slaves were divided amongst several chiefs, and Cervantes had the ill-fortune to become the property of the Greek renegade called Déli Mami, the most avaricious and cruel of all the blackguards of his kidney.

At first he shared the same fate as his fellow prisoners, but when he was searched he was found in possession of many letters, recommendations, and introductions signed by Don John of Austria, the Viceroy of Naples, and other persons of influence. How could a mere private soldier hold such credentials? Those documents intended to smooth his path became, by the bitter irony which later he was to give back in the pages of *Don Quixote*, of the gravest disadvantage to the Spanish soldier.

His uniform as a private was considered a disguise, and he was separated from his comrades, loaded with chains, and treated with the most inhuman severity.

He was sold by Déli Mami to Hassan Pasha, at that time King of Algiers, for fifteen hundred crowns. This man was later on described by Cervantes as " The worst of the apostate race," and " The homicide of human kind," a description which coincides with the opinion of Father Haedo, who witnessed the cruel tortures to which the Christian prisoners were subjected.

This priest proved a true friend to Cervantes and, in describing Hassan Pasha, calls him " The most cruel tyrant of all those who have reigned in Algiers."

In spite of such an unfortunate condition, the personality of Cervantes even in servitude began to assert itself for what it was.

Generous and charitable, the real aristocrat, " the best man," he felt the sufferings of others more than his own. His cell became the "*Refugium peccatorum*" of every soul in pain. He was the adviser and consoler in that purgatory of suffering. The power of his intellect did not pass unnoticed by his inquisitors. Even by them his advice was held in great esteem.

TIME passed, but no hope came to brighten the life of this man who had risen no matter where he was placed; who became an apostle of goodness in a place of sin.

The dungeons of Hassan Pasha were filled with 25,000 Christian prisoners.

Miguel Cervantes conceived the daring plan of saving them all.

But, however cautious he had been in preparing his exploits, sometimes through the denunciation of spies, at others through accidents, his designs were always discovered, and he was made the subject of all the rigour of the oppression under which he was living.

Twice he was brought before the king with the rope round his throat—the penalty for having taken on himself the whole blame for the plot.

Twice he was saved by the united pleas of the captives.

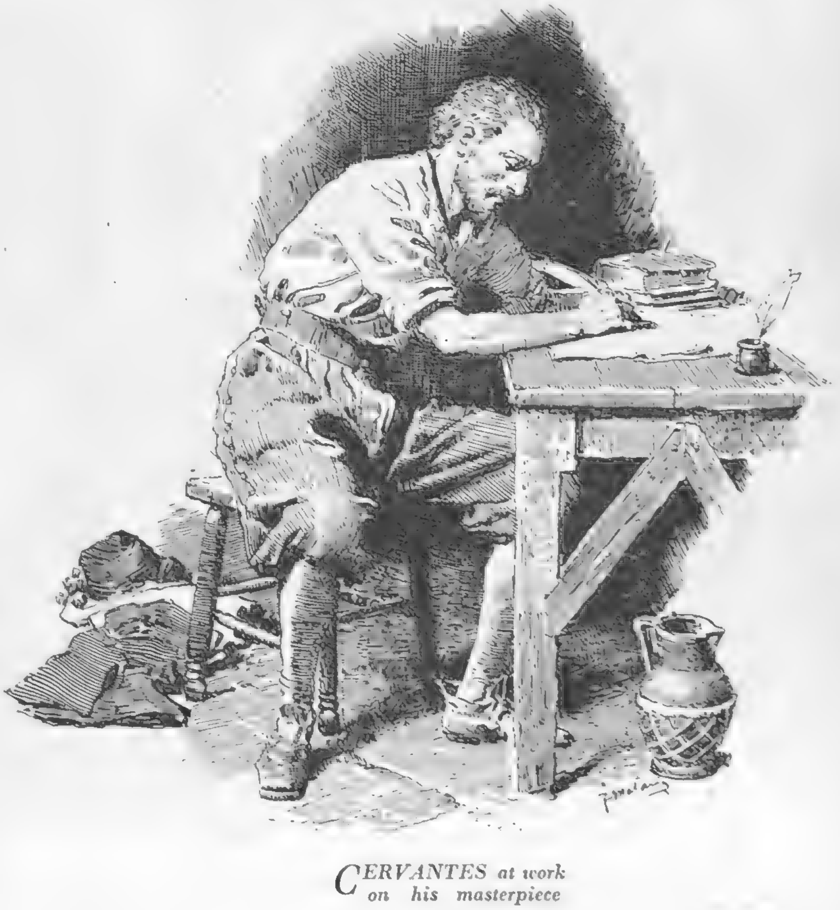
But such hazards were not enough for him to renounce altogether the dream of regaining liberty for them all. He succeeded in smuggling the letter to King Philip II, suggesting that he should assault the place from outside while he raised a rebellion from within.

With so many thousands of slaves to back it, the enterprise would have not only been almost sure, but would have been a worthy gain for such a monarch, and made of Algiers a Christian town under the Spanish flag.

But the King was otherwise engaged. He was too busy with the conquest of the Christian kingdom of Portugal to detach a force to fight Islam. So the high dream did not materialise.

The triumph of physical liberation of the slaves was not for Cervantes. Fate was relentlessly reserving him for a much more difficult, arduous, and painful

(*Continued on page* 104)



CERVANTES at work on his masterpiece

The *Charm of* the OLD is *New . . .*

Showing a return to peasant crafts and cottage schemes and their effect in the modern home

LOVERS of the essentially English in art and decoration will heave a sigh of relief at the new stir of interest in our national crafts. So absorbed have we been these last years in the accomplishments of foreign craftsmen and with our experiments under their rather exotic leadership, that the resources of our own country have been neglected. But while English tradition has been temporarily eclipsed, the period of banishment has actually served to throw a high light upon the superlative quality of British workmanship and has also allowed time for the overhaul of out-of-date methods and the introduction of fresh resources to meet modern needs.

A well-known West End furnishing expert said recently that he had noted a marked falling-off in the demand for exotic furniture and an increased demand for reproduction pieces. Elsewhere, peasant industries are showing the force of this argument in asserting themselves to meet the demand for " cottage " styles.

Furnishing fabrics of hand-woven texture, linen crash and designs of historical interest are sharing popularity with hand-quilting and table-linen the designs of which have their origin in the farmhouse kitchen.

Old favourites are emerging from their obscurity to show their beauty in a modern setting free from the fustiness which cramped their former style, and in proving themselves to be compatible with modern forms are assured of continued popularity. No one with a house or flat of a modern character need fear any incongruity in introducing them.

On these pages are pictured some examples of modern reproduction furniture which show how comparatively inexpensive it is, considering the accuracy of reproduction and the quality of workmanship employed. Genuine old wood has been used for these particular pieces which are difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish from genuine antiques. The mere fact that seasoned old wood is used enhances the present and potential value of these pieces, which may be confidently described as genuine antiques of the future. Another important advantage of the reproduction piece is that, in the market for genuine works, the small pieces have grown rare and too costly for the average purse, whereas the maker of reproduction pieces can satisfy every demand of the smaller house owner at a moderate price.

Peasant fabrics are a particularly popular phase of the new vogue. Rough textures, coarse linen and hemps and the reproduction of old needlework pieces are employing the manufacturers of this kind of cloth. One Scotch firm who have for years specialised in fabrics of this kind are sending out traditional and historical designs in perfect reproduction. Some of their fabrics, though conforming to the vogue for rough textures, are of a definitely modern inspiration and others just the opposite. Scotch tartans, reproduced in fine linen and in linen crash, are proving immensely popular for chair covers and other furnishing purposes.

Perhaps with this pleasant revival of interest in old things we shall rediscover our talents in the sphere of needlework and hand-crafts. Exquisite handworkers are still to be found even among our most modern women, and what more likely than that we shall devote our leisure to the production of needlework pictures and other delightful tests of endurance, so that the decorative

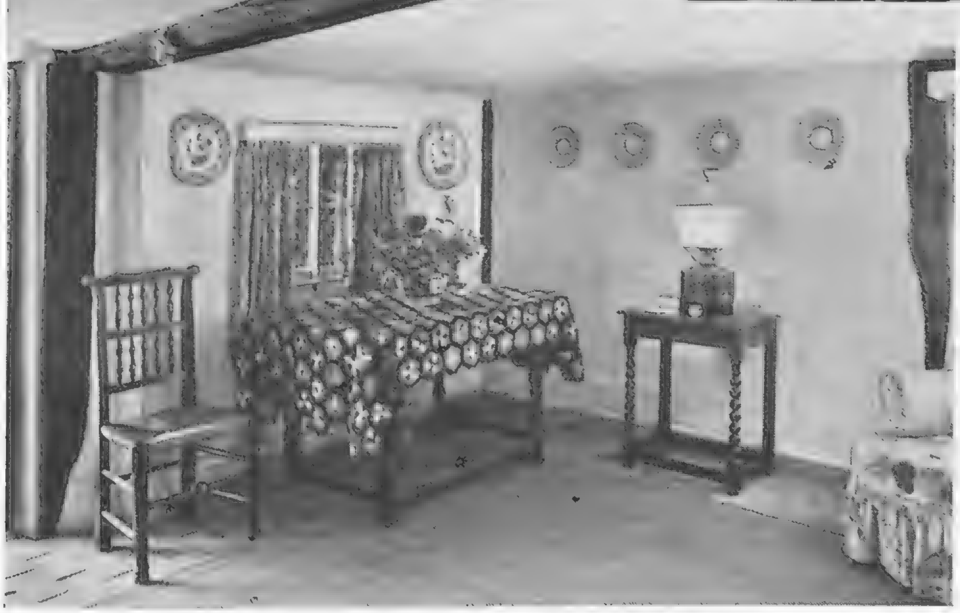
PEASANT crafts and cottage schemes are enjoying a vogue. Reproductions of old English furniture are finding favour for their beauty and for their price. This carved-oak buffet costs £7 . 15 . 0, and a set of four Yorkshire chairs £6 . 5 . 0 from the Old World Galleries. An Old Glamis fabric of traditional design hangs at the window

ADMIRERS of the "old worldly" in decoration will approve this reproduction oak trestle table for £8 . 5 . 0. Against cream washed walls the brass candlesticks and the mellowed colouring of the wood make a delightful blend with the rough-textured Old Glamis fabric in yellow and black scheme shall be complete? Already I have heard some talk of patchwork coming into favour, and no more fascinating, even if exacting, task than this can easily be imagined. Take a look at the patchwork table-cover in the pictured sitting-room on this page. An artistic blend of colours is not by any means the least of its glories, but each separate motif is exquisitely outlined with black, and the edges of the cloth are shaped to give it added grace. This one piece alone is enough to support an entire scheme of decoration, as Mr. Beverley Nichols obviously realised when he planned this room (this is part of the cottage about which we have read so much).

It is not to be hoped that all of us can attain such heights of craftsmanship as this exquisite piece shows, but delightful effects can be obtained in more modest ways, and for my part I welcome the return of handcrafts in decoration because women are losing the genuine thrill of home-making by surrendering themselves entirely to the machine.

THAT cottage schemes are compatible with severely plain backgrounds is proved by this corner showing an unmoulded doorway hung with Old Glamis heavy printed crash. The ladder-back chair and oak buffet are completely in tune with this background

THE reproduction of old designs is the speciality of the Scottish craftsmen who produce Old Glamis fabrics. One of these above is an exact reproduction of the tartan coat worn by Bonnie Prince Charlie, and a whole range of historical tartans in fine linen and rough linen crash are available for furnishing purposes. From any large store



THIS corner of a living-room shows what exquisite effect can be obtained in the simple cottage style. A patchwork table cover is the centre of interest and provides the nucleus of a vigorous colour scheme

I DOUBT if any task is more satisfying than "collecting" pieces for a cottage scheme. The happiest results are often obtained by the searcher who has learned to wait. So much depends upon getting exactly the right thing.

It may take time, of course, but the fascination of poking in out-of-the-way places for a lamp of just the right shape, or a print of exactly correct size, framing and colour are reward enough for the temporary inconvenience of waiting for something to turn up.

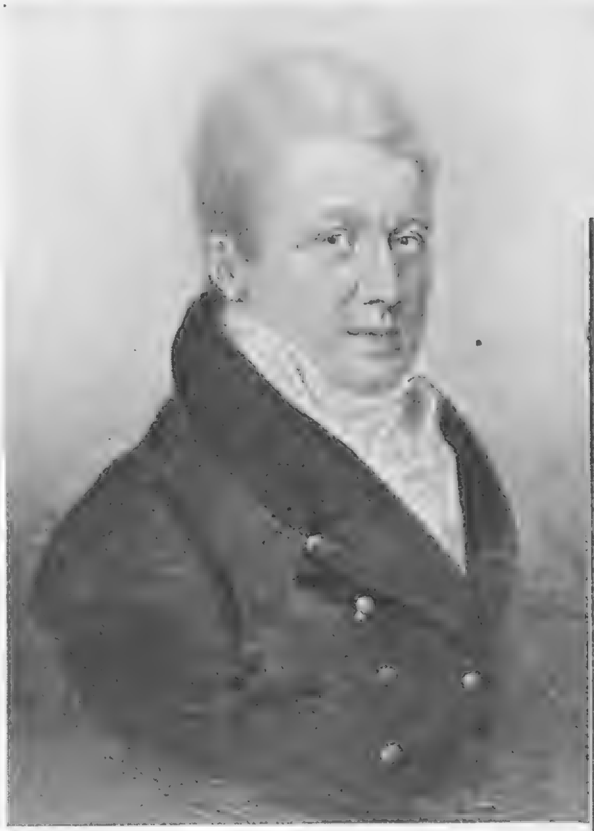
Indiscriminate collecting is a danger to guard against with care. We are all familiar with the home of the undisciplined collector, and the mere recollection should be warning enough. Restraining the impulse to buy every trifle offered because it is cheap or "quaint" is vital to the success and ultimate comfort of the scheme. Cheapness may easily prove to be costliness if the purchase proves to be of no real value in the scheme and "quaintness" and, unless subject to restraint, may prove the ruin rather than the rescue of a room.

BOOKS: Reviewed by Arnold Palmer

Creevy-Crawly, or the Rattle in the Grass

THE fate of a gossip can be foretold with some certainty. Enjoyed and feared during his lifetime, he will be totally forgotten by the generations immediately succeeding. But his letters or diaries will be immensely relished (supposing that they have escaped destruction) after a hundred years or more have passed. Thomas Creevey's case is typical. Well liked and as well hated, enjoyed by some and revolting others, he circulated endlessly on the outskirts of the Courts of George III, George IV and William IV, an amusing rattle, a gossip who was occasionally not malicious, a purveyor of titbits who must often have put his friend Sheridan in mind of Sir Benjamin Backbite. Men like Creevey are soon forgotten when they die, but if they are lucky they may later return for ever. Creevey was lucky. Thirty years ago Sir Herbert Maxwell edited *The Creevey Papers*, and from the first it was clear that Creevey had come back to stay. It was also clear that we might look forward to some subsequent volumes, for Sir Herbert had used only about one-fortieth of the material available. The first of these supplementary instalments has now appeared as *Creevey's Life and Times*, a volume published by Mr. Murray at 18s., and edited by Mr. John Gore. Mr. Gore's notes and insertions are models of their kind, and prove him to be a perfect editor—as Creevey would have said, " Was there ever ? "

All his life Creevey was a Whig, member of a party devoted to the destruction of abuses; and he began his political career by representing a pocket borough for 17 years, and ended his days as holder of a sinecure worth £600 annually. In extenuation or explanation, it must be said that he was an ambitious man who had to make his way without means or connections. For many years his income was £200, and he lived by wandering from house party to house party. It seems certain that, had he been alive to-day, he would have spent six months a year in the United States. Professional guests soon lose all sense of gratitude, and



THOMAS CREEVEY: from the water-colour drawing in the possession of Miss Elizabeth Blackett Ord, at Brownside, Cumberland, and (right) editor of his papers which contain so much of Georgian politics, personalities and scandal

JOHN GORE

Fiction as an Art

"The Gardenia": *by Robert Hichens* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)
"We are the Living": *by Erskine Caldwell* (Secker, 7s. 6d.)
"Holy Wednesday": *by Manuel Gálvez* (Bodley Head, 6s.)
"Hide and Seek": *by Marcus Cheke* (Collins, 7s. 6d.)
"Belated April": *by M. Reid-Jamieson and Nancy Rose* (John Miles, 7s. 6d.)

THERE are four stories in Mr. Hichens' new work and twenty in Mr. Caldwell's, the two volumes being almost equal in size. The contrast is suggestive of many differences—difference of idea as to what a short story should be, difference of conception of the proper use of prose, difference of generation. Mr. Hichens' stories are soundly constructed and reliable, but there is about his characters an orderliness of mind which is no longer a feature of our age. They are never in a hurry, and they seldom suffer from nerves. Mr. Caldwell, not nearly so tidy a writer, gets his effects in a quarter of the time; gets, too, the same sense of a strain, the same curious mixture of neuroticism and animalism that made his novel, *God's Little Acre*, so arresting. His twenty stories are naturally unequal; the best of them are in the highest class. *Holy Wednesday* is essentially a short story, though it happens to be almost as long as a novel. Like Mr. Caldwell, Señor Galvez does not write for babes. In his record of the last day in the life of a father confessor, there are some brutal pages; there are also many beautiful ones. It is not a book for everyone, but some readers will find it a sincere and moving work, I think.

When *Papillée* appeared, some five or six years ago, I formed high hopes of the author, hopes which Mr. Cheke has not altogether realised. His new novel satirises, as do so many new novels, the Cinema and Bright Young Things. It is all very amusing, and the notion that a Hollywood director could produce a really important film is particularly diverting. But I once believed that Mr. Cheke would write stories with a peculiar flavour of their own, and it is disappointing to find him trying to be like everybody else. Fortunately, he is not very good at it.

Two newcomers are responsible for *Belated April*. Their little story is told in the form of letters exchanged by two women. Young writers are always warned against this form, which is supposed to hold immense technical difficulties; and young writers, observing that stories narrated in this way are always well received and pleasant to read, very sensibly go on ignoring the warnings. The correspondence in *Belated April* passes between Switzerland and rural England, and holds something of the charm of both. The two correspondents might, perhaps, have been a trifle more strongly differentiated, but as companions they could hardly be more agreeable or more human. Their creators have made a good beginning.

Creevey was no exception. His trained eye told him, before he unfolded his napkin, the number of menservants, the number of dishes, the quality of the silver and the wine; nor did he hesitate to ridicule any little deficiencies.

Lytton Strachey has already pointed out that men like Creevey have a trick of always being in at the death. "In the House, at Brooks's, at the Pavilion, he invariably popped up at the critical moment; and so one is not surprised to find him at Brussels during Waterloo." Even the Dread Reaper respects, it seems, this knack, for just as Pepys was spared to see Queen Anne, so Creevey managed to hang on into the first months of the Victorian era. Nor did he merely hang on: he also hung about. In St. James's Park, in Kensington, in Windsor Forest, wherever the young queen walked or rode abroad, there was Mr. Creevey, always in the front row, his hat well raised, his compelling eye fixed on his Sovereign until—oh ecstasy!—"I contrived to catch her eye."

LORD BERNERS, who has just produced the opening instalment of his autobiography under the title of "First Childhood"

Yes, in spite of Mr. Gore's indignant denial of the charge, Mr. Creevey strikes me as a snob, as arrant and almighty a snob as can be imagined. By one host or another, he was trailed round all the fashionable race meetings, though he couldn't tell a trainer from a jockey. He sat through musical soirées and trudged round home farms, and spent half his life in mail coaches journeying from one stately home to another. But a glance from a Lord or a Lady could banish all recollection of tedium, and if the Lord and Lady had private nicknames and Mr. Creevey could learn them, why, then all was more than well. However, it is not necessary to admire Mr. Creevey to enjoy his letters; and indeed they would almost certainly give me less pleasure had his nature been more lofty. I cannot find it in my heart to like him as a man, but as a social chronicler I love him and would not for the world have him other than he was.

The last fifteen years of his life (1768–1838) were passed in conditions strikingly similar to those prevailing to-day, amid depression and unrest following an exhausting war. Again and again parallels present themselves, until one ceases to notice the similarities and is impressed only by the contrasts. Of these, chief is the freedom with which the natural children of the sons of George III were acknowledged and accepted in Society. Next comes the national eupepsia; and lastly the evidences of a lost simplicity, e.g. this extract from a letter written from Lowther Castle: "in the evening, as we could have no cards from its being Sunday, Lord Pollington was kind enough to entertain us with his excellent imitations of squeaking pigs, guinea fowls, dialogues between crying children, and the devil-knows what besides. . . ."

IF there is a Creevey in our midst to-day—and of course there is—he will almost certainly be the very last person we should suspect and, unlike Creevey, he (or she) may have no inkling of his destiny. But though it be impossible to spot him, it is easy to put one's finger on certain chroniclers who are definitely out of the running. Lord Berners, for example, who has just produced the opening instalment of his autobiography under the title of *First Childhood* (Constable, 8s. 6d.)—his birth, and even his reputation as a composer and a painter, would almost disqualify him, even if his whole attitude to life did not utterly do so. He has written a pleasant and graceful account of his early days, but to me, who had looked forward to his book with some liveliness, it has been slightly disappointing. There is more (*Continued on page 112*)

Murder . . .

"Death at Broadcasting House": *by Val Gielgud and Holt Marvell* (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.)

"Death by Misadventure": *by Barbara Malim* (Murray, 7s. 6d.)

"The Baddington Horror": *by Walter S. Masterman* (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.)

"Murder in the Sanctuary": *by Leo Grex* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

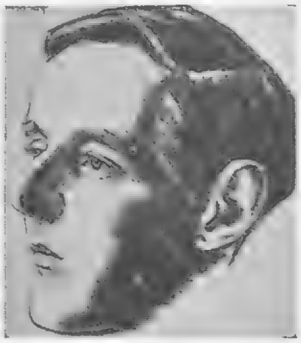
"Madam Holle": *by Margery Lawrence* (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.)

BARBARA MALIM

HERE are five stories of detection of crime, and most of my readers will, no doubt, consume all of them. For the sake of that tiny minority which occasionally feels the need of other kinds of literature, I may add that the first two are much better than the last three. Thanks to Mr. Gielgud's intimacy with B.B.C. geography and routine, he and his collaborator have produced an imposing crime, marred only by their inability to divert my suspicion from the criminal. Their book is interesting as well as exciting. Miss Malim tells a very "steep" story so quietly that it seems almost credible.

VAL GIELGUD

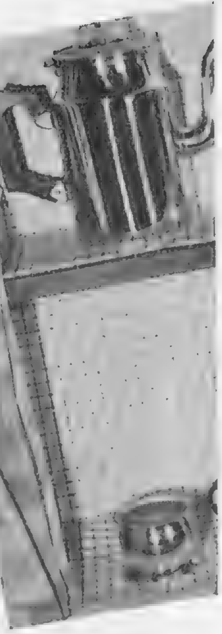
Since books of this class almost always deal with homicide, it is impossible for any reader to avoid making comparisons. One of my favourite tests is an examination of the behaviour of the characters after the discovery of the crime; and it is a test which often yields delicious results. In one of the novels listed above, a young man finds a young lady seated at night in a wood beside the stabbed corpse of her brother. "She glanced at him swiftly from under moist lashes, *tried to smile*, and," etc. (The italics are mine, and I don't really think I need have used them.) In another volume, a young man arrives at a country house where he has never been before, and finds that his host, whom he has never met, has just been murdered. Although there are other people in the house, including two able-bodied males, he proceeds to unpack and settle in. "Somehow," he explains, "it didn't seem right to bolt off straight away when Sir Ernest had been murdered." Isn't it astonishing the beliefs into which an author can write himself?



HOLT MARVELL

"Straight" novelists may turn a longing eye on the sales of crime specialists, but they seldom try to dabble in the blood, and when they do they usually make the wrong kind of mess. Their attempts may have "class," but are apt to lack excitement. Miss Margery Lawrence, in making her attempt, has not relied on her established reputation in other branches of fiction; she has taken the trouble to apply herself to a new set of rules, and her trouble has not been wasted. *Madam Holle* is for the epicure of horror. If crime should be made horrible—and perhaps it should—here is a most moral book, for it shows wickedness in a loathsome and stomach-turning light. In fiction, criminals and victims and detectives usually move in a world as fantastic as Alice's. Miss Lawrence puts them in our world, and we see them for what they are—degenerates and fools. The comfortable souls who like to turn the pages of thrillers with muffin-greased fingers will find themselves feeling suddenly a little sick.

The Way *to a* Well-kept Kitchen



KITCHEN shelves stocked with utensils in aluminium keep that well-cared-for brightness that makes modern kitchens so attractive. The measure jug is 2/-, coffee-pot 7/3, hot-water jug 6/9, tea set 13/6. From Harrods

AN aluminium asparagus kettle which remains always as bright and polished as when new may prove to be the pride of the kitchen. This quite decorative and practical article costs 18/9. From Harrods

SOLAR cast aluminium ware is renowned for strength. This lemon-squeezer costs 2/-, the frypan is 7/6, the pie-dish 7/-, patty pans 9d. each and the saucepan 5/9. All are guaranteed to last a lifetime. (Harrods)

AN aluminium dust-pan remains clean and bright to the last. This one is 5/6 and the aluminium candlestick with a special clip holder is 1/-. (Harrods)

EVERY woman who has seriously come to grips with domestic tasks is susceptible to dreams of the perfect kitchen, but in the domestic sphere habit is so deeply implanted that improvements are very slow to materialise. The general tendency is to "make do" with a dilapidated saucepan and to spend the money required for replacing it on some pretty trifle for the drawing-room, or to close one's eyes to the infirmities of the egg-whisk in order to have more money to spend on daffodils.

These are charming weaknesses but, like most others, totally unprofitable in the end. Sober calculation shows that if we only had the strength of mind to resist the more frivolous improvements for a while and to concentrate all energy, both moral and financial, upon achieving a perfect labour-saving kitchen, home management would become so simple and waste so successfully eliminated, that we could finally indulge our taste for pretty things until we tired of them.

Our English education in domestic affairs continues to be slow. In apportioning the money to be spent on a home, our weakness still lies in the tendency to "splash" on pretty things and to find when we have recovered from the temporary thrill that the kitchen will have to be improvised on "what's left"! American women, who are ahead of us in this respect, take the opposite view, and plan the equipment of the kitchen while there is still enough money to be lavish. They know this form of extravagance to be the only profitable one in the end, and in indulging it they render themselves inde-

ALL these bright kitchen utensils are in the new rustless metal, and are guaranteed for a lifetime's wear. The vegetable dish is 26/6, the fish dish 18/6 and the tray 18/-. This ware keeps bright and untarnished indefinitely and needs ordinary washing alone. (Harrods)

By Winifred Lewis

A MOST efficient bread-pan and of sparkling polish, too. It stands fifteen inches high and costs 13/6. The frypan is 5/9, the hanging spoon-drip tray complete with utensils is 18/9. All are in aluminium. (Harrods)

TWO dozen eggs will stand in this egg-tray which is of aluminium and costs 3/-. The Belmont aluminium egg-poacher or steamer costs 5/3. (Harrods)

Points the way to a polished kitchen which is not even acquainted with drudgery

pendent of maids, assure themselves of healthy and stimulating surroundings while they are at work, and improve their tempers, their charm, and their banking accounts all in the same move.

We argue, of course, that in these times we can't afford to make expensive changes (and *lasting* improvements are expensive: nobody can deny it!); but, really, it is all a matter of adjustment. I actually know one woman who, on realising the advantages of a really perfect kitchen, set about obtaining one with determined patience. Her first step was to dismiss her maid, and the pound a week she reckoned upon saving thereby she carefully set aside for her "improvement fund." There were some who criticised her for putting another person out of employment; but, as she argued, the money that went towards stimulating trade on account of her purchases was sufficient to offset that difficulty and to silence any murmurings of conscience.

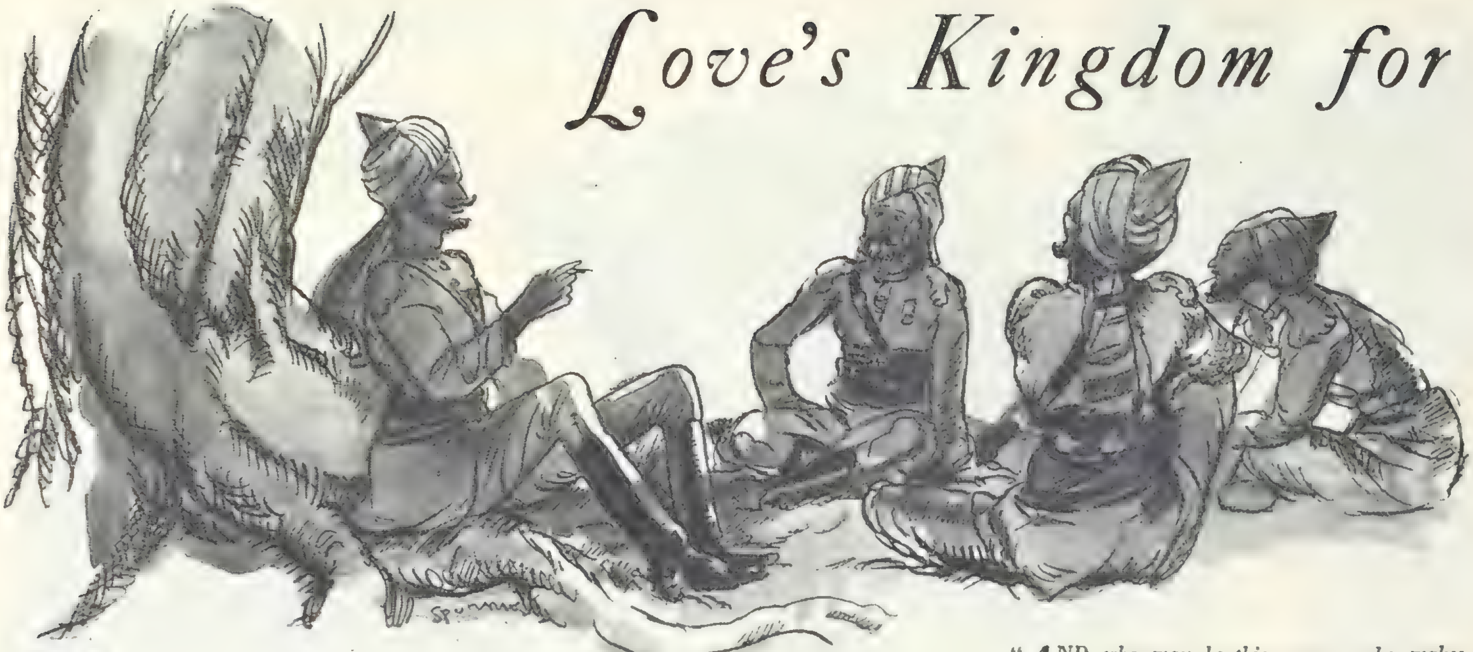
"I am buying everything of the best quality," she told me confidentially. "I'm tired of things that crack and leak and stain and never look better for cleaning. I don't intend this sacrifice of mine to be in vain, and if I buy the very best obtainable, I know that they will serve me for the rest of my life."

She was a model of patience, and if the object she had set her heart upon one week was more than she had saved money for, she was content to wait until she had enough, and was *never* tempted to take something inferior. She was particularly proud of her untarnishable steel saucepans. They hang in rows of polished silver without evidence of stain or blemish upon them after a year's wear. They are simply washed in water and polished with a soft cloth, and, as she points out, the economy they effect in the use of gas is very important, since their weight and thickness reduces the amount of heat required to cook the contents. They were expensive, she admits, but having come to the end of her ordeal, she is rewarded with a perfect kitchen and can sit back and take her ease.

Of course, I'm not saying that it doesn't take a woman of unusual quality to carry out such a determined programme, and some of us haven't even got a maid to dismiss—but the next time you catch those daffodils winking at you from the flower girl's basket, go straight in and buy an eggwhisk!

AND this is the ideal position and design for a sink. Porcelain draining trays are easily washed down, the china cupboard is at hand after dishwashing, and above all, there is plenty of light

Love's Kingdom for



"AND *who may be this woman who makes the best swordsman in the Thar forget restraint and a Rajput thakur fail to greet a friend?*"

"In vain is The Snare *of the Fowler set in the Sight of any Bird"*

THE road from the ford and the Solanki city that the son of Akbar built wound up through clumps of palm and tamarisk to the great *pipal* tree outside the cantonments of the Isulmeer Light Horse, beneath which every evening the native officers of the regiment gathered to smoke and chat. They stood about or squatted in the angles of the gnarled roots, tall, long-limbed men with heavy shoulders, spurred and booted, wearing the drab knee-length tunics with chain epaulettes and the rakish buff-and-yellow turbans of their service. They had brown, hawkish faces, jet-black beards and amber eyes.

The heat of the day was done and long lines of cawing crows beat homeward. Behind them their chargers' hoofs rang on the stone, and now and then a trumpet blared. The traffic of the Thar, the Great Indian Desert, straggled down toward the *caravanserai* beside the ford; camels and pack-asses, gay-painted carts and Rajputs on their wiry horses, and the baked arid smell of the Thar came on the parching wind.

Havildar Sawai Sing clanked up, unbuckled his sword and pitched it into the angle of a root with a vicious rattle—he was on duty.

The grey-bearded quartermaster chid him: "Petulance, my son, consumes the strength that should be saved to remedy the cause of it. What is it now?"

"What should it be, *woordie sahib*, but this slut from Delhi?"

The brown eyes of Karan Sing betrayed distaste: "So! Then it does not abate?"

"Abate! He stayed with her till two hours past midnight, and then walked outside his quarters, up and down, up and down, for two hours more. And the *ayah* says he kissed her hand on leaving. That was all. When they play their game of love they kiss the lips, these *sahibs*, always they kiss the lips, their women having no modesty, but he stays with her from *khana* till two of the morning and then departs with a kiss of the hand; the *ayah* swears she watched them constantly. She plays no game, that one, she is for marriage. She is modest. She would kiss no man lightly? Allah! If truth were in a kiss, her lips would wilt the flesh they touched. And he has asked for leave next month to go to the races in Bombay. That means——"

A *ressaldar* swore roundly at the news, and the man seated against the tree-trunk on a rug that glowed like jewel mosaic said in a rich, unctuous voice, with meticulous pronunciation: "And who may be this woman who makes the best swordsman in the Thar forget restraint and a Rajput *thakur* fail to greet a friend?"

The speaker wore pantaloons of cream-coloured satin, with over them a long sleeveless jacket of amethyst velvet with an inch-wide gold lace border. The shirt beneath was of emerald silk; red leather slippers shod his feet; his close-wound turban was of rope twisted from silk in vivid apricot, from which his oiled black curls depended, framing a face once seen not to be forgotten. The flesh was as smooth as ivory, of a pale, almost translucent texture, resembling yellow wax. The nose, like an eagle's beak, the high cheekbones, hollow cheeks, and long curving jawbone were delicately sculptured. Yet it was not the face of an ascetic—the thin, curved lips were full and scarlet, the black eyes baleful as an adder's. Its expression was cruel, proud and sensitive.

The burly Sawai Sing turned: "Salomon Aziz! Has a year passed so soon? Thou fox; thou wert never friend to any man who had not gold in his belt or goods to pledge for want of it. Was that thy string of bones and crow-meat I saw picketed by the *serai* gate?"

Salomon Aziz, horse, rug, jewel and woman dealer, usurer, spy, bearer of secret messages, replied: "Some crow-meat for *babus* who are more English than the English and *must* ride behind a horse; some horses that look fit for kings but very cheap, for young sahibs who think they know better what a beast is worth than poor Salomon Aziz; and a young horse or two, not cheap, but worth twice their price if—as I doubt—there be any men in these parts who can mouth and school them." He flickered a sardonic eye at the dozen or so consummate horsemen who made up that gathering, and they answered him with appropriate profanity. "But you were speaking of a woman. That is always interesting—next to a horse or a jewel?"

"It is because of Tarrant *sahib*, who commands here—the son of our colonel whom the cholera took two years ago. He is soft-hearted and young, and there is a woman here who has made him think he loves her. *We* know all about her—she has a black Mahratta *ayah* whose tongue clacks like a sugar-mill. She is twice his age and must marry swiftly because she is outcast among her kind—her husband shot himself in

—*a Horse!*

By Allan Swinton

Illustrated by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

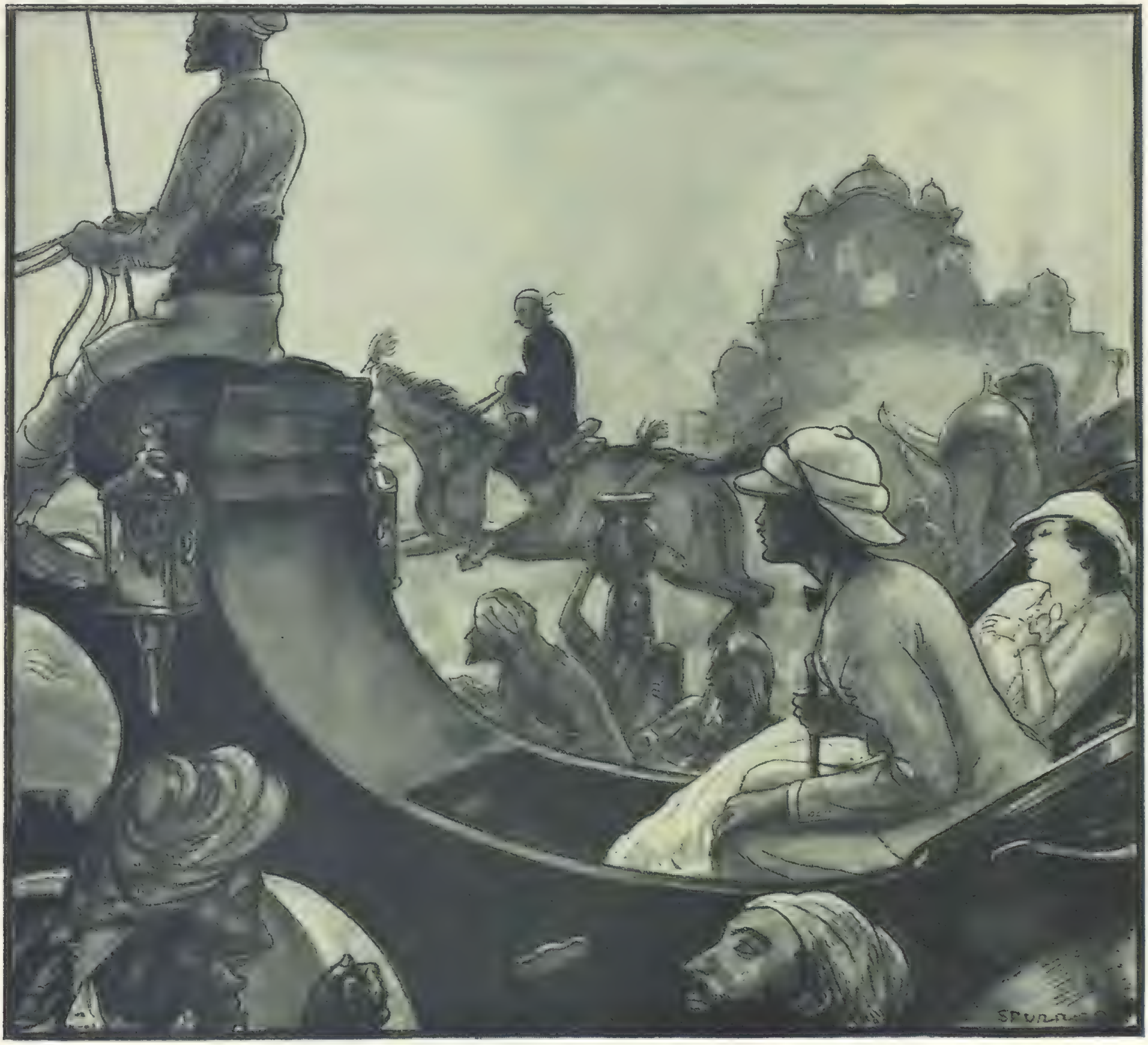
Delhi and a young *sahib* was disgraced because of her. This our *sahib* knows—but she would plead it is no fault of hers if men go mad for love of her. But what we know and he does not is that before—and her husband at duty on the plains—there were two other lovers. Her servants told us. And he can neither sleep nor eat nor work because of her. She is old and wise and subtle, and has him blind with desire."

The merchant pursed his curved red lips and looked up at the six feet of angry Rajput towering above him: "Art a bigger fool even than I thought, Sawai Sing. Canst thou do aught? Was ever a young man turned from folly by advice? Must he not sicken of his own accord?"

A grizzled *ressaldar* took up the tale: "It goes deeper far than that. It concerns the regiment. We are Tarrant's Rissalah! His grandsire raised our first squadron in the Mutiny, and the men of his family have always served with us. He belongs here. His life and happiness are here. It is his destiny and our prerogative that he should one day command us. The *pukka mem-sahib* takes pride in the regiment and serves it through her husband, knowing always that first must be the regiment, second the wife. But this woman's breed serve nothing. They take. Once they were wed she would want to take him from us; and if he would not go, she would turn vixen. I tell you I know her kind—there are such in every race. He is happy and young and a *man*, but he is thoughtless and without any guile, and if they go to Bombay to the races he will return married to one who is no more than a woman of the town. She will drain his youth as a bat drains blood from a camel's ear, and there will be no more Tarrant *sahibs* in Tarrant's Rissalah."

Salomon Aziz said witheringly: "These *feringhis*. We do things better—such a woman can be taken into the *zenana* without fuss, and when she is wearied of, as men do of all such not slowly, she can be driven to the back apartments to wait on her betters. But a *sahib* must chain himself for life——"

The company had suddenly grown still, as round the bend by a clump of tamarisks trotted handsomely an open carriage. Except for journeys to the outside, cars are little used in Isulmeer. It is a land of horses and of horsemen; roads are deep



TARRANT was not listening. He was not looking at her. He was watching with incredulous delight a superb golden-chestnut horse that was cantering abreast of them sand, horses are cheap and good, and time is of little consequence. The Rajputs scrambled to their feet and saluted as the barouche jingled past, the hoofbeats muffled in the deep white sand; Salomon Aziz rose with unhurried dignity and spread his hands in profound obeisance.

The blond young man with his lean face tanned to leather-colour gravely returned their salute, and the dark sleek woman with the creamy skin and eyes like big brown pansies bowed an acknowledgment.

As the carriage passed out of earshot Sawai Sing growled with an oath: "Seest thou that, brothers? She takes our salute for herself as though she owned it and him already."

Salomon Aziz, cross-legged again like a jewelled ivory on his iridescent rug, had an evil smile on his red lips. "Oho!" he said softly. "That one, is it? I know her—too well. I sold her a pair of Gilgit rugs in Delhi. She has the heart of a rat and the temper of an old she-camel. That boy is too good to belong to her. He is a horseman proper. I sold him last year as good a Kathiawari as ever looked through a bridle—and he was at the *serai* within an hour of my arrival, asking had I a horse fit for a *mem* to ride."

Sawai Sing exploded: "Allah! He buys her horses," and a translation of his comment would have blistered any paper it was written on. He squatted on the white sand, picked up his sword and sat pulling it part-way from the scabbard and slamming it home with a vicious snap. By and by he said unhappily: "As boys we played together, even as did his father and my own; we were as brothers; and when he returned after twelve years in *belait* we were brothers still. I would give my right arm——"

Salomon Aziz' eyes were gleaming. Everything comes to him who waits and does not forget. She *would* beat him to his last rupee of profit on a pair of rugs, would she? He licked his lips quickly, like a cat, and said: "Right arms are cheap, Sawai Sing. How much *money* wouldst thou risk to have the scales pulled from the eyes of this love-drunk pup—*feringhi* with the chicken's fluff for hair?"

"All that I have I would give gladly, if such a thing could be, thou bloodsucker."

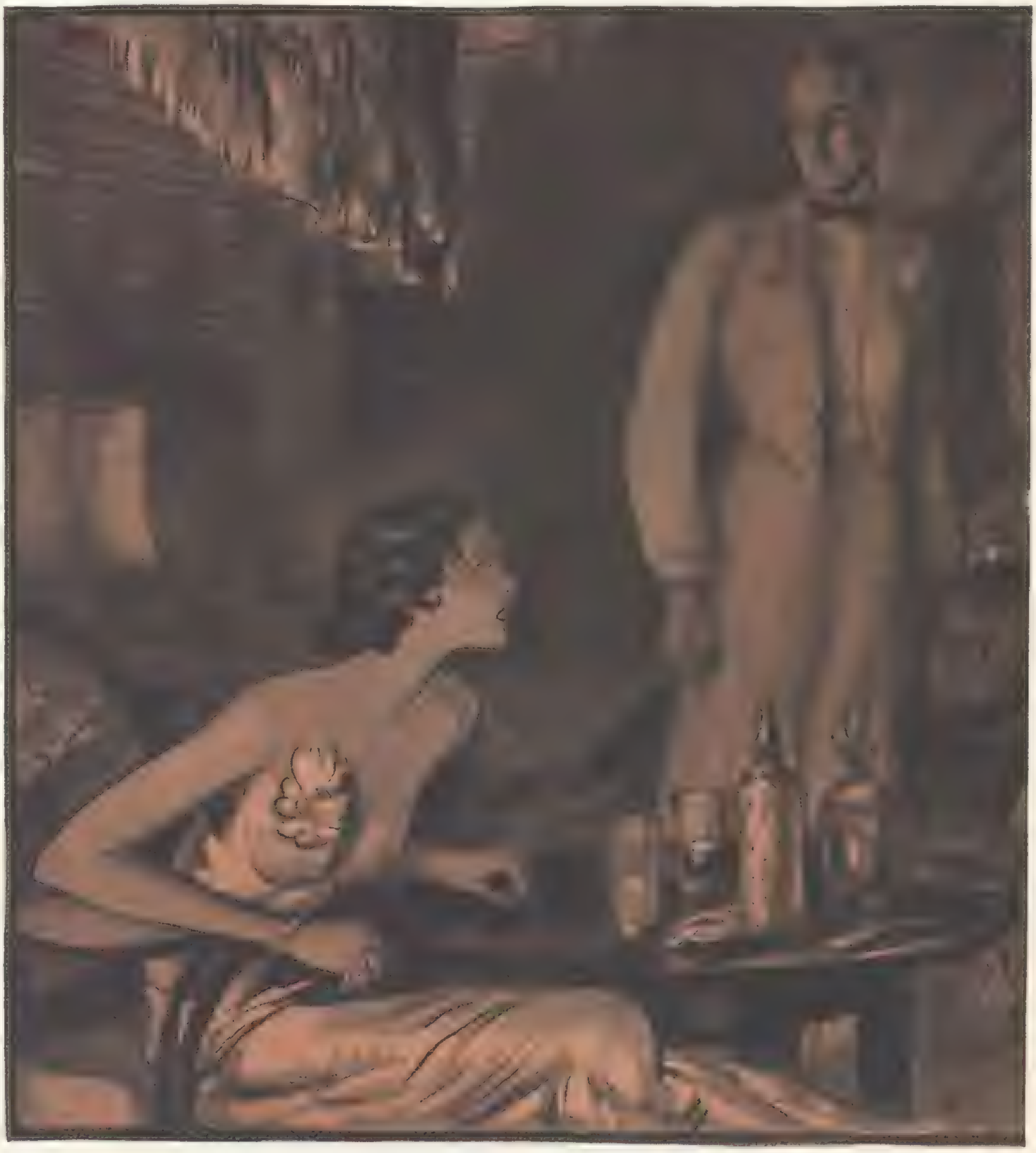
"And how little is that, thou—soldier?"

"I—five hundred *rupees*, Salomon Aziz. But I will pledge every *anna* of my revenue——"

"Five hundred *rupees*! Oho, brothers!" The merchant called the *havildars* and *ressaldars* and they clustered round him, lanky like herons, with their big limbs and martial air.

"Listen! I know this woman. I have seen much of her in Delhi. I have a scheme by which with luck thy precious sucking-sahib might be cured of his desire. Twenty thousand *rupees* I must have the use of, and 10 per cent. of that for my trouble—the rest will be returned when the play is over, save for one little risk which there would be of losing all. That you must take."

The *woordie-major* muttered: "Twenty thousand——!"



SHE sat as she had been sitting when he arrived so the arms and her heart pounding in her ears, as she

"Thou sayest he means everything to this regiment! Then raise the money among yourselves and the *sowars*. Have I not said that the risk is small? Of course, there will be the 10 per cent——"

Sawai Sing said wistfully: "If the risk is so small, Salomon Aziz—thou art rich; wouldst thou not lend——"

The merchant turned on him like a snake: "Did I march down from Taskent to this naked land to risk my good money in woman-business? Twenty-two thousand I must have; two thousand comes to me, and for the rest the risk is small. I will tell you. Listen carefully; this woman——"

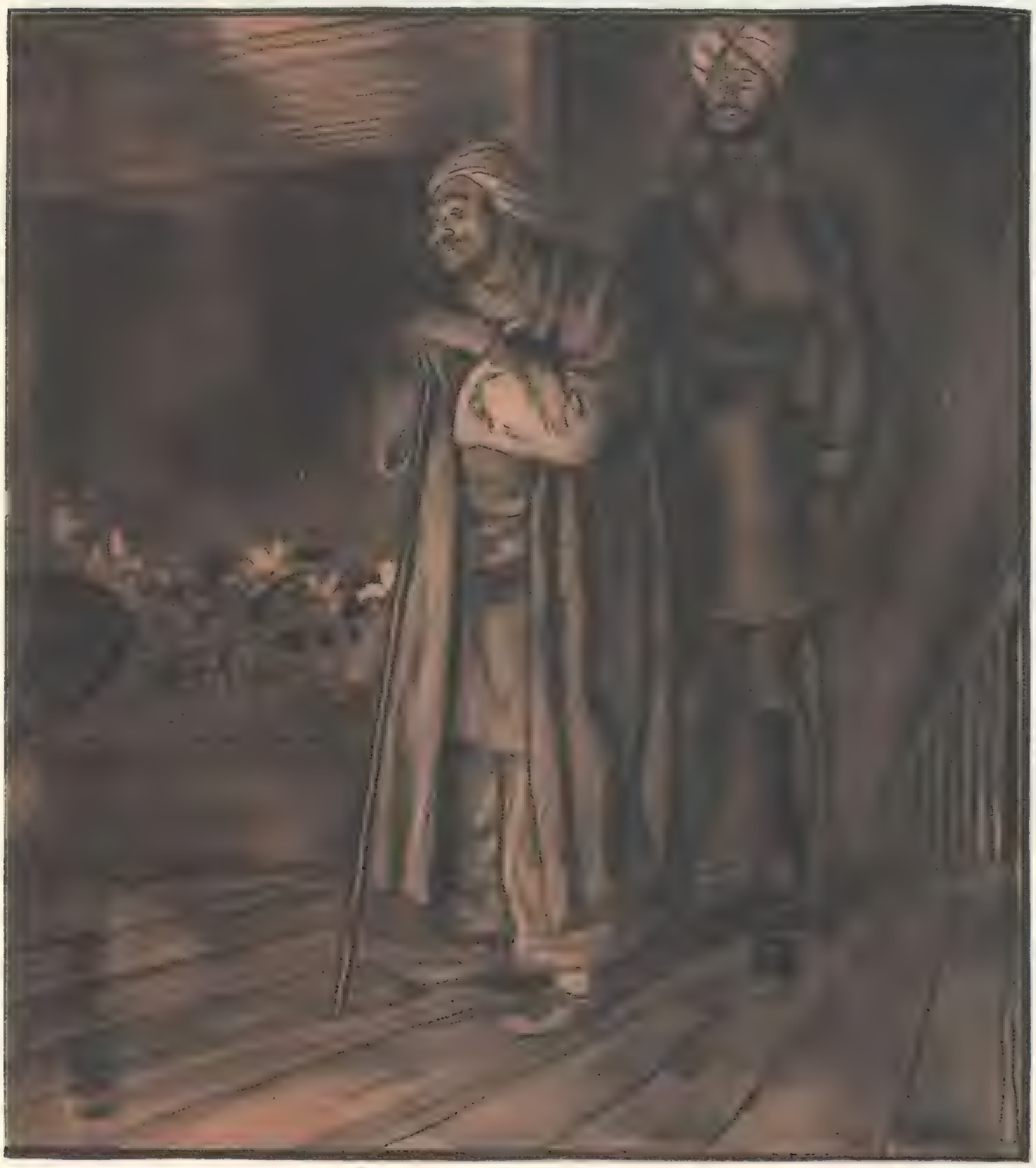
To the knot of intently listening Rajputs he outlined a deep, subtle scheme, brewed from the lore of a lifetime's battening on human weaknesses, a crafty trap for a crafty quarry, baited with vanity, to be sprung by passion.

When he had done a rumble of excited comment broke out, and the venerable *woordie-major* exclaimed: "Salomon Aziz, thou wouldst trick Satan himself. God send I never get into thy clutches. But this money shall be found, or I do not know the *rissalah*."

The merchant nodded his orange-casqued head in satisfaction—two thousand rupees profit without risk and a sweet revenge on one who once had driven him to a lean bargain. A day's work indeed. He rubbed his long hands and his ringlets glistened as he nodded in the rich sunset light: "Good. That is good. One thing—how long till they go to Bombay!"

"Five weeks till the races—all but."

"It is time enough."



abruptly, started forward in her chair, her hands gripping
strove to repress the words that fought for utterance

YOUNG Martin Tarrant and Joanna Abbott were returning from their evening drive along the road between the Ghaggar river and the glamorous labyrinth of Kuru, the old Solanki city, white pink and blue, beneath its tamarisks and palms. Across the tranquil stream the desert lay, tawny and rolling, with close to the river swaths of tall grass and thorn-scrub. Far to the east beyond it the dark-purple rampart of the Aravallis mountains rose in sharp silhouette against the evening sapphire with a few faint stars. The sun was down, the sky behind the city blazing gold and crimson. Cooking smokes rose everywhere—wavering blue ribbons in the evening calm; women with brass water-lotahs filed from the stream and the reek of mingled woodsmoke, jasmine, dust and camels bit the nostrils.

Joanna lay back on the cushions feeling contented for the first time in months. She had passed through a trying period, she told herself; and before that life had been so satisfactory and amusing—till that fool Sammy had dramatised himself and set everyone against her by blowing his brains out, only because he caught her making love with Tom Carstairs. It had startled even her; and people had been ever so nasty. And there had been the problem of just what to do. She had been so alone. If it had not been for remembering young Tarrant and how last year at the races she'd half-promised to come down some time and see the Solanki ruins, she didn't know what she would have done.

But everything was going to be all right now. In fact, it could not have been much better. After all, Sammy had been awfully old for her. And she liked Martin. He was good-looking and quite fascinating in his boyishness—even if he were so unsophisticated. Yet but for all that he would not be so very easy for her to handle, so it was really all to the good. An older and more worldly man might have asked pointed questions, instead of putting himself out all the time to save her feelings about Sammy and Carstairs. He was so frank and earnest about everything—and she had got him simply mad about her now, there was no doubt of that. Yes, everything had come right again. She would hold him off till Bombay, and then they'd be married quietly in the first rush of his enthusiasm—if news of an engagement went out before, someone might get at him and things might happen. And then soon she'd make him get a staff job in some civilised place, out of this *awful* desert. Simla perhaps—he had good connections. And he *must* have some money. Look at the gorgeous horses he kept; and so many. He said he used to spend his whole spare time with them—before she came and he had her to entertain. Well, she would find a better use for the money they must cost. She said, moving lazily in the angle of the carriage: "This time of day the country's so fantastic. This queer, thick light, without any shadows. It's a strange place, always; but just after sunset it gets absolutely unconvincing. It feels just like a scene at a play."

In his smart white mufti he looked young and clean and virile, and his eyes lit as he gazed at her silk-clad sleek body and her lovely face, like a white camellia against black lace among the cushions.

"I love it. It's home to me—and it's ever so much nicer since you came, Joanna. Though I was away twelve years, I had not been back a day before I knew I belonged here. This evening light is one of the first things I remember—that and playing with Sawai Sing in the stables. We were like brothers then, and when I got back it was just the same."

"That awful man! He frightens me. He doesn't like me. He's so big and sleek and stealthy with that glossy beard, like a big tom cat, and watching me all the time with those horrid yellow eyes."

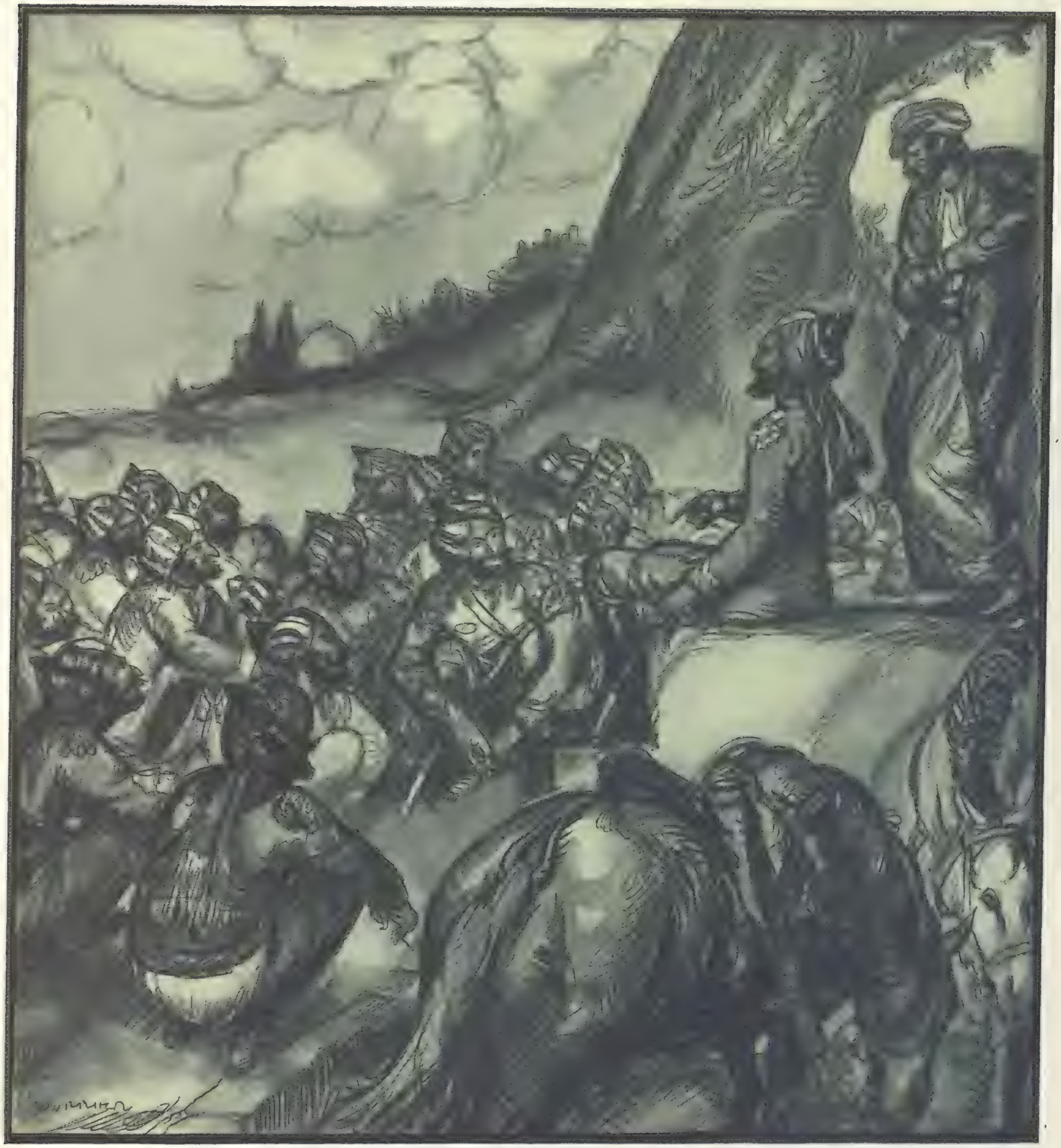
"Sawai Sing frighten you! Why, he's the best chap in the world. You'll get to like him awfully. He can ride like anything. You must see him take on a green colt some time."

"It isn't only Sawai Sing. It's the whole country. It's—it's life. I'm so alone, Martin, so utterly alone. And when a woman's alone——"

"But you *aren't* alone. I'm here, aren't I? I'm with you all I can be. And if there's anything at all that I can do you've only to even hint at it and I'd be so glad."

"Oh, you're wonderful to me, Martin. But it's not that sort of loneliness. It's—deep down; the loneliness of the spirit. Everyone blames me for that ghastly business."

"Joanna, you *must* forget that. Please. It's past; forget it. Let people think



THEY squatted on the hot stones on their haunches in the glaring sunshine, while the hoofs of the restless chargers rang on the stones behind them. Sawai Sing addressed them . . .

what they like, so long as you know in your heart that you were not to blame. That's all that matters. If you're true to yourself everything comes right in the end. And you must not be lonely, not in any way. I—I—I expect you'll think it infernally presumptuous of me, but I —I've dared to hope——"

She put her hand on his lips. "Martin, don't! I know what you're going to say. But you mustn't. You mustn't fall in love with me. It's too dangerous for you. I seem to bring unhappiness to everyone. I think I must be one of those people doomed to be alone. Perhaps it's my duty. If it is I'll try to do it. But it frightens me—I can't help that, can I? To go on year after year——" She broke off and her eyes grew wide with anger.

Tarrant was not listening. He was not looking at her. He was watching with incredulous delight a superb golden-chestnut horse that was cantering abreast of them. It was the kind seen seldom in a lifetime: big, balanced, slender as a gazelle and yet magnificently built for power, with a coat like satin and a muzzle that could drink from a teacup. It put its feet down daintily as any girl and trifled with the bit as with a flowing stride it drew ahead of them.

Tarrant came out of his trance and hailed excitedly its rider, an ivory-skinned youth in yellow satin pantaloons, a long, tight coat of black brocade and a sky-blue skull cap with a long gold tassel: "Hi, there. Pull in alongside, will you?"

The son of Salomon Aziz, who had brought the horse from Cutch, did not seem to hear, continuing to draw ahead, and Tarrant stood up protestingly—"Excuse me, Joanna"—and leaned across in front of her with his hands on the carriage door. "Hi! You on that horse! Can't you hear me?"

The youth looked round, moved his hand on the chestnut and it shot ahead, Tarrant called to his driver: “*Eyou*, Sookan! Keep after him. Shake 'em up now. Don't let him get away,” and sank back to his seat reluctantly with his eager eyes fixed on the horse.

The *coachwan* put his pair to a canter, but the stranger kept his place ahead; the carriage went to a gallop and they tore along the river road till, without warning, the chestnut nipped into a narrow lane between two ancient houses and was lost.

As the *coachwan* wrestled with his excited team, Tarrant cried: “What horse was that, Sookan? Did you ever see it before?”

“No, *sahib*. Nor saw I ever its equal.”

Tarrant turned to her with shining eyes. “I say! Did you get a proper look at it, Joanna? That was the best horse I ever saw. Doesn't belong to this part of the Thar, I can swear that. By *gad*, what a beauty!”

She bit on the sarcasm that sprang to her lips and smiled: “You do love horses, don't you, Martin?”

“I suppose I do. After all, there's nothing like them. My father used to say there was nothing so fine on earth as a good horse—except a good woman, Joanna.” When he smiled as he did then his face was very fine; strong, clear, frank as that of a boy of ten. He was only twenty-four. She was forty.

As the carriage pulled up before her bungalow she said: “It's early yet. Have a drink before you change, won't you?”

“Why, thanks a lot, I believe I will.”

She slid her arm through his to go up the steps together, but he swung away. “Half a mo', will you, Joanna? Sookan, as soon as you get to the barracks, have them send my orderly to me here.”

The light was failing as they reclined in long chairs, either side a table on the wide verandah, with jasmine on the pillars and the tree-ferns in their baskets pendant from the eaves. The “*zig, zig, zig*” of night things was beginning, fireflies jewelled the shrubbery, while the broad-leaved plantains at the road stood black against star-pricked sapphire and the smell of *moughra* drenched the air.

She said: “This is when I like it. Once I'm inside with you that hostile feeling stops. I feel protected and sort of homey. You know what——”

A tall form with eyewhites gleaming in the dark appeared at the steps and a deep voice said: “*Huzoor*.”

“Excuse me a minute please, Joanna, here's my orderly. *Hitherao*, Rup Sing.”

The *sowar* came up the steps and clanked to attention at his chairfoot. “Do you know of a strange horse here, Rup Sing? A big, bright chestnut—a better horse than any in the regiment?”

Rup Sing shook his bearded head: “*Nahin, nahin, huzoor*. The best horse I have ever seen is thine own Tantia, and after him the *Ressaldar* Major's mare Padmini.”

“Well, we saw a better on the river road not fifteen minutes ago, a big bright chestnut and a boy in a black *kaftan* and blue skull cap. They ran from us. Find out who they are and let me know at once.”

“It shall be done, *huzoor*.”

The man clanked down the steps and they sat with their drinks while the soft night closed down: crickets and frogs, fireflies and drowsy perfume, and the faint distant noises of the *serai* and Kuru city. Tarrant was talkative and gay, but she responded little. Her idle hand was clenched beside her and her foot went “tap, tap, tap” against the table. Presently in a silence somewhat strained he got up and went to change for the evening.

A bath, her most daring frock, dinner and a bottle of champagne which had been his present of a week ago did much to smooth her ruffled *amour propre*. After all, he was very charming, and his eagerness to make life pleasant for her after the ordeal at Delhi gave a most gratifying sense of being cared for, of unpleasant responsibility happily evaded. After dinner they went inside and she played and sang. Her powers as a pianist were limited, but she knew it and chose suitable material—and her voice, though small, had a most glamorous and captivating quality—of which also she was well aware. The feelings of few men failed to respond to it.

Tarrant lay back in his chair with his eyes closed, and when she came and sat behind him he leaned close and took her hand.

“Joanna, what you said this afternoon is on my mind—about being lonely, I mean. Loneliness is awful. I remember when I first went home from here to England. Really I didn't know what to do, and I am sure it's a thousand times worse for you just now than it was for me. But you mustn't feel lonely. You're not lonely at all—far from it. You know—I suppose every chap dreams that some day——”

Spurs jingled just then on the verandah: “*Huzoor*.”

“Oh, damn! Excuse me please, Joanna. What is it?”

Rup Sing appeared in the doorway. “*Huzoor*, I have news of the horse.”

Instantly Tarrant was all attention. “Yes. Whose is it?”

“In the *serai* they say it belongs to the Raja of a petty state north of the Rann of Cutch, who for some misdemeanour has been confined by the Sirkar to his own borders. But he has stolen away south for sport and women, and is encamped here on the Thar.”

“He is? Well, where?”

“*Huzoor*, no man knows. He hides his camp, they say, fearing he may be taken and sent back and further punished.”

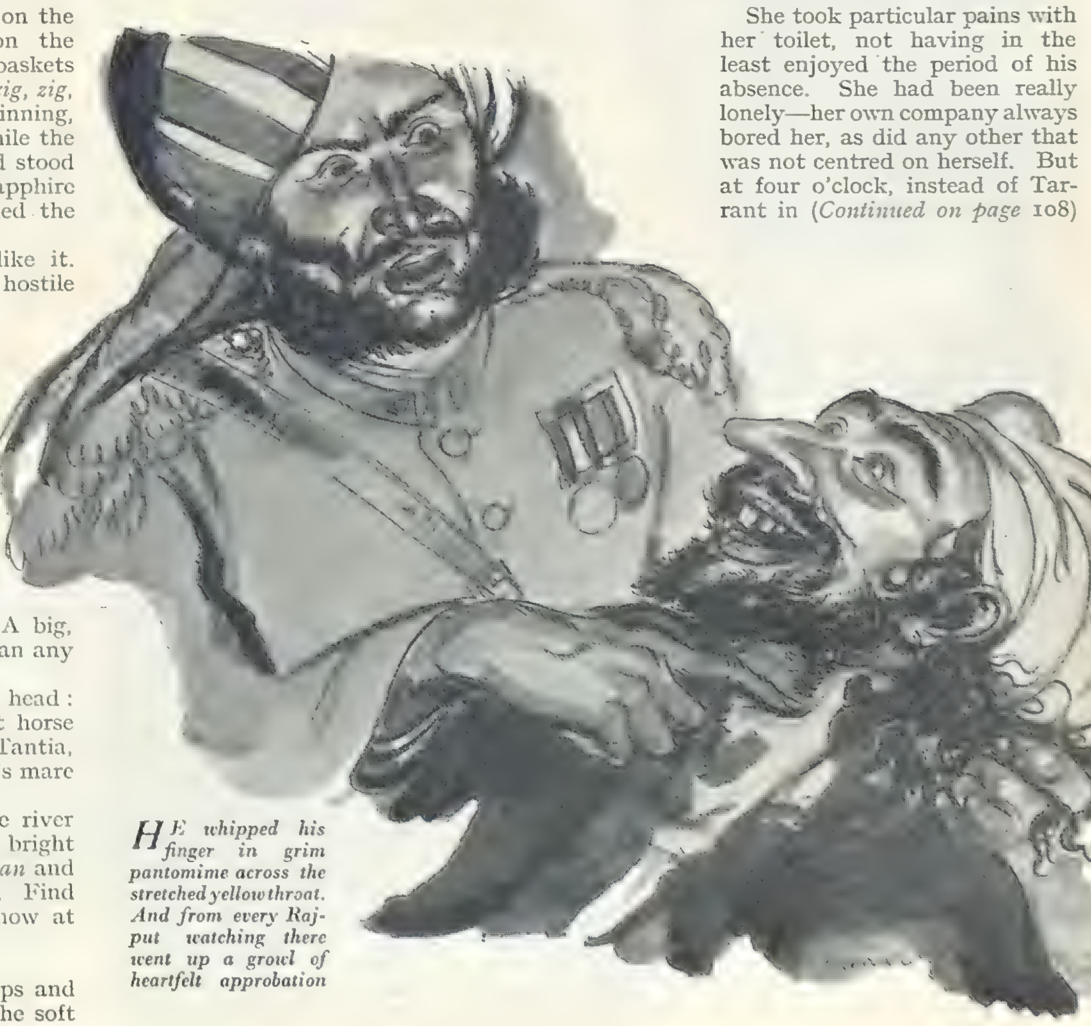
“All right. Find out about it. D'you hear? Find out and quickly. I'll give fifty *rupees* for information that will lead me to that horse.”

“*Accha, huzoor*.” The orderly clanked off and Tarrant turned to her excitedly. “I knew there was something queer, and that horse came from nowhere in Rajputana. Gad, what a beast it was! I wonder if this chap would sell at any price a man could pay?”—his face was alight with eagerness at the thought.

Joanna said nothing. There were hard and not youthful lines in her face that had not been there before Rup Sing arrived; her hand was clenched; and now and then she bit irritably on her thumbnail.

Next day he went for a few days to Ratangarh on regimental business. Each morning there were flowers and a letter from him on her *chota hazari* tray. There was a swaggering *sowar* with her horse each morning and an escort always with the barouche. On the fourth day he wrote that he would be back in time for a drive in the afternoon.

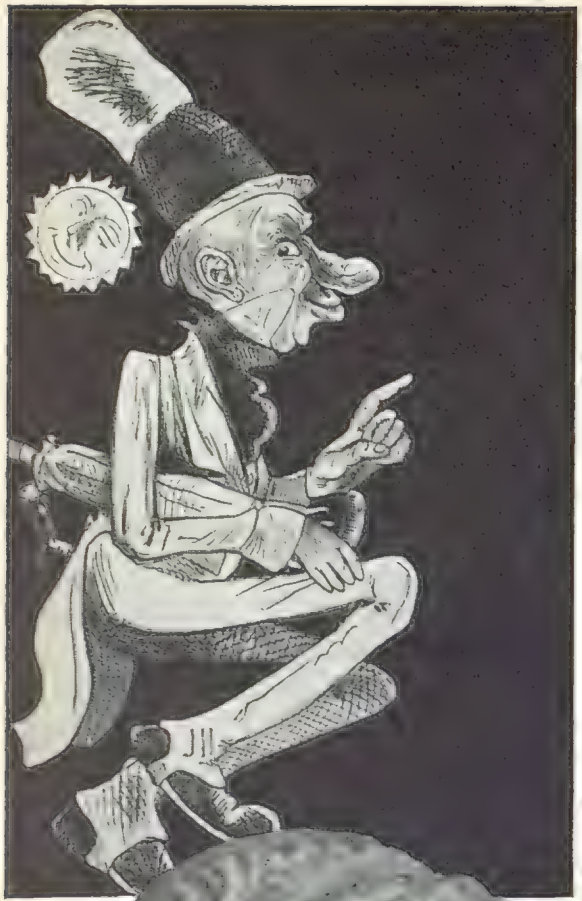
She took particular pains with her toilet, not having in the least enjoyed the period of his absence. She had been really lonely—her own company always bored her, as did any other that was not centred on herself. But at four o'clock, instead of Tarrant in (*Continued on page* 108)

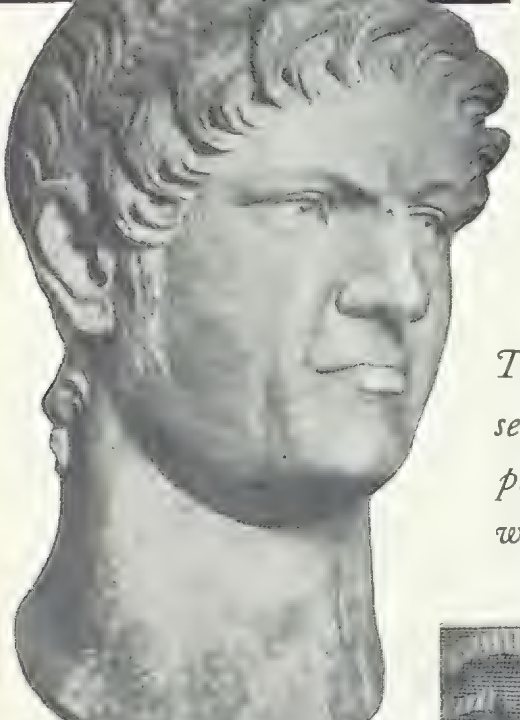


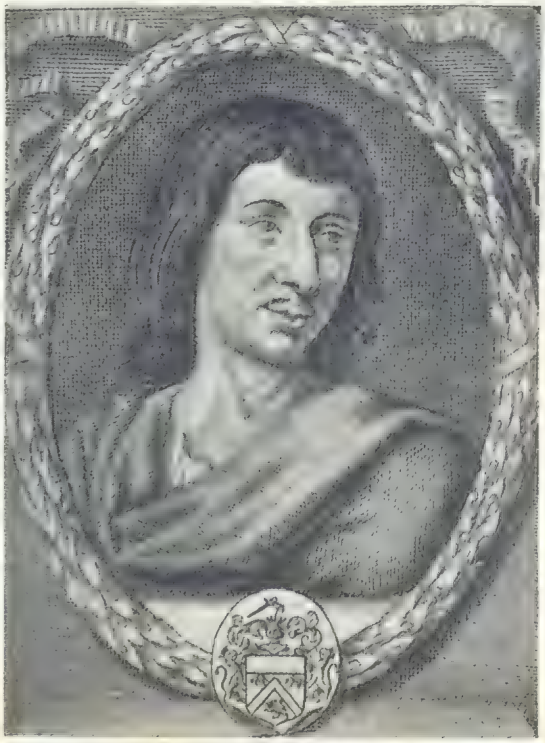
He whipped his finger in grim pantomime across the stretched yellow throat. And from every Rajput watching there went up a growl of heartfelt approbation

The Breath of Life

The Nose is not a joke, but a very serious affair—part of our marvellously planned respiratory apparatus, upon which our very life depends







Top:

THE huge and grotesque nose of Ally Sloper delighted several generations of the young

Centre:

NERO'S large and fleshy nose is another historical example well known to all

Right:

CYRANO DE BERGERAC is the classic example of a man whose conduct was conditioned by his nose

IN some curious way, the nose has become one of the two parts of the human anatomy most apt to be regarded as features of fun! A false nose is the first resort of comic disguise, the attribute of clownishness. Noses are amusing in history and literature, Nero, Cyrano, Ally Sloper—we know them by their noses! And there is a gentleman called Durante who has converted the feature which must have been considered a misfortune into a fortune by capitalizing its entertainment value. But, nevertheless, the nose is actually a very *serious* affair. It is part of our wonderfully planned respiratory apparatus.

The air we breathe, with its life-giving oxygen, as well as its death-dealing germs, is breathed in through the nose. Nature has arranged that a certain filtration and purification is effected in the nasal passages, but it is well to remember that such vital portions of our body as the lungs, are "fed" by the seemingly unimportant, comic (or beauteous) little feature called the nose!

There are more diseases which are infectious than those which are contagious. Infectious diseases enter the body through the respiratory organs—that is, by the mouth and nose. In its early stages, a cold may be checked or cured by nasal disinfection. Any catarrhal condition is propitious for the propagation of malignant bacilli. It is therefore of supreme importance for the maintenance of health and the combat of disease that the nose and all the delicate membranes of this marvellously fashioned organ should be kept in perfect condition.

Irrigation is an excellent antidote to infection. A nasal douche and a gargle, with mild but effective antiseptic, such as glycerine of thymol or common salt and water, will stimulate the natural action of the membranes and kill assailant germs, *if* the nose and throat are in a healthy condition, but the importance of keeping the air passages clean is not, perhaps, generally recognised.

IT is laid down as a rule that it is better to breathe through the nose than through the mouth, and good nurses train babies to sleep with their mouths shut. This is because the nose is provided with filtering apparatus which prevents dust, dirt and germs from being inhaled into the lungs. All modern systems of physical culture include breathing exercises, in which the air is inhaled through the nose and exhaled by the mouth. These are invaluable for the maintenance of health and the better the air the better the exercise. The content of oxygen is the criterion in the evaluation of the quality of air, and ventilation is of supreme importance. The germs of many diseases cannot live in *pure* (that is, oxygenated) air.

Unfortunately we cannot all live on or by the sea or on mountain tops, and those of us who have to live in cities and breathe vitiated and contaminated air must combat these conditions by training and strengthening our respiratory organs by exercise. Breathing exercises beside an open window are valuable, and it is essential to sleep in a well-ventilated room. Walking, which exercises so many muscles and increases the intake of oxygen, makes more difference to the maintenance of health and combat of disease than is realized. In the event of exposure to infection, a volatile antiseptic inhalation is invaluable. Douching and gargling are not always practicable, and are apt, if constantly indulged in, to weaken the resistance of the membranes, but a few drops of Vapex on a handkerchief will achieve the same results, literally "clearing the air," killing germs and inducing the necessary natural activity to combat infection. The inhalation of Vapex is an excellent preventive if one is in contact with infection, such as the "common cold" or influenza, and it is also helpful when the nasal passages are clogged. The whole principle of *cure* for any catarrhal infection is to clear the passages, and this can only be effected by rendering the membranes active, killing the bacilli and releasing the germ-containing mucus, and that is where a volatile inhalation such as Vapex is invaluable.

But, before and after infection, *breathe!* Over-smoking and lack of exercise are enemies of health. Oxygen is life. You cannot breathe, and therefore you cannot live without that funny little feature, your nose

A Pretty Face goes all the Way

The art of Make-up is one in which every woman should graduate. Cosmetics should be used intelligently, subtly, or not at all

By "Chrysis"

THE truth is that every woman's face is her fortune or misfortune, and it is her duty not only to herself but to the world in general to "make the best" of her natural charms. This does not mean that I advocate plastering the face with cosmetics. It is essential to study and understand one's "type," to use cosmetics to enhance beauties and disguise defects, and "make-up" must always be appropriate to the occasion. Shaded eyelids and brilliantly rouged lips might be fascinating and effective at night with an exotic gown, but merely ridiculous in the harsh light of day and worn with tweeds! But there is more than this in the application of cosmetics—colouring, line and even character must be taken into consideration, and further, the surface and texture of the skin are of paramount importance. This means that the quality of cosmetics must be good and the method of removing them is almost as important as their application.

First, let us assume that the complexion is kept in perfect condition by the proper use of skin food, tonics and massage. Before the application of any cosmetics it is essential that the skin should be completely cleansed to prevent any clogging and to give a perfect surface. Innoxa cleansing milk is ideal for this purpose, as it cleanses not only the surface of the skin but the pores, and is emollient and refining. This should be used on a pad of cotton wool in the morning to remove the residue of any night cream or natural secretions, and to refresh and tone up the skin. At night the same process will remove powder, rouge and all dirt and impurities.

It is well to note and follow the trend of fashion in make-up, and undoubtedly the latest innovation which has affected really smart women in America, France, and now in England, is the departure from "matte" make-up and the increasing popularity of a "natural" and even *greasy* appearance.

IN Hollywood last year "stars," revolting against the heavy ochre make-up required in the studios, would, when they were off the set, clean their faces of all powder and put on a sun-tan oil. This practice is not practicable for or appropriate to town life, but it has reached the Riviera and in Paris the rather more "natural" and less powdered make-up is established in modified form.

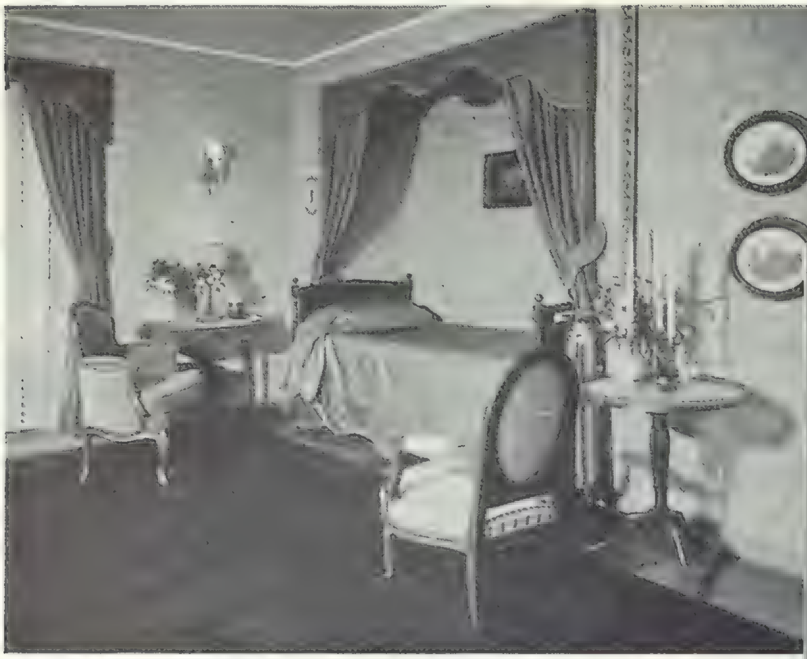
Admittedly an obviously "powdered" effect is hard and ageing, and the converse is true. Eyelid shades of a greasy consistence have for some years supplanted powders, and, to-day, the sophisticated woman adds a little cold cream to achieve an even more brilliant effect. In Paris castor-oil is applied after lipstick to produce the "shine" which is mobile and attractive; but, as a witty and brilliant exponent of beauty culture in this country said, "there is something definitely unattractive about castor-oil, though it may be good for the health!" and a similar effect can be obtained with a little cold cream. Lipstick should be applied carefully and lightly powdered, then another application of the rouge and a touch of grease ensures a lasting and attractive make-up.

IT is important that the neck and forehead should not be neglected. Now that hats are often turned up, brows become even more in evidence, and if there are any wrinkles a careful make-up is demanded. A rather heavier day cream, such as that produced by Elizabeth Arden, is valuable: carefully worked in and lightly powdered, it gives a smooth and ethereal appearance. This cream, which is particularly useful for normally dry skins, counteracts the drying effect of winds and weather, and is therefore applicable to almost all types of skin at this time of year.

The conformation of the face as well as natural colouring should dictate the choice of powder and rouge. Pinks, which are apt to turn mauvish, are against the modern feeling for natural effects. Light-coloured powder will accentuate a feature, so that anyone with a rather prominent nose should use a dark powder. Cream rouges carefully applied and worked in are more becoming and more natural than powder rouges. The mask has given place to the face, and, speaking generally, the best make-up is one that emphasises the natural contour and colouring.

SPECIAL tongs with which to make the eyelashes curl back, and a small round brush with which to apply rouge are two useful accessories for one's toilet. Both of these may be obtained from Elisabeth Arden

There are

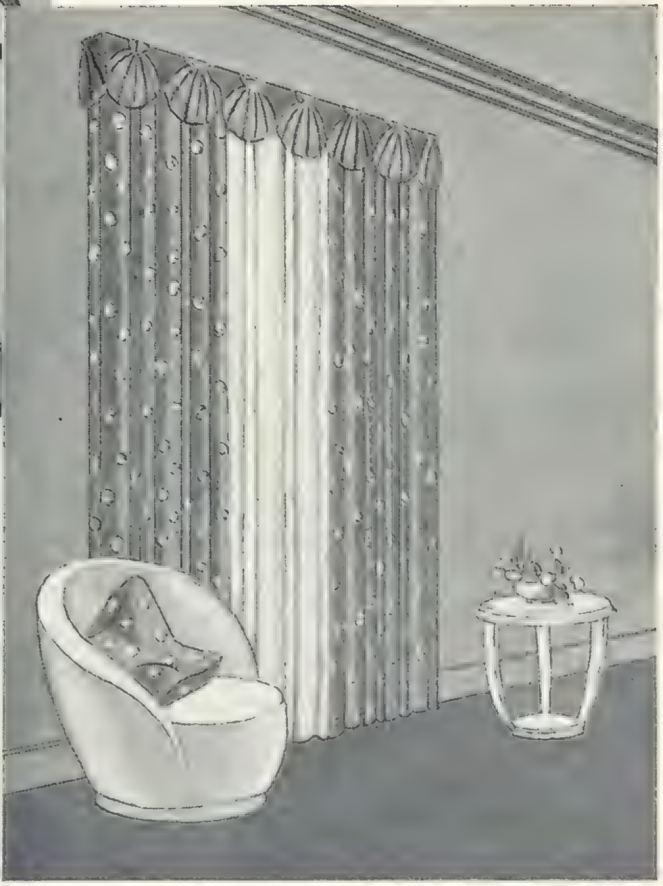


A RECESS cleverly utilised for a bed, toile de Jouy wallpaper and curtains of blue Celanese taffeta are the main features of this unusually pretty bedroom

TO give a room a new set of curtains is to give it a fresh lease of life, and seems to have the same tonic effect upon it that a new hat has upon a woman. There is not a room in the house which at this time of the year will not be all the better for the added touch of freshness and colour which can be given to it by the introduction of one of the new and delightful curtain materials which have made their bow to the public this season.

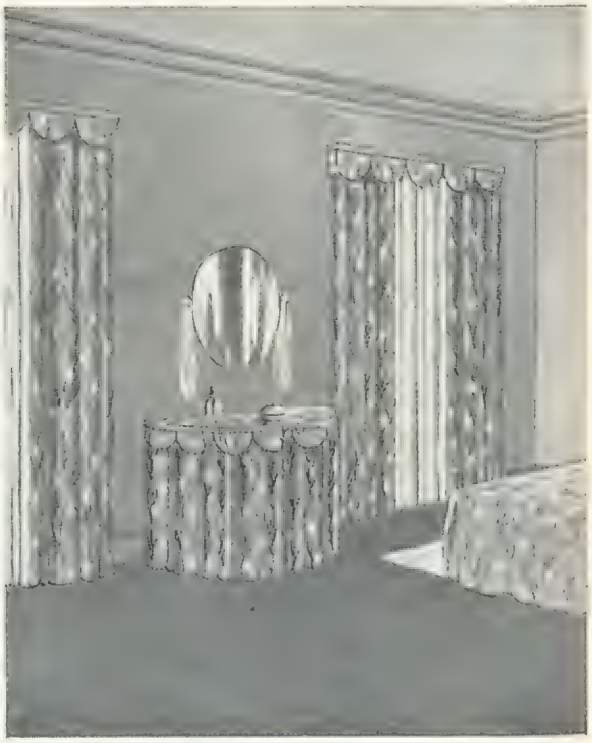
Never have materials for home furnishing been more varied or exciting, colours clearer or happier and designs more interesting. Then, too, their costs are so moderate that no one need feel any hesitation in embarking upon the adventure of totally new ideas both in material and making up.

For it is in the choosing of a totally different style in which the real secret of the tonic effects of new curtains lies; one of the most interesting discoveries which any one can make is the totally new aspect which can be given to old and valued possessions by the introduction of a new and original curtain background. Modern



SEPIA cockleshells on a yellow ground make these Prestona curtains gay companions in a sitting room. The pelmet is made of shaped shells with lines of braid to simulate the different sections. This material may be also obtained in several other colours

IN his large living room Mr. Ronald Fleming, the well-known decorator, has used oil-silk curtains in three shades, pale yellow in the centre, with a deeper shade and bright red on either side



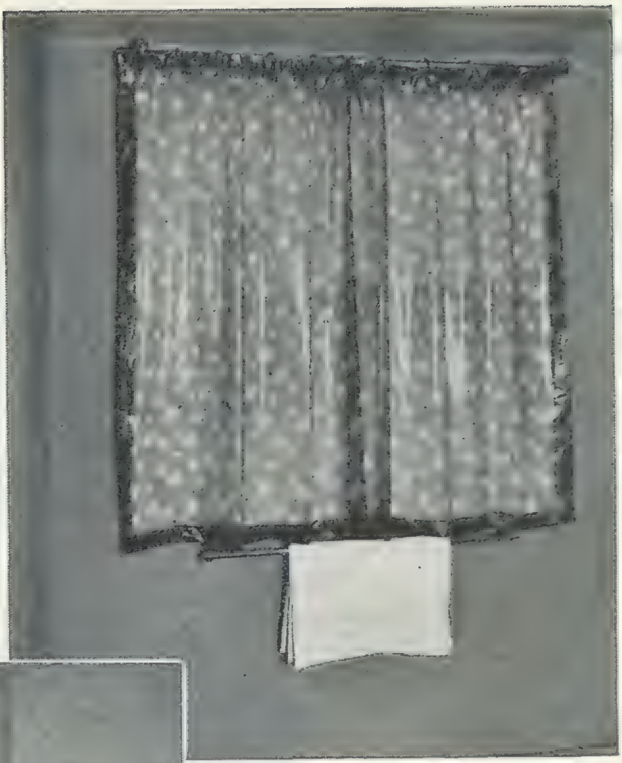
HERE is a charming scheme for the use of material. Pale moons hidden behind design and half-moons make the window

Curtains *for Every* Room

Some New F*abrics* and Suggestions for *their* use

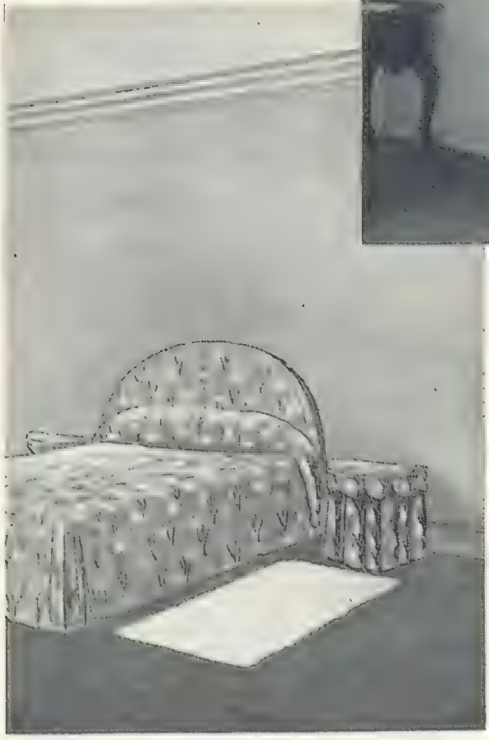
By Grace Lovat Fraser

fabrics are so versatile and can be happily blended with either old or modern furniture. The elegant lines of Chippendale or Hepplewhite will, for instance, often seem enhanced by an alliance with curtains of a completely modern fabric, while the more old-fashioned charm of a floral design will often blend in the most satisfactory manner with the plain lines and pale woods of modern furniture.



OIL-SILK curtains patterned in green make an attractive finish to a bathroom. This patterned oil-silk is made by the Britannia Rubber Company, and is obtainable at all stores

BOOKSHELVES built-in beneath the window and curtains hung inside the architrave give this room a distinctive air. The curtains would look well carried out in one of the new Rosebank fabrics



"Moonshine," another Prestona bare branches form the and dressing-table pelmets

One material in particular is outstanding this season, both by reason of the beauty of its designs and colourings and because of the extreme reasonableness of its cost. This is the cretonne known as "Prestona," which is 48 inches wide, and costs only 1s. 11d. a yard. For the first time completely modern patterns designed by well-known artists are available on a furnishing material so reasonable in cost as to put it within the reach of the slenderest purse. These modern designs, however, are not the only ones to be found in this range, which also comprises beautiful reproductions of Queen Anne and Jacobean embroidery designs and many delicate floral styles.

In the sketch on page 60 will be found an idea for curtains and pelmets carried out with the "Prestona" design called the "Cockleshell" pattern. The curtains, which are quite plain, might be carried out in any one of the six lovely shades in which this design is available, and lined with a matching plain "Prestona" shade or with cream. The pelmet consists of a deep plain strip of the same material as the curtains. To this are applied hollow and stiffened shells of cream "Prestona" lined with the same colour as the curtain lining. They are attached to the pelmet by their tops and sides, and the flutings on them are made by applying lines of narrow braid in a contrasting colour, couched down with a matching thread.

The drawing on this page shows a delightful idea for a bedroom. The plain deal dressing table is given a top and petticoat of the "Prestona" design known as "Moonshine." Semi-circles of the material are lined with buckram and sewn together to make a formal valance which hangs over the petticoat, and the mirror is a completely circular one fixed to the wall behind the table. The moonshaped valance should be used for the window curtains, which, of course, are made of the same design as the petticoat draperies, and this same moon idea could easily be adapted for a crown from which to hang gracefully draped curtains over a divan bed.

Another fascinating material which opens up a wide field of inventive usefulness is oil-silk. This material has all sorts of advantages to recommend it and make it worthy of a more important place in the modern home than only the kitchen and bathroom, where it so often appears as curtains. Its lovely colours and translucent qualities give curtains made of it a charm all of their own, and its hygienic qualities should not be lost sight of, for it (*Continued on page 90*)

A Sleeveless Pullover

An excellent accessory for the summer sports wardrobe

HERE is the Jaeger knit-pack, an excellent method of keeping your knitting tidy and your wool to hand

Materials Required

4 ozs. of Jaeger's 3-ply "Super-Spun" "J. S." quality fingering.

1 pair No. 11 needles.

1 pair No. 9 needles.

1 bone crochet hook, size 8.

Buttons and belt to match the colour scheme chosen.

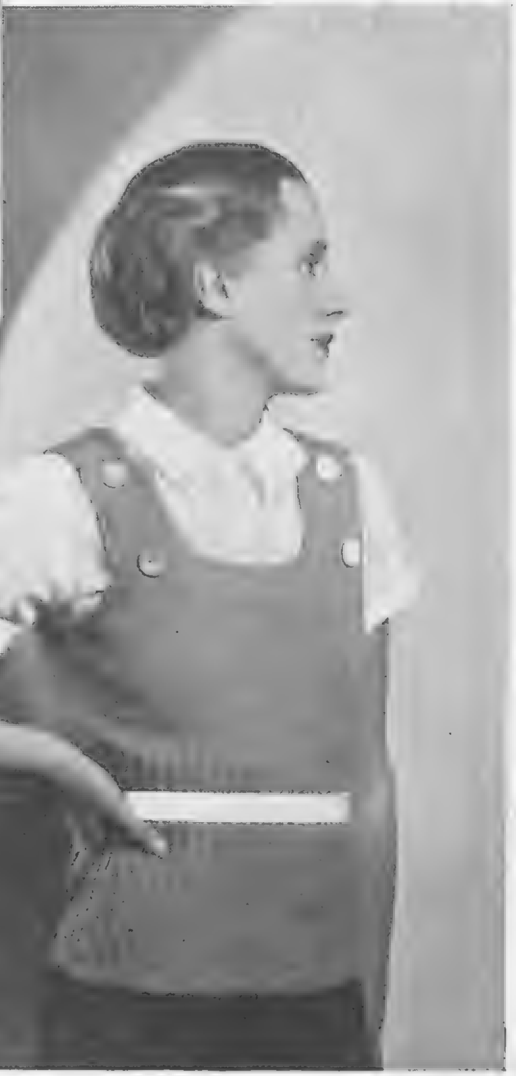
Abbreviations

K = Knit.
P = Purl.
K 2 tog. = Knit 2 together.

THIS smart little pullover has been specially designed for summer wear on those rather chilly occasions when a little extra warmth is needed: to put on over a tennis frock in the cool of the evening or over a beach frock when one is feeling a little shivery after a bathe.

The original model was made in a very lovely shade of a rather deep blue and was finished off with two blue and two white buttons and a white kid belt, but it would look equally attractive in a bright cardinal red, or, for those who prefer them, in any pastel shade.

It is extremely simple and quick to make and the cost is negligible, only 4 ozs. of wool being required.



Cannons of Hollywood

THIS attractive blue jumper is worn with a blouse of Robia crease-resisting white voile which is made from 'Britannia & Eve" paper pattern No. 411, price 1s.

To Make the Front

On No. 11 needles cast on 105 stitches.

1st row.—K. into the back of cast on stitches.

2nd row.—* P. 1, K. 2, repeat from * to end of row.

3rd row.—* P. 2, K. 1, repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows until the work measures 3½ inches.

Change to No. 9 needles and continue in the same ribbed pattern until work measures 8 inches from the beginning.

Next, beginning on the right side of work (P. 2, K. 1), start to shape the V as follows :—

(Here you are given the beginning and end of each row. For the middle you just follow strictly the ribbed pattern.)

1st row.—Begin K. 3. End K. 2.
2nd row.—Begin P. 4. End P. 4.
3rd row.—Begin K. 6. End K. 7.
4th row.—Begin P. 8. End P. 9.
5th row.—Begin K. 10. End K. 10.
6th row.—Begin P. 13. End P. 12.
7th row.—Begin K. 15. End K. 14.
8th row.—Begin P. 16. End P. 16.
9th row.—Begin K. 18. End K. 19.
10th row.—Begin P. 20. End P. 21.
11th row.—Begin. K. 22. End K. 22.
12th row.—Begin P. 25. End P. 24.
13th row.—Begin K. 27. End K. 26.
14th *row.*—Begin P. 28. End P. 28.
15th *row.*—Begin K. 30. End K. 31.
16th *row.*—Begin P. 32. End P. 33.
17th row.—Begin K. 34. End K. 34.
18th row.—Begin P. 37. End P. 36.
19th row.—Begin K. 39. End K. 38.
20th row.—Begin P. 40. End P. 40.
21st row.—Begin K. 42. End K. 43.
22nd row.—Begin P. 44. End P. 45.
23rd row.—Begin K. 46. End K. 46.
24th row.—Begin P. 49. End P. 48.
25th row.—Begin K. 51. End K. 50.
26th row.—P. 52, K. 1, P. 52.

This completes the V.

Now work in stocking stitch (plain on the right side and purl on the wrong) for 20 rows.

Next start shaping the sleeves by casting off 8 stitches at the beginning of the next two rows. (On the purl side cast off purling.)

Next row.—K. 2 tog. at the beginning and end of this and every alternate row 10 times. (There should now be 69 stitches on the needle.)

Next row.—Purl back.

In the next row make the buttonholes in the following manner :—

K. 7, cast off 4, continue the row in plain knitting ending cast off 4, K. 6.

Purl back casting on 4 stitches where you cast them off in the last row.

Next row.—Knit across (knitting into the back of the cast on stitches).

Next row.—Purl back.

Here make the neck opening as follows :—

K. 24, cast off 21, K. 23.

Continuing the right shoulder purl back to neck opening.

Next row.—K. 2 tog., K. 22.

Purl back.

Now K. 2 tog. at the neck end of work every plain row until there are 18 stitches left.

K. 11 more rows of stocking stitch ending at the end of a purl row.

Next row.—(To make button hole) K. 7, cast off 4, K. 6.

Next row.—P. 7, cast on 4, P. 7.

Next row.—K. across, knitting into the back of the cast on stitches. Purl back. K. one row, P. one row. Cast off.

Now join your wool at the neck end of the left shoulder and work this in the same manner as the right shoulder.

To Make the Back

The back is worked in exactly the same way as the front except that the buttonholes are omitted and the shoulder straps are made 6 inches longer.

To Make Up

When you have completed the front and the back press the plain knitting with a warm iron over a damp cloth, being careful not to stretch it in any way. Do not iron the ribbing. Now sew up the side seams, and then with a No. 8 bone crochet hook, beginning at one of the underarm seams, work two rows of double crochet right round the armholes, neck and shoulder straps. This gives a neat finish and prevents your work from stretching and the edges from curling. When working the second row work into every stitch on the straight part of the shoulder straps, but only into every other stitch round the neck and curve of the armholes.

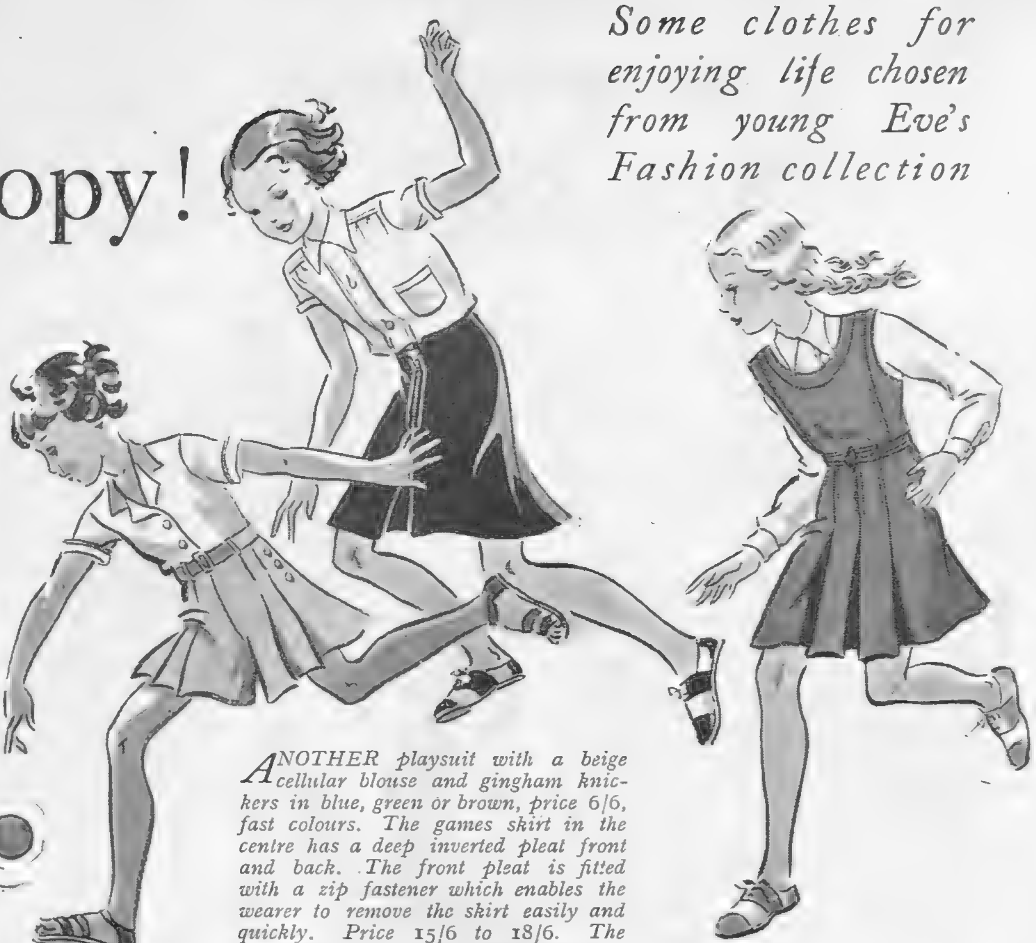
Sew on buttons on the back shoulder straps to correspond with the buttonholes on the front straps.

Mothers—please Copy!

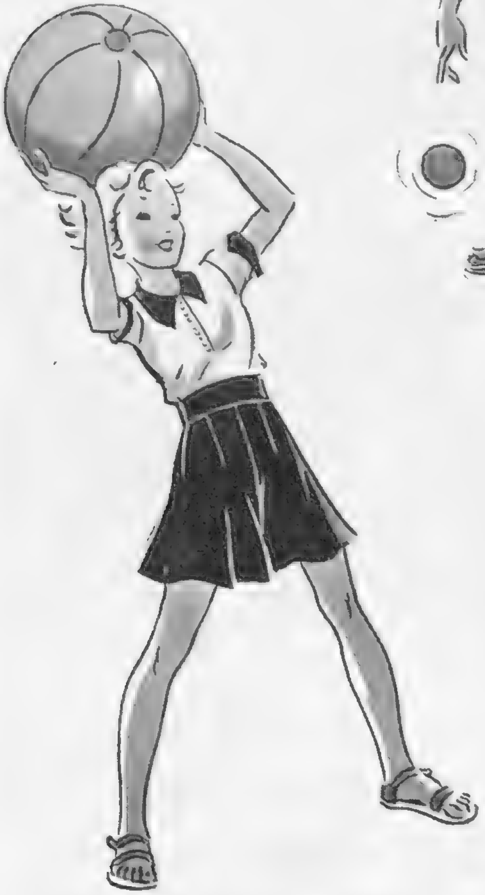
Some clothes for enjoying life chosen from young Eve's Fashion collection

THANKS to our progress in the study of child psychology, fashions for small people are nowadays as cleverly adapted to the comfort and health of the wearer as they are satisfying to her mother's pride. A shopping expedition with one's small daughter is, in fact, quite an enjoyable adventure, for Miss Ten-and-a-bit is assured of obtaining a wardrobe that will in no way hamper her most boisterous expression of enjoyment in life and in which, without feeling in the very least "dressed up," she can sustain her dignity among the best-dressed schoolgirls. Meanwhile her mother has the satisfaction of buying clothes which conform to all modern standards of health and freedom whilst satisfying the demands of style.

When I was shown the new collection of spring and summer clothes for children at Daniel Neal's, I was impressed with the thoughtful consideration which has gone into the design of each garment so that the child shall be comfortably, healthily and attractively attired. The rigorous tests imposed by these makers upon materials used in order to assure their absolute resistance to rough treatment are the result of long and, I have no doubt, bitter experience in the production of really durable children's wear. No fabric is considered sufficiently good by this firm unless it has withstood a strain equal to any that is likely to be imposed upon it in wear by normal children.



ANOTHER playsuit with a beige cellular blouse and gingham knickers in blue, green or brown, price 6/6, fast colours. The games skirt in the centre has a deep inverted pleat front and back. The front pleat is fitted with a zip fastener which enables the wearer to remove the skirt easily and quickly. Price 15/6 to 18/6. The gym tunic does away with the bulkiness of former styles and is smart and trim in appearance. In various sizes from 20/-. *Daniel Neal*



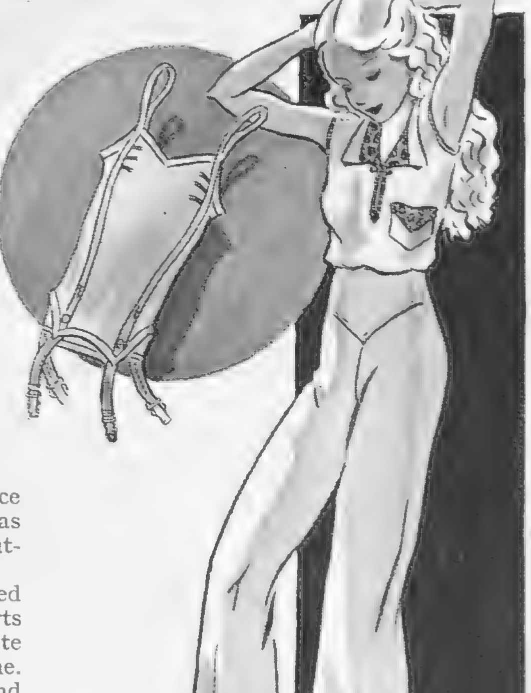
DANIEL NEAL'S have made this playsuit with wool stockinette in two colours. It is a charming and comfortable garment for children from four to twelve years. *Price 14/9*

Sketched on this page are some of Daniel Neal's new playtime clothes—practical and charming little garments of excellent style which are well within the means of the over-taxed purse. The moderate price of these clothes may, in fact, come as a surprise to some who regard these outfitters as beyond average means.

The delightful play suits sketched are an elaboration of the popular shorts and shirt, and are intended to substitute summer washing frocks for playtime. The material in most cases is strong and washable, the colours are charmingly blended, the cut is smart and comfort assured by the divided skirt.

The new design gym tunic will meet with emphatic approval for the trimness of its line and the snug fit, which is an improvement on the former loose style.

The sports bodice at the bottom of the page is intended for the developing girl, and is of the softest texture, whilst giving all necessary support. The dainty cellular pyjamas are designed for health and, in addition to other sober virtues, are assured of success in the best dormitories.



THE "Vestette" games bodice above is in mercerised cotton, it is boneless and close fitting—the perfect garment for games and gym. Price 4/11. The cellular cotton pyjamas are specially designed for health and are trimmed with a flowered material. In three colours from 7/9 to 10/-. *Daniel Neal*

The BUSYBODY'S Notebook

THIS is to remind you that "Britannia & Eve's" Busybody is always at your disposal. She is well informed on all sorts of heterogeneous subjects and although she is busy, she will always find time to answer your letter; so if any of her discoveries are the answers to any of your problems write to the Busybody, c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope, when you will receive an immediate answer giving you full information about any of the subjects mentioned on this page

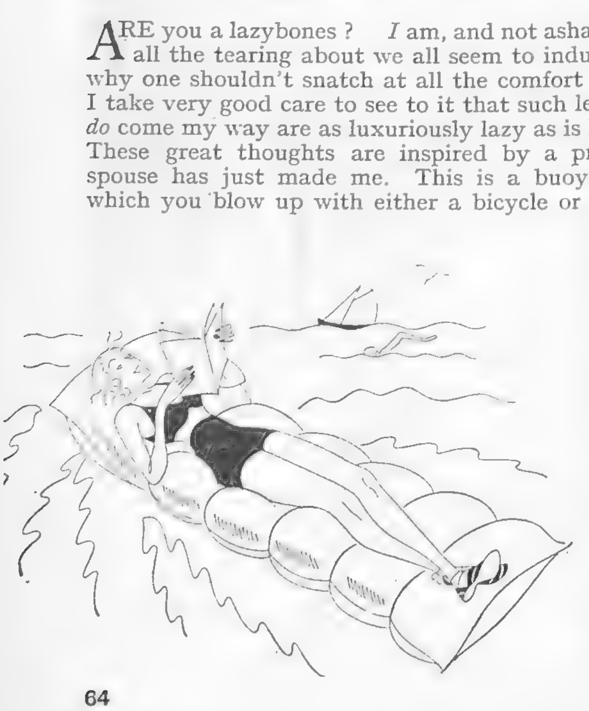
I SOMETIMES think that I get more kick out of living on my sadly reduced income than ever I did in the days when it boasted a more opulent figure. There's such a heartening feeling in discovering how to do a lot with a very little money. But if my income has grown slimmer, *I* unfortunately have been doing the opposite, and until a short time ago I had not discovered a really economical way of dealing with this disaster.

In my palmy days when my dressmaker frowned at my increasing girth I just whisked myself off to Marienbad and quickly regained my lost slimness. But in these hard times such an expedition is impossible; however, I don't really mind a bit because I have found the perfect substitute, and one moreover which involves no fuss or bother. Since I started taking a marvellous reducing tea which combines in a careful blend a mixture of choice herbs and Marienbad salts I have reduced my weight in the most miraculous way. This tea acts gradually and naturally, and besides being slim again I feel very much better for my course of it, for it really improves one's health while it reduces. On the whole, considering its economical cost and that one avoids that extremely unpleasant Channel crossing, nothing would induce me to forsake it for my former habit, no matter how rich I was.

If you would like to know more about it, write to me and I will send you an interesting little free booklet called *The Secret of Youthful Slimness.*

ARE you a lazybones? *I* am, and not ashamed of it. With all the tearing about we all seem to indulge in I don't see why one shouldn't snatch at all the comfort that one can get. I take very good care to see to it that such leisure moments as *do* come my way are as luxuriously lazy as is humanly possible. These great thoughts are inspired by a present my doting spouse has just made me. This is a buoyant lounging bed which you blow up with either a bicycle or motor pump and which is big enough for you to stretch out upon at full length and which yet, when deflated, can be folded and easily packed or carried about. Laugh that off if you can. It's the most divinely comfy thing to take into the garden for a rest on a warm day, and I personally intend to take mine with me whenever I go for an expedition in the car.

It would be just as easy to take it on a bicycle trip or hiking, and just think of the comfort of a picnic accompanied by a full-size mattress which yet takes up no room in transit and weighs as near nothing as makes no matter. Nor is that all you can do with it, for when you go a-bathing, either to the sea or your favourite pool, you can proudly launch it and float about on it in the most sinful comfort. *And* it costs less than a pound.



IS there anything prettier or more youthfully becoming than the new fashion for a head closely covered with curls? There's something so jaunty about them, and a pretty white neck looks twice as pretty when it is bordered by a flippant little row of curls. But, oh dear! *what* a different story when those same jaunty curls degenerate into depressed looking little wisps and straggly ends. It's enough to make one forswear curls and take to an Eton crop. That is to say it *would* be enough if there were no way out of the difficulty, but there is, so don't let us despair.

There is really no excuse for straggly bits if you will only use a recent invention which will keep your curls in complete and natty trim. They will do you credit and be no trouble at all and you will be able to leave your hat off in the country with a perfectly easy mind. Let me whisper that the most perfect of permanently curled hair will be all the better for the aid of this little invention and other kinds of hair simply cannot do without it, if they are to be as neat in appearance as fashion demands. By the way, the makers of this invention also specialise in a grand setting lotion and wave setters.

DON'T you love having your pet convictions confirmed by outside expert opinion? I must say that, speaking for myself, it always gives me a nice conceited feeling to know that some article by which I have always sworn has met a well-merited public recognition. So when I heard that the one soap which I've ever found which is enthusiastically acclaimed by my entire household had been awarded a much-coveted distinction by a high authority, I felt a real glow of vicarious pride. In fact, a double glow, for I had just finished my bath when I heard the news, and so was already enjoying the glowing sensation with which this soap rewards its users.

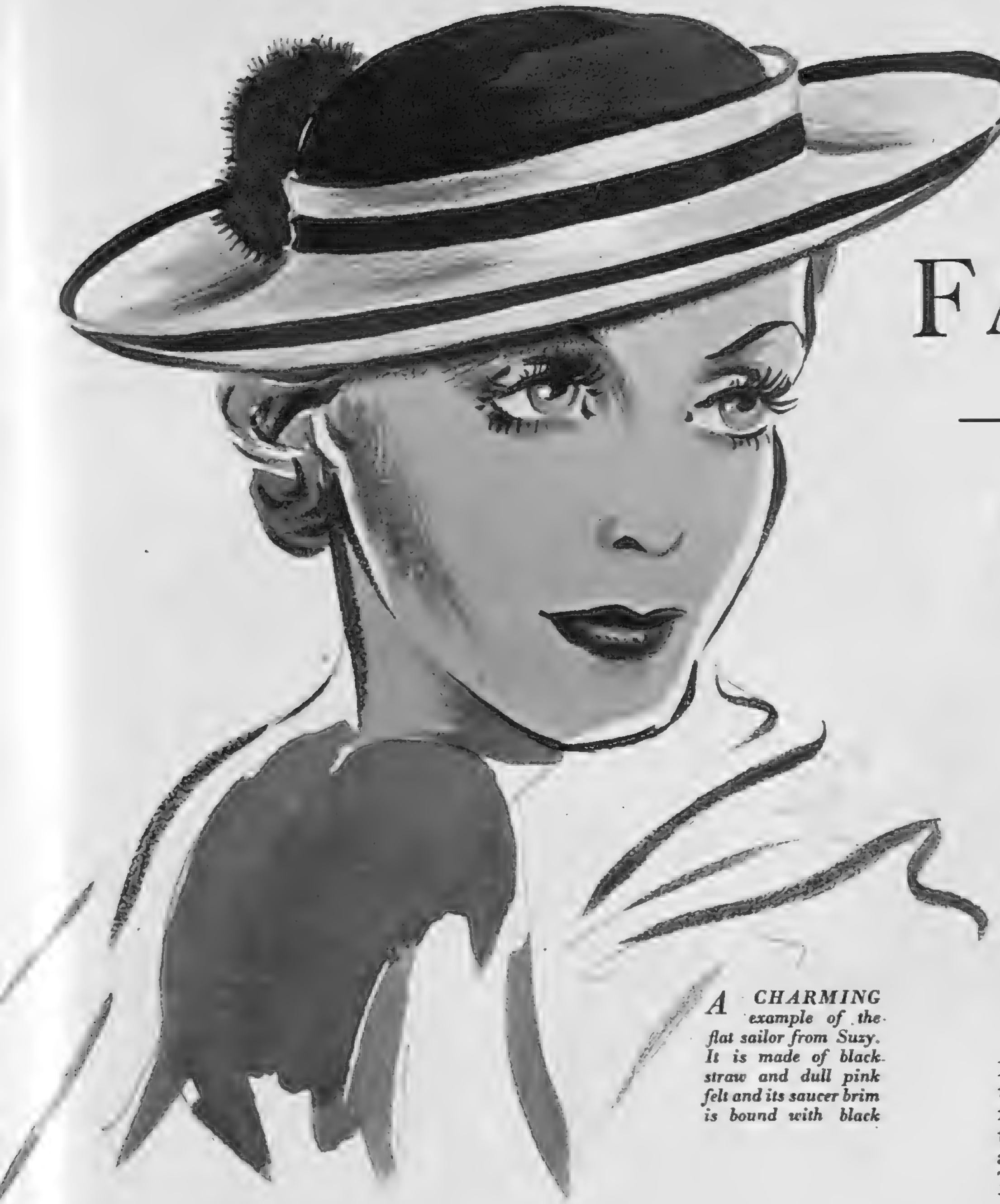
I'VE always thought of fireplaces as just fireplaces, haven't you? That is, something which was in every room—some of them old-fashioned and distinctly cool in their attitude to life, and others real charmers that extended a warm welcome to my shivering self. Tired of my long and bitter grumbles about my sulky little fire, the other day Daphne took me firmly by the hand and led me to a showroom full of the most attractive fireplaces I have ever seen. Some were in brick, some in lovely coloured faïence tiles, and all of them fitted with a low and super-efficient grate that throws a grand warmth *into* the room and *not* up the chimney. Of course I succumbed, and for the first time know real comfort. The one I have bought is fitted with a small electric fire let into the tiles on either side of the fire opening, so that on cool summer days I can enjoy a spot of warmth without bothering to have a real fire laid. It also boasts of an electric clock as part of its equipment, and has the most charming of concealed lighting effects. So if I'm late to appointments in the future I will have no possible excuse. Oh yes I shall, though: the warmth and comfort of my own fireside.

SPRING FASHIONS — *from* PARIS

A Questionnaire of the Paris Openings Answered by

Madge Garland

(Woman Editor of "Britannia & Eve")



A CHARMING example of the flat sailor from Suzy. It is made of black straw and dull pink felt and its saucer brim is bound with black

ARE evening skirts tight to the knees?

Some of them are tight right down to the ankles, when they are sometimes slit up to show a pleated taffeta petticoat; some are tight almost to the knees and then flow out into a train; but the majority are full although fitting closely over the hips; perhaps the prettiest of all, very, very full. Look at the organdie gown on page 67. More wearable versions are shown on page 69, where one of the new tunic dresses is shown.

What is happening to our sleeves? The newest and smartest of sleeves are three-quarter length, and this applies to coats as well as dresses, indeed more so, as many dresses have either short sleeves or long ones which show beneath the three-quarter length sleeves of the coat. Some have a certain amount of width above the elbow. Evening gowns show the merest suspicions of sleeves. Many coats favour a raglan cut.

Are the evening gowns high in front and low at the back?

A surprising number show this type of décolletage, but the shoulders are covered, probably with little frills, and the newest décolletage either at the back or front, or both, is square.

Have the broad, built-out shoulders vanished?

Yes; all that is left of them is moderate padding on tailored suits and coats, small fichus and ruffles on evening gowns, and square yokes which give a broad effect on both dresses and coats.

Do afternoon dresses touch the ground?

A certain number were shown in most collections, but these are what the Parisian wears out to dinner (with a hat), the Englishwoman never wears except to Ascot, the Royal Garden Party and similar functions, and the American woman calls a cocktail dress.

Are fabric gloves being worn for day and evening?

A number of smart ensembles consisting of gloves and a bag of the same material, probably crinkly crêpe or wool, the gloves with Lastex yarn palms, are seen. Antelope gloves and bags match, too; so do peccary skin for country wear. For afternoon, black satin gloves and hat are excellent with dull black silk or wool. Satin or organdie gowns have matching gloves.

Are halo hats still being worn? Less and less. The newer models, though many turn back from the face, are worn almost flat on top of the head, to which they are often attached by a ribbon or an elastic. They vary from parodies of George Robey's shallow bowler to faint copies of Dolly Vardens, Mexican sombreros or Toreadors' felts, but a shallow crown and a flat brim are their common characteristics. If ever you felt any doubt as to their charm, I feel the illustration on this page will convert you.

What is the length of the average skirt of a walking dress for the street?

The same as last season; that is, anything from 10 to 12 inches from the ground, depending on whether the garment is a country suit or a silk dress.

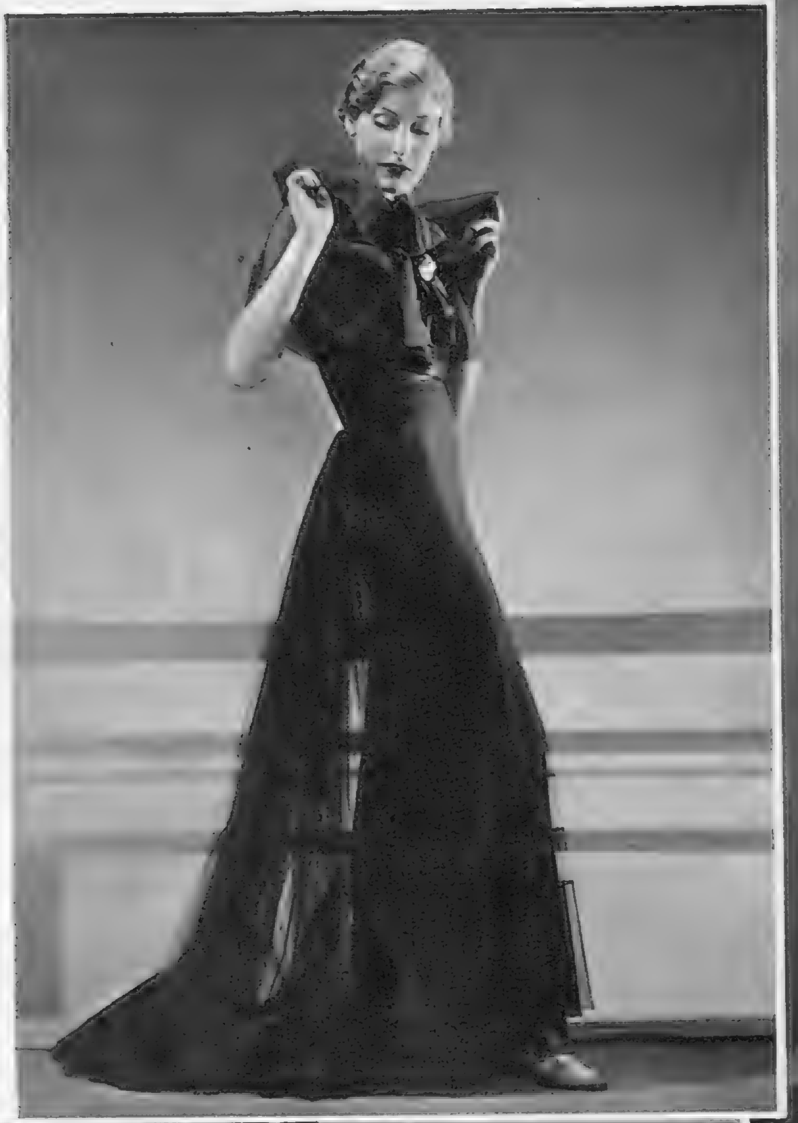
Have the majority of evening gowns got trains?

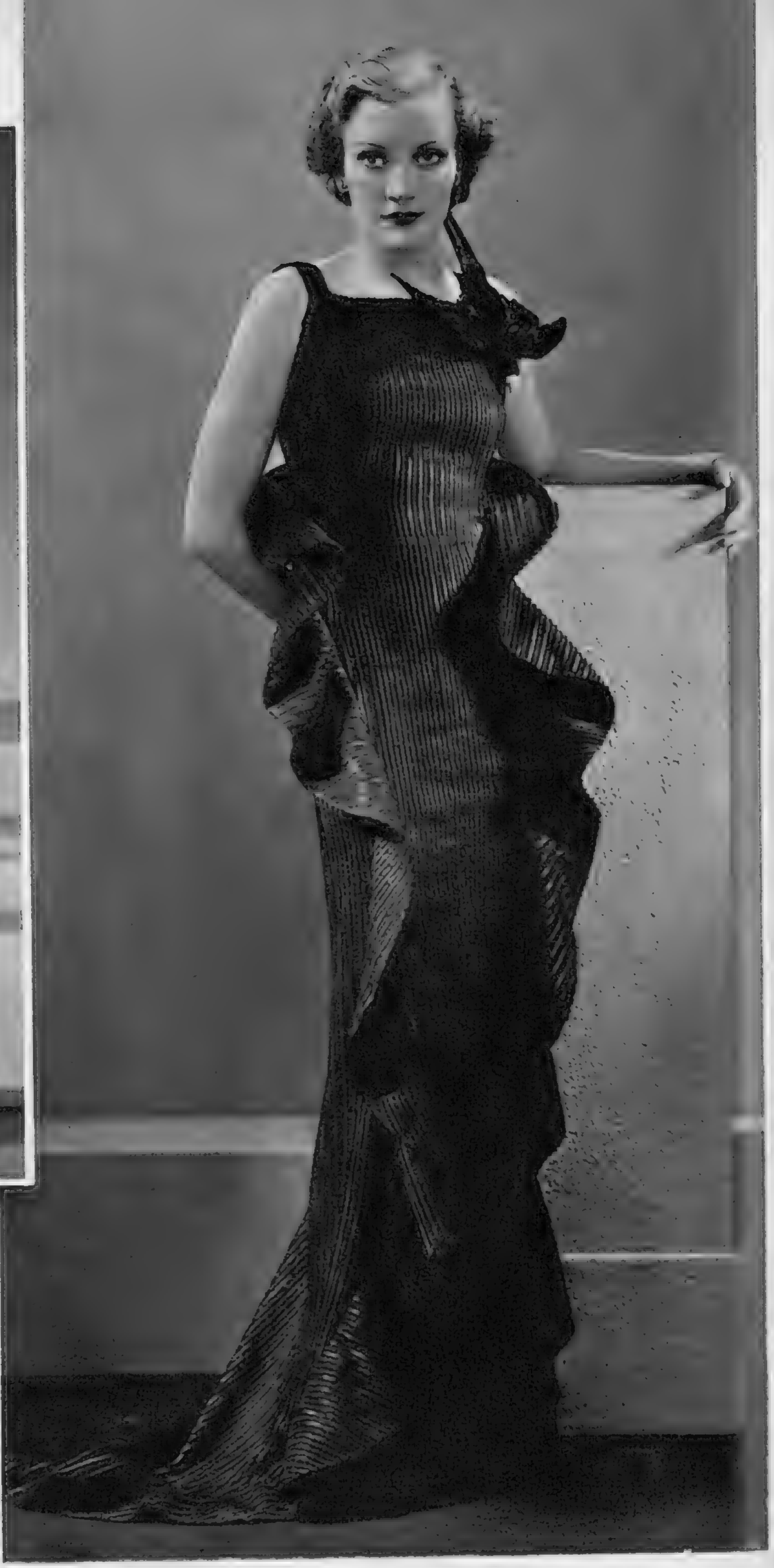
Yes. Whether or not we will cut them off as the season advances or meekly learn to manage them, I don't know, but almost every gown trails on the ground. Hems are uneven, slit on the sides or shaped up in front, and some trains are detachable. How we are to dance no one knows but our mothers.

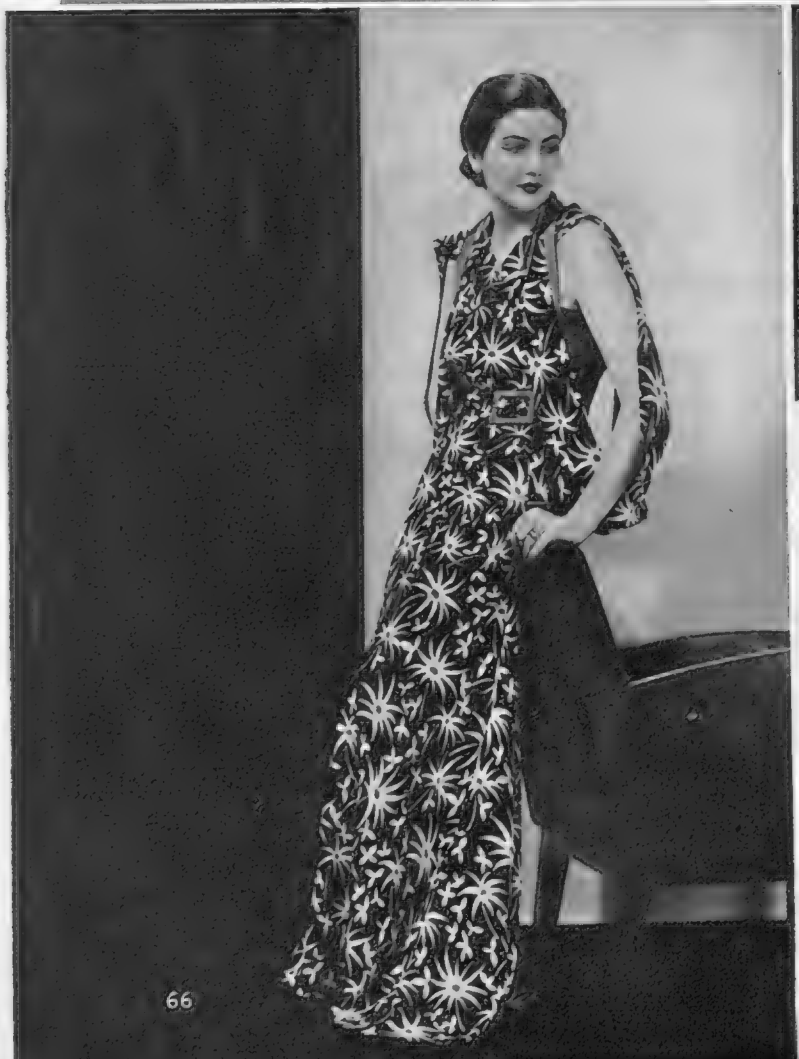
Are coats for day and evening apt to be collarless, with fur around the sleeves rather than the neck?

A bleak, collarless round or square neck is extremely smart, particularly when a small scarf of a bright colour is tucked in. Some coats even stand away from the neck and allow the blouse to be seen.

(Further information about the new fashions is given on pages 68 and 69).







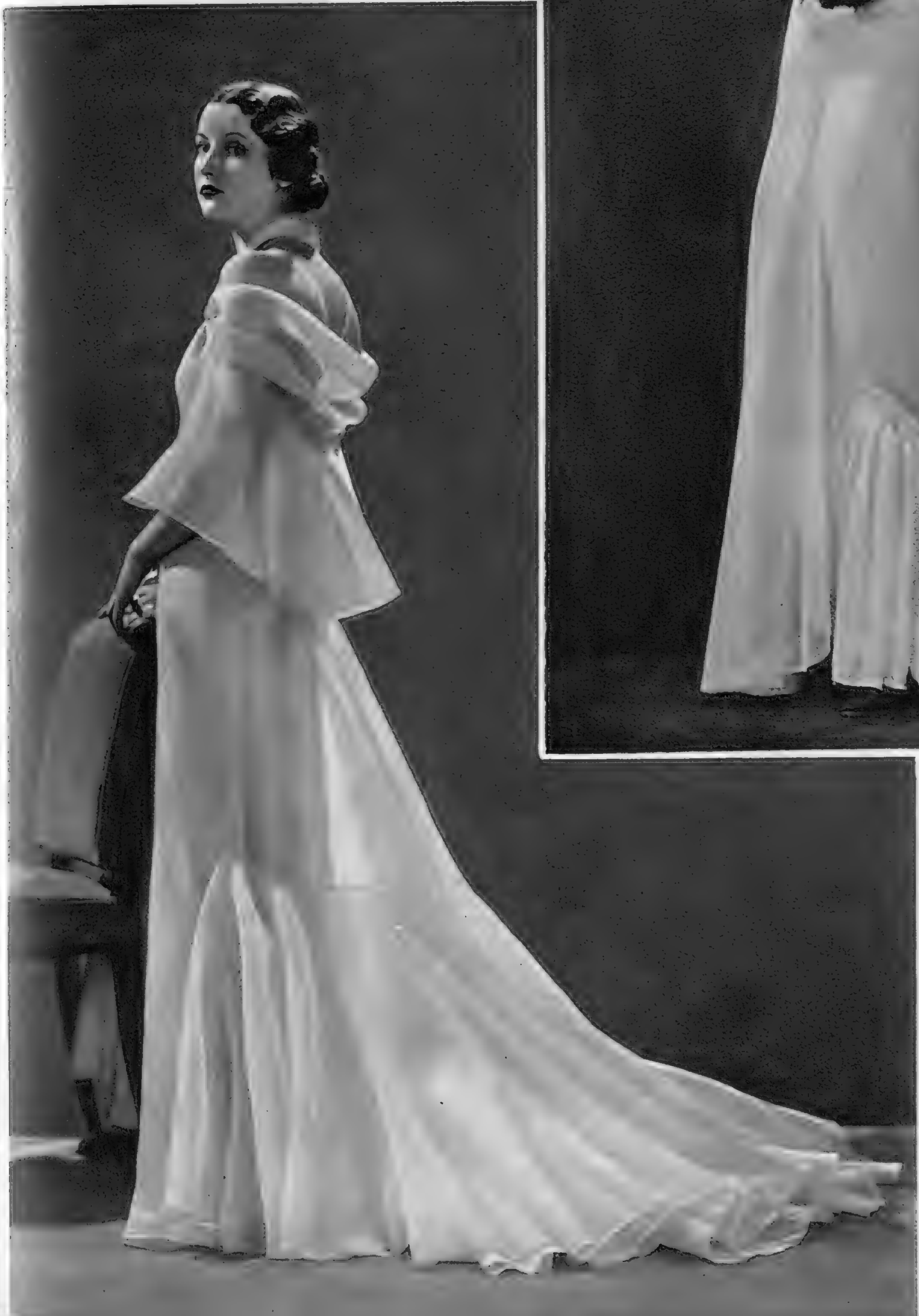
(*Above, left*)
FULL TRANSPARENT TRAIN OVER A TIGHT SKIRT. This Augusta-bernard model is carried out in dark-green satin and tulle. The full tulle overskirt is massed low at the back of the waist and continues into a train of moderate length. The bodice is high in front but backless, and over it is worn a wisp of a tulle cape

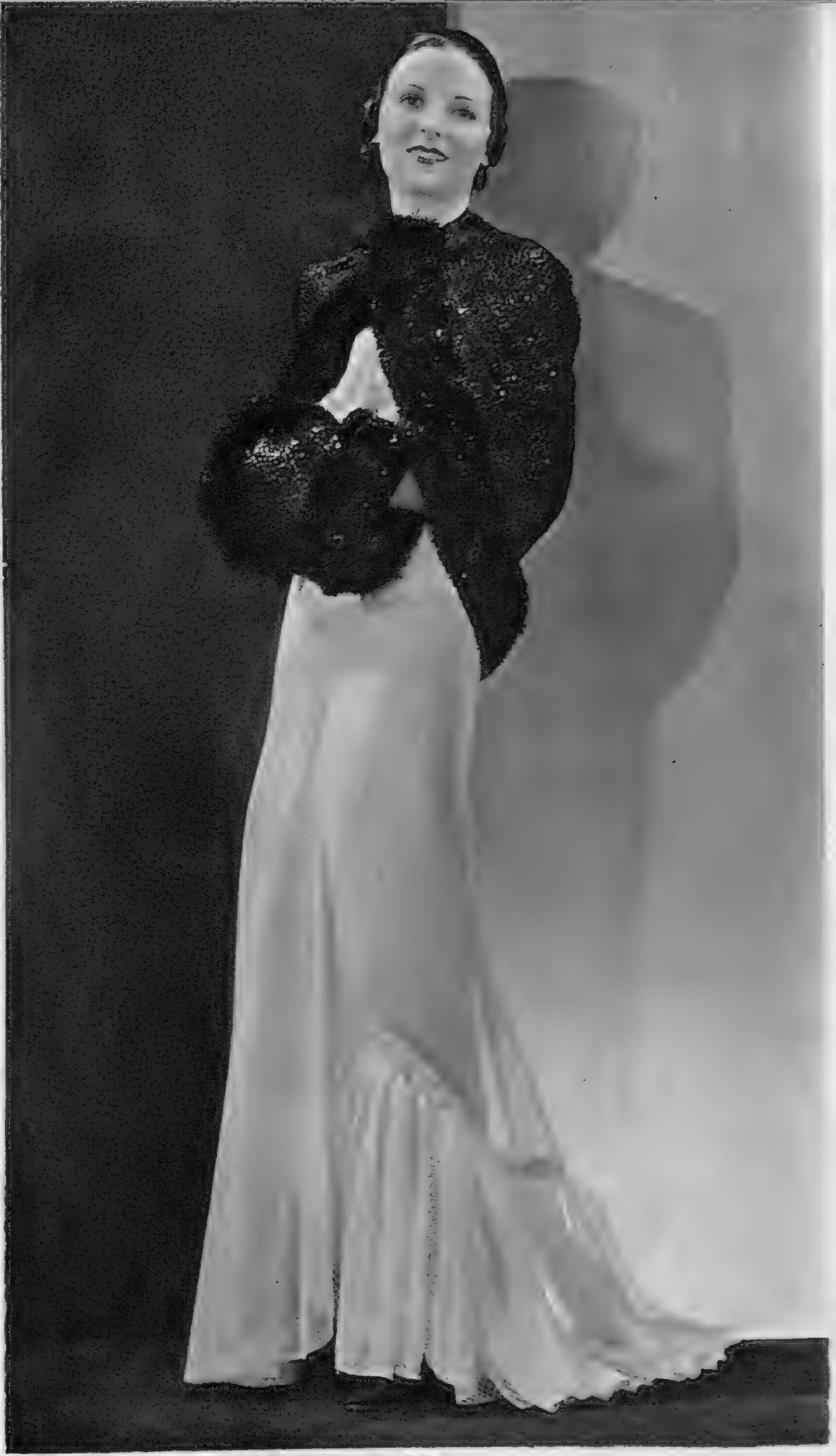
SQUARE DÉCOLLETAGE, TIGHT SKIRT AND FISH-TAIL TRAIN. These are the important points to note in this statuesque gown by Marcel Rochas. The material chosen is a heavy black ribbed silk, and there is no trimming other than a black and grey bird perched on one shoulder. The shaped flounces spring from the low décolletage at the back

FLOWERED CRÊPE-DE-CHINE WITH UNDER-ARM DRAPERIES BUT NO BACK. A graceful dinner gown from Lanvin is made of black-and-white flowered crêpe-de-Chine with loose panels lined in scarlet hanging from the shoulders. At the back only the scarlet under-bodice shows, and again the décolletage is low but the skirt is of moderate length

FIVE OUTSTANDING EXAMPLES OF THE EVENING SILHOUETTE

IMMENSELY FULL SKIRT AND SHOULDER CAPE OF ORGANDIE. Pale orchid colour organdie makes this exquisite gown from Mainbocher. The off-the-shoulder cape and the volume of the skirt recall the gracious ladies of a Winterhalter picture, but the full train is removable—a concession to the demands of modern comfort





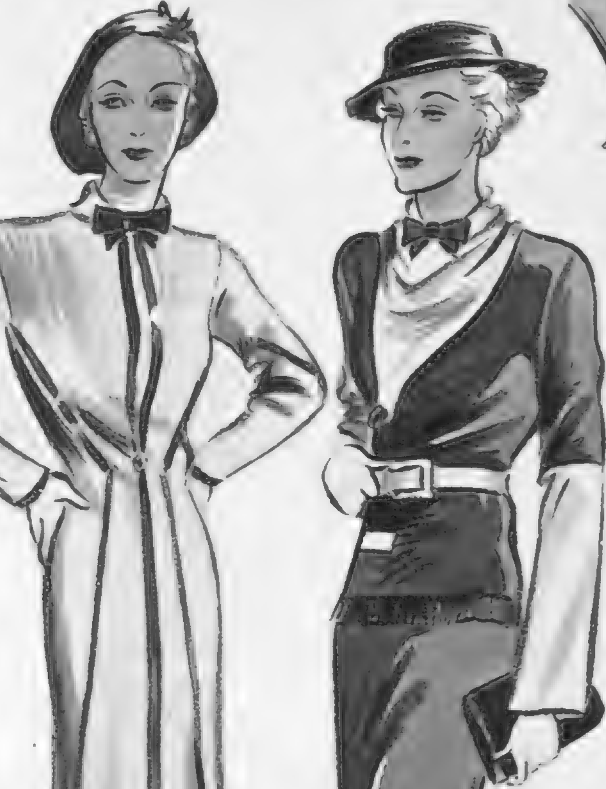
SHORT SHOULDER CAPES FOR EVENING WEAR. A sharp contrast in materials adds piquancy to this Lelong model, which is carried out in white organza and black spangles. The dress has the fullness of the skirt gathered in front, but a flounce gives importance to the hem at the back. The short cape is entirely made of black spangles and has a tiny barrel-muff to match

The Photographs on both these pages are by Dorvyne, Paris

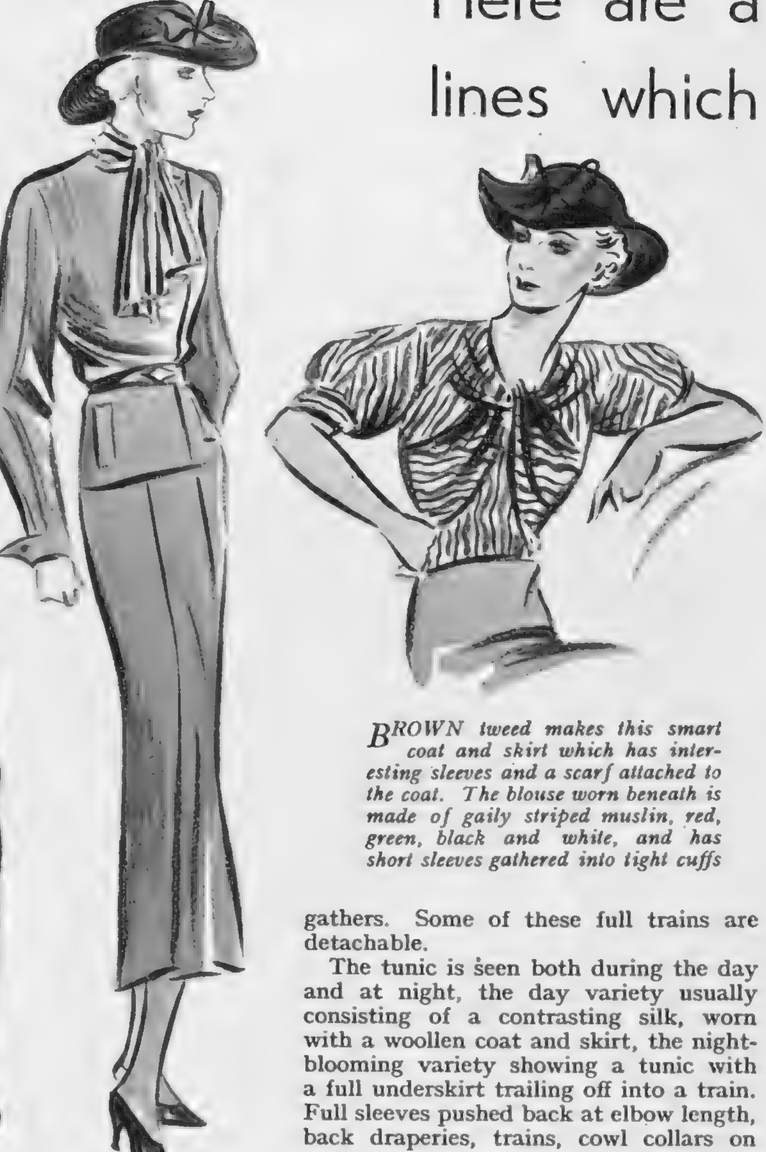
Here are a lines which

ON the whole, the silhouette has changed very little this season : if it has a different appearance during the day it is chiefly due to our hats and our shoulders—last year we were rather high hat and had widely stiffened-out shoulders, but now our hats are shallow-crowned and our shoulders have resumed their normal size. If our evening gowns are conspicuously new, it is probably due to their hems and the novel material in which the dress is made. Otherwise our waists are where nature intended them to be, our skirts are much the same length as ever, with a tendency to lengthen during the course of the day, and in the evening tight-fitting skirts and long trains occasionally result in a slit skirt which shows a ruffled petticoat beneath.

Trains there certainly are, but many of the hems are uneven and considerably shorter in front than behind. The décolletage continues to entirely reveal our backs, though many gowns still show a high line in front; a square décolletage is smart, both in front and at the back, and one has even seen a revival of the tucked-in chemisette. Tiny sleeves or draperies often conceal the shoulders and upper arms.



A PALE-BLUE coat of very lightweight wool has its seams outlined with navy-blue braid and is worn over a navy-blue jumper-suit. Both the hem of the skirt and jumper are fringed. The blue cowl tie with a bow (which shows over the top of the coat) and the pale-blue lower sleeves and pocket complete a very attractive outfit. Nicole Groult



BROWN tweed makes this smart coat and skirt which has interesting sleeves and a scarf attached to the coat. The blouse worn beneath is made of gaily striped muslin, red, green, black and white, and has short sleeves gathered into tight cuffs

The amount of new and different materials adds considerably to any appearance of novelty; straw and coal are two of the many fantastic materials utilised in the creation of our fabrics; taffetas, faille and even good, old-fashioned surah silk have made a popular reappearance, but they have not caused a revival of the so-called "period" dress, and are utilised for strictly contemporary styles. A blown-back effect is characteristic of the new silhouette, and is achieved in evening gowns by massing the fullness of the skirt at the back; if the material is fragile, such as tulle or chiffon, there are innumerable gathers rather low at the waist; if the material is stiff, such as the new cellophane cloth or of taffeta, draperies replace the gathers. Some of these full trains are detachable.

The tunic is seen both during the day and at night, the day variety usually consisting of a contrasting silk, worn with a woollen coat and skirt, the night-blooming variety showing a tunic with a full underskirt trailing off into a train. Full sleeves pushed back at elbow length, back draperies, trains, cowl collars on our coats, all conspire to create this blown-back silhouette and concentrate all the detail at the back, leaving the front severely and sculpturally bare.

Coats and skirts are not only popular (they are always that in our island), but really smart, and the vogue for blouses is at its height. They can be of the "cutest" coloured plaid or patterned variety, or of fine lawn trimmed with pre-war modesty by tucks and real lace. The three-quarter length coat is an accepted favourite, and is seen either as a companion to a one-piece woollen dress or to a skirt and blouse; if the former, the dress and coat are probably of contrasting colours. These coats are not as widely flared as they were last season, many are cut almost on redingot lines, and some of the smartest have three-quarter length sleeves with which long, dark gloves, wrinkled up the arm, are worn. Dresses show many short sleeves or, if long, they are probably revealed by the shorter coat-sleeves. Skirts are more often pleated than cut on the cross; some pleated hems have been seen but the width is moderate.

There are innumerable minor tendencies; there is the slightly Directoire, bunched in front neckline, of Augustabernard, there are also her lovely swirling bouffant skirts; the strong Japanese influence in Molyneux's colouring and printed materials; the ruffles and frills of Chanel; the romantic evening capes of Worth, reminiscent of an Italian soldier's, but of rich satin; the cinematographic

few of the PARIS suggests

fashions of Marcel Rochas, whose most sensational clothes seemed obviously destined for a well-known star; but on the whole, I repeat, the 1934 silhouette is definitely of its period and suitable to its function.

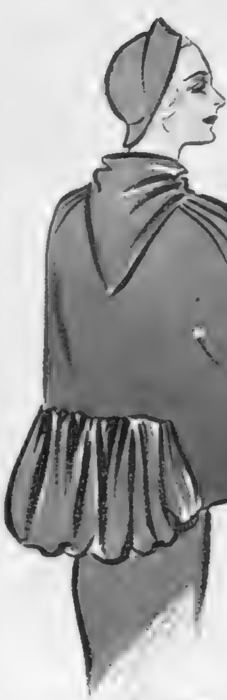
Popular colours for day are black, as usual, a great deal of navy and other blues, some brown and some green. Pastel shades are good, particularly a lovely dirty pink, and are widely used for woollens. For evening, some white, a good deal of black—especially those with extremely brilliant surfaces—lamés of all kinds, plain and patterned silks, chiffons and organdies, and an immense amount of black tulle.

Silk organdie or organza needs a paragraph all to itself, so important is the rôle it plays at night and so lovely are its colours and patterns.

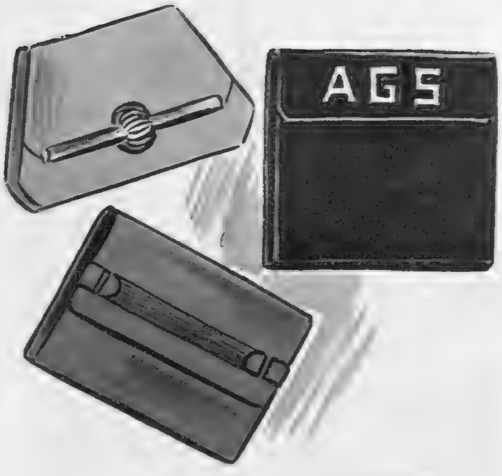
Hats have abandoned the idea of giving us premature or little-earned haloes and have acquired brims, usually shallow and upturned, sometimes square or rolled, and flat crowns.

The conceit of a hat or hat trimming which matches one's gloves, as when a black straw hat was perched on a red and white spotted bandeau and worn with a plain black wool dress and gloves of a spotted material, is a contemporary note worth recording.

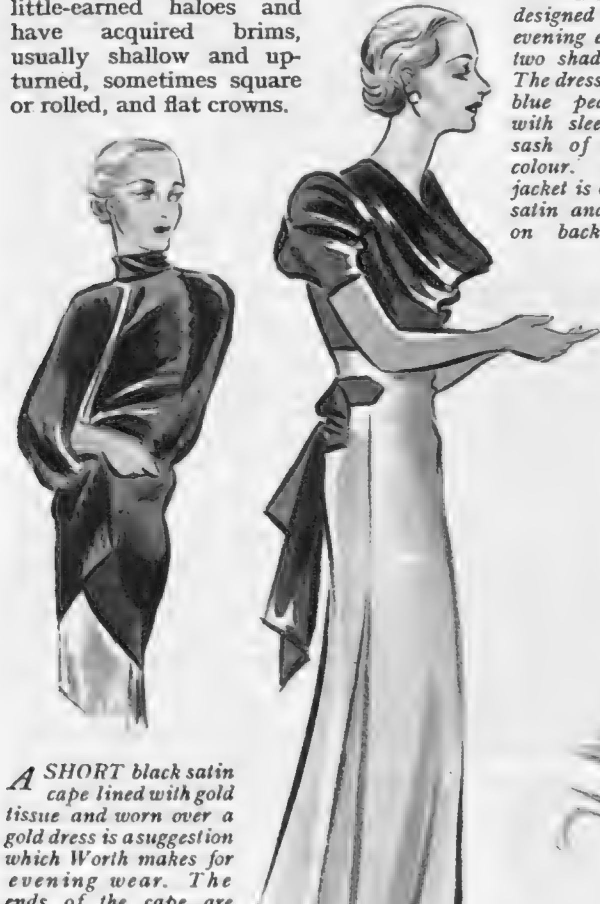
Hair is elaborately curled, with a tendency for the curls to create an up-at-the-back line reminiscent of a chignon, and hair ornaments begin to eclipse the diadem. M. G.



FOR the street Augustabernard designed this little cape to be worn over a matching dress. Note the gathered section at the back and the cowl collar



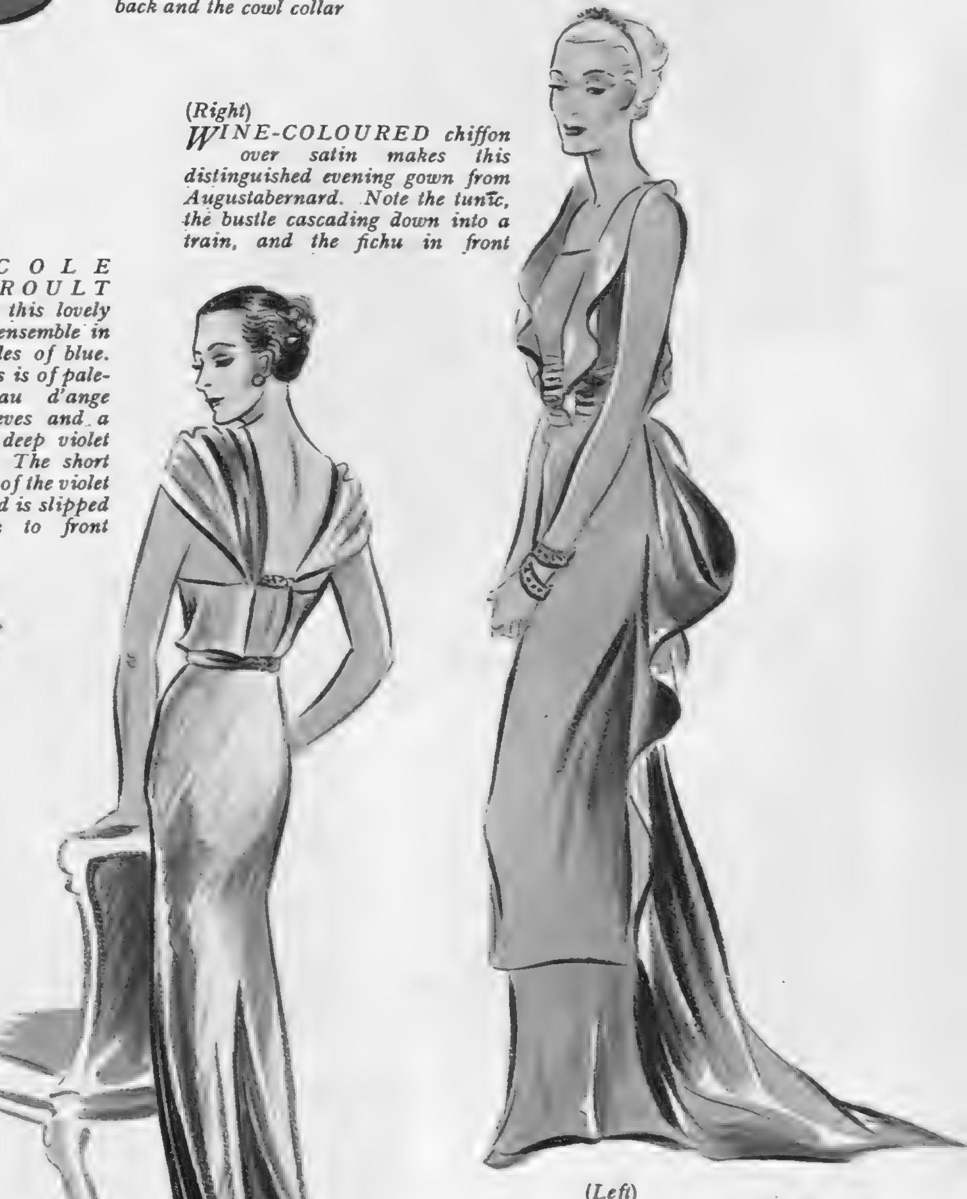
THESE three bags illustrate some of the tendencies of the season. The enormous initials are of coloured glass on black suède, and the bulbous fastener on the leather pochette is metal. The third bag is of stitched silk



A SHORT black satin cape lined with gold tissue and worn over a gold dress is a suggestion which Worth makes for evening wear. The ends of the cape are wound round the neck

(Below)

NICOLE GROULT designed this lovely evening ensemble in two shades of blue. The dress is of pale-blue peau d'ange with sleeves and a sash of deep violet colour. The short jacket is of the violet satin and is slipped on back to front



(Right)

WINE-COLOURED chiffon over satin makes this distinguished evening gown from Augustabernard. Note the tunic, the bustle cascading down into a train, and the fichu in front

(Left)

A GOLD tissue evening gown from Worth clings closely to the figure and has a full, inset train. The shoulders are covered by wide gathered pieces of the materiel and the back décolletage is interesting. The front décolletage is square

Afternoon Tea . . .

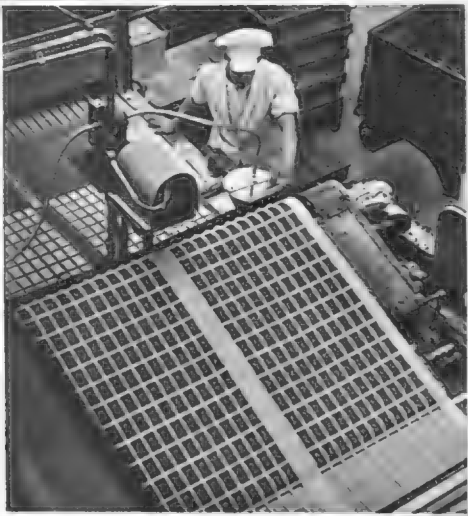
Or a little about the huge machinery which makes our biscuits and Vita-weat

IMAGINE a kitchen 20 acres in size; imagine using 300 large sacks of flour a day; imagine an oven 140 feet in length; imagine 100,000 tins of biscuits in the cupboard! If you could bring your mind to envisage housekeeping on such a gargantuan scale you would only begin to imagine all that is surprising in a visit to the factory of Messrs. Peek Frean. Here are 4,000 employees, the majority girls, engaged not only in making biscuits but in creating all the accessories demanded by such a huge enterprise.

Such things as the shredded paper used for packing, the printing of the coloured labels on the tins, the soldering of the tins (a task at which women are exceptionally proficient), the making of thousands of overalls, the mid-day feeding of thousands of people, the making of the great packing-cases which eventually find their way all over the world, the fine sculpture required for the original mould in which the biscuits are made—all these and a multitude of other occupations are engaged in, for the factory is practically a self-supporting entity and as far as possible everything used is made on the premises.

The technical ingenuity of many of the machines is extraordinary: it seems they do everything but talk; think they certainly must; and it is interesting to note that several of the most striking were the inventions of employees. The immense 140 feet oven is one. Here you see the mixture, which has already been thoroughly kneaded, sometimes for ten hours or more, in vast revolving drums, forced through rollers on to a slowly moving ribbon which carries the paste the full length of the oven, during which time it is gradually rolled thin, cut into shapes, the edges are trimmed away (see photo on left) and baked to a nicety. The biscuits are then lowered neatly and quietly on to descending trays, which in their turn place them on a second ribbon returning beneath the oven so that there reappears, where only minutes ago a raw mixture entered, dozens of fully fledged, absolutely hard biscuits ready for consumption. And remember that during all these complicated operations no hand has touched them.

ANOTHER ingenious device is that which permits the sorters and packers to make known their wants without having to raise their voices or do little more than move a finger. You know those boxes of delicious assorted biscuits, all and every one, whether you buy them in London, Liverpool or Singapore, containing just the same number of just the same biscuits arranged in just the same way? Well, this is how it is done. On either side of a long table sit girls with a selection of tins arranged at an easy height. Each girl takes a biscuit from the tin before her and puts it on a sheet of paper placed on a moving ribbon; to this pile each girl adds as the ribbon passes her until the number is complete and the packer at the end is reached, but should any girl find the biscuits in a tin running low, all she has to do is to press a button beside the tin and there appears on a switch-board set high above the table, (*Contd. on page* 90).



THE Peek Frean tower is a well-known landmark of the neighbourhood. The method of cutting and stamping is clearly shown in the photograph above

LOOK at the names on these packing-cases! They are filled with boxes of Peek Frean biscuits, and are going to destinations all over the world

THE initial design of a biscuit requires considerable skill in sculpture and is the work of trained artists

Old Enemies *make* Good Friends

Some new types of fires which are remarkably efficient, labour-saving and economical

THE "Metro" coke fire burns with a bright flame, requires little attention, and is easily lit by a gas jet placed invisibly beneath

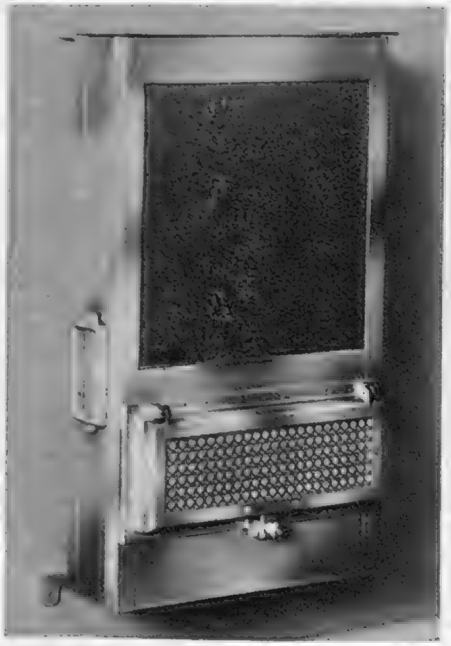
THE "Moderne" Radiant-Panel gas heater has a narrow projection which makes it particularly suitable for a hall or small room

SOMEONE once remarked that in Victorian days servants must have been considered as enemies, so many were the obstacles placed between them and their masters—double doors, long corridors, bleak staircases, separate wings—but an enemy certainly equally suspect was the then new element of gas. This, horridly smelling, throwing an unkind white glare on faces hitherto seen only by the soft light of candles and lamps, spluttering and popping, dangerously igniting, dismayed and disgusted our grandmothers.

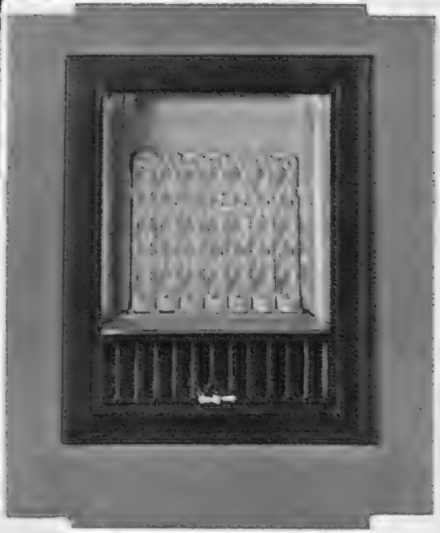
But, together with steam, electricity and the ether, gas has been conquered by man and ministers meekly to his wants, and the once-dangerous and foul fumes are things of the past.

An unusually brilliant advertising campaign has recently brought to our notice the utility and complaisance of this once-derided element. There need be no cold corners during sharp spring days or unseasonable summer evenings, and also no waste when heating is not necessary, nor any expensive installation to discourage prospective buyers. Now the last disadvantage has been removed, and at the Ideal Home Exhibition we are given a gas fire which is non-inflammable!

At their stand at Olympia, Messrs. Sidney Flavel are showing a new type of gas fire which will not cause to ignite even such combustible materials as petrol or benzine. In this model, which they appropriately term the "Garage," the principle of protection is similar to that adopted in the Davy Miner's Safety Lamp, but in actual appearance this fire is designed as an attractive wall panel or can be supplied in a stand-up form. These wall fires, which fit flush with the wall, have doors fitted with stainless steel gauzes protected by a wire mesh, and the many excellent designs in which they can be obtained makes them supply a real want.



HERE is the "Garage" model described on this page. Note the narrow projection and ease with which it may be attached to the wall



THE Flavel built-in gas fire, set flush with the wall, is a great improvement on the old designs

This type of Radiant-Panel gas heater utilises the fact, hitherto unexploited to its fullest extent, that black gives out radiant heat. An attractive example of such a heater is shown in the photograph below, where you will notice that a panel of heat-resisting flame glass allows the cheerful glow of the fire to show and gives this radiator a most welcome appearance. Its neat corners and narrow projection make it a perfect form of heating where space must be saved. It is absolutely safe and inexpensive to run.

Another type of fire which Messrs. Flavel are showing at Olympia is the "Metro" coke fire. This is illustrated in the photograph at the top of the page, and consists of a basket filled with a special coke. The two first objections raised with regard to coke are that it smells, and that it is difficult to ignite. The first I can guarantee from personal experience not to hold good with the special coke which can now be obtained. It is absolutely odourless, and so free from dust that a finger passed over furniture in a room in which a "Metro" fire has been burning all day will be found to be immaculate, whereas we all know to our cost the amount of dust deposited by a coal fire in a few hours. The difficulty of lighting is entirely obviated by a gas jet placed invisibly below. Another objection often raised is that coke burns dully, but this new type is always capped with bright and cheerful flames. M. G.

Hepworth

GEOMETRY to the fore. The octagonal tea-set is very attractive, and so are the triangular salt, pepper, and mustard pots. Note also the three-pronged forks and the oval bowls of the spoons. All the silver in this photograph comes from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

Mid - Season Catering

Some recipes which compromise with the weather but not with quality

By A. H. Adair

We are constantly writing of the problems of the housewife, and offering suggestions, giving advice and trying to forestall the many difficulties which the cook, whether she be an amateur or a professional, has to overcome.

But I wonder how many of my readers guess the amount of thought that a conscientious recipe-writer must give to his or her articles? We cannot see our readers to talk to them. We do not know if they like this and that or simply cannot "touch" the other. Do they possess an electric cooker, a modern gas-stove fitted with the miraculous "Regulo," or do they "swear by" their good, old-fashioned coal range?

Have they the time to do their own shopping or do they order by telephone? Are the shops in their district well stocked with a variety of inexpensive goods or do they have to travel far to buy their provisions? And what is the weather going to be like next week?

This time I should like to write "now that Spring is really here we can start on lighter meals," but who knows what changes of temperature we may have to cope with, so once more we must compromise and be prepared for everything; thus the following recipes, for entrées and sweets, may be used either for luncheon or dinner in any kind of weather.

Calf's Liver Gratiné

First cook until soft half a pound of spaghetti in boiling salted water. When ready, strain it and let it dry thoroughly standing in the colander.

Take four rashers of streaky bacon, fry and remove them, and cut each rasher in small pieces. Add a little butter to the bacon fat and cook in this mixture half a pound of calf's liver cut into slices about six inches long and first rolled in flour.

Butter a fireproof dish, put a layer of spaghetti at the bottom, a few slices of liver, some of the bacon, and fill the dish in this manner, finishing with a covering of spaghetti. Beat two eggs and pour them all over the dish slowly, so that they moisten the contents evenly. Sprinkle the top with grated cheese, add a few tiny pieces of butter here and there, and brown in a quick oven.

Lamb Cutlets with Anchovy Butter

We must not be afraid of trying new dishes even if they may sound very strange. After all, many English savouries consist of mixtures of meat and fish; the famous Angels on Horseback (oysters and bacon) being a typical example, while anchovies are constantly used with other and quite opposite ingredients.

For our dish of lamb we choose good cutlets, not too large and carefully trimmed and freed from fat. Allow two for each person and either grill them—which is preferable—or fry them, in which case butter should be used. When cooked, dispose the cutlets on a bed of smooth mashed potatoes and hand separately the butter sauce. The sauce is made by chopping very finely some fillets of anchovy in oil—two fillets for each person—and when they are chopped we mash them to a paste which we work in with the butter, using twice the amount of butter as we have of anchovy paste. Add a little chopped parsley, mix well again and serve; in a cold sauce-boat, of course.

Chicken Croquettes à l'Americaine

Remove all the flesh from a cold cooked chicken and mince it with a quarter of a pound of cooked ham and one onion. Add chopped parsley and a few finely chopped olives. Season with salt and pepper and mix well; add the yolks of two eggs, stirring again thoroughly so that the mixture is well bound together.

Meanwhile have ready a very light paste of the flaky kind, roll it out very thin and cut it into pieces about four inches square. Place a little of the mince in the centre of each piece of paste, roll into the shape of a small sausage. Paint each croquette with beaten egg and roll in vermicelli; bread-crumbs would do instead, but the vermicelli is less banal and should be used if possible.

Have ready some boiling fat and fry the croquettes until they are a good golden brown. Remove them, drain them well and dry them on blotting-paper in the oven with the door open. Serve as soon as possible after they are ready.

Baked Pears

Choose some fairly large pears—they must be all the same size—one for each person. Prick them all over with a fork and stand them in a fireproof dish. Use, if possible, an earthenware or glass fireproof one, as the pears should be served in the dish in which they have cooked. Add enough cold water to make half an inch at the bottom of the dish, a handful of lump sugar, and a piece each of the rind of an orange and a lemon. Sprinkle soft sugar on the top of each pear, and place the dish in a hot oven for fifteen minutes, basting frequently. Now reduce the heat and let the pears cook very slowly for one hour at least. The most satisfactory results are obtained by putting the pears in an ordinary coal oven when it is still hot, but not being used any more. We discovered this through an accident. A dish of pears was put in the oven one evening after dinner had been cooked and then—forgotten. When we retrieved them the next morning we discovered that they were the best we had ever made.

Pineapple Salad

There are often, in England, consignments of newly-arrived fresh pineapples sold at a very reasonable price. We should seize one of these occasions to try some of the delicious salads made with pineapple, which blends with many things: Pineapple, and orange or grape-fruit; with Maraschina cherries or with crushed macaroons.

A particularly good salad can be made with pineapple—cut into small pieces—soft sugar and desiccated coco-nut mixed well together and moistened with the juice of the fruit. Put the bowl in a cold place or on ice long enough to chill the salad before serving.

The Revival of Waffles

By
A. H. Adair

A dish which has many recommendations, not the least being that it can be made at table

HERE is a novelty which would be splendid to use with waffles. The Spork fulfils all the functions of a fork but also has many other uses. It is a great improvement when stews, hors d'œuvres, etc., have to be eaten, and would prevent any of the delicious sauces or syrups which are eaten with waffles from being wasted

THE Solon electric waffler guarantees you piping hot waffles in a few minutes. All you have to do is to plug-in to any standard power or light plug, pour over your waffle mixture and in a few minutes you have a delicious dish, which may be sweet or savoury as you wish. Read the recipes on this page and see if they won't make you go out and buy a Solon waffler. The price is 32/6

TO say that waffles have only just reached Europe would be not exactly correct. It is true that this delicacy has been very much neglected until quite recently, but in France, at any rate, waffles are considered as an old-fashioned and ever popular form of little cake, and at any seaside resort there is always a place where one can buy freshly made *Gauffres*, watching them being prepared while one waits.

But there is no doubt about the revival of waffles in England. They are becoming increasingly popular and, what is more interesting, are being put to many uses not dreamt of in the past. Probably the chief reason for the present-day vogue for waffles is due to the fact that one can buy, very cheaply, electrically operated waffle irons which are so simple to manage, so clean and economical that they are becoming part of the normal equipment of the average modern kitchen; and, of course, this is a utensil which can be used in any part of the house where there is electricity available. We simply take our Solon waffler to the room in which we are having our meal.

Therefore, we can make our waffles at the breakfast table, in the drawing-room, or the nursery, and at any time of the day or night. The preparation, so simple, is made in advance, and the actual cooking of the waffles, taking but a few minutes, entails no mess, no litter of ingredients and utensils, and therefore eliminates more than half of the usual pile of dirty dishes which follow on the preparation of an ordinary meal.

The Batter

The manufacturers of the "Solon" electric waffler supply also a prepared powder which has only to be moistened and mixed according to instructions given, when the batter is then ready for use. This, of course, is a great boon to the busy housekeeper who has little time to spare. It is also invaluable to people who, living in small flats, do not have many meals at home, but still like occasionally to ask a few friends to tea or supper.

But as many people will prefer to make their own batter we give the proportions for various mixtures.

Waffle Mixture

Sift two teacupfuls of flour into a bowl, add a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and mix well. Make a hole in the middle and drop in two eggs. Work the mixture to a paste and then add, little by little, a teacupful of milk, beating until you have a smooth batter free of lumps.

Now prepare the Solon waffler, switching on the current for about five minutes before making the first waffle. Slightly grease the grid—this is only necessary for the first waffle—and cover the bottom grid with batter. Close the waffler and leave it until all the steam has evaporated. Repeat this process until you have made the required number of waffles. Should the waffles be required for a "sweet" purpose, add a tablespoonful of castor sugar to the flour. But we should never mix too much sugar with the batter, as it tends to make it sticky.

Various Uses for Waffles

Waffles are delicious when served as an accompaniment to, or part of, dishes for every meal in the day. For breakfast we can use them instead of toast, which is usually placed under eggs. Poached, fried or scrambled eggs are extremely good eaten with waffles and, of course, with honey, jam or marmalade they are perfect.

For luncheon, dinner or supper, especially when a light meal is preferred, many dishes can be improvised.

Waffles Princesse

This excellent dish can be made with "left overs" of a cold cooked chicken. We cut the chicken into small pieces and heat them for a few minutes in butter, adding salt, pepper and a pinch of curry powder. Meanwhile prepare a *Béchamel* sauce with flour, butter and warm milk. It should be fairly thick, and when ready add enough to the pieces of chicken to bind them nicely together. Pile the chicken mixture on each hot waffle and sprinkle with grated cheese.

Ginger Waffles

Mix together for each person a tablespoonful of cream, a dessert-spoonful of castor sugar and the same quantity of the syrup from a jar of preserved ginger. Spread the mixture on a freshly made waffle and cover with finely chopped preserved ginger.

Savoury Waffles

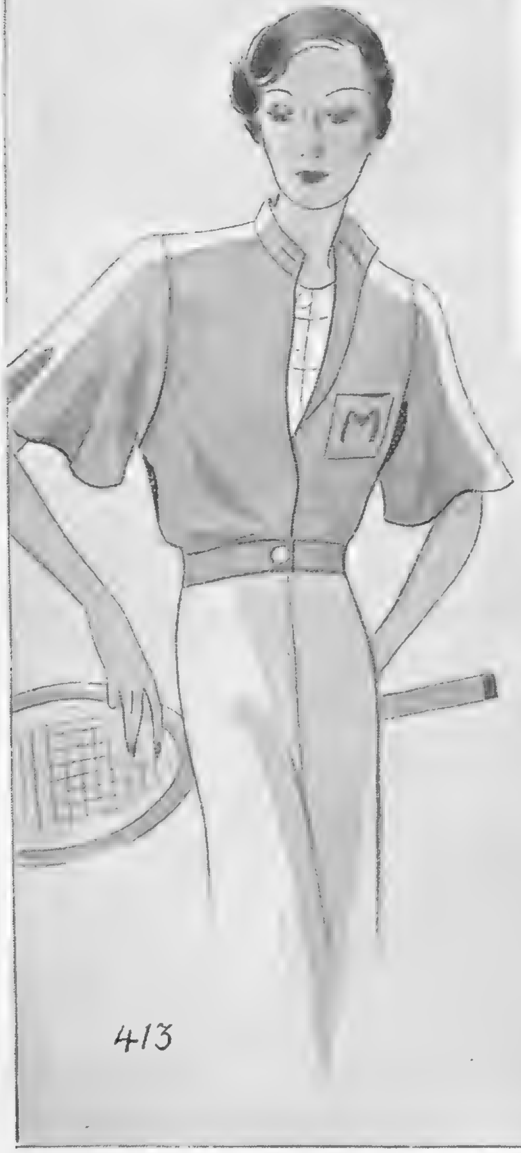
Many delicious savouries or appetisers can be made by mixing butter with fish or meat pastes, cheese, olives, chopped anchovies or mashed sardines. A particularly good combination is a butter flavoured with anchovy sauce or paste and spread on to a hot waffle. Have ready some rashers of streaky bacon very crisply fried, chop them and sprinkle over each prepared waffle.

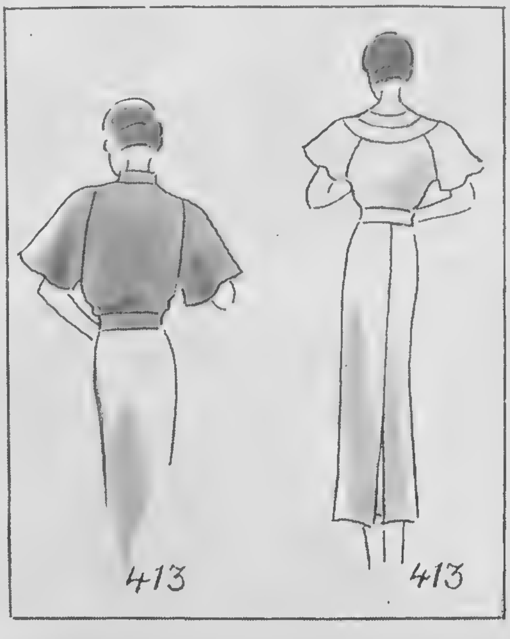
OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

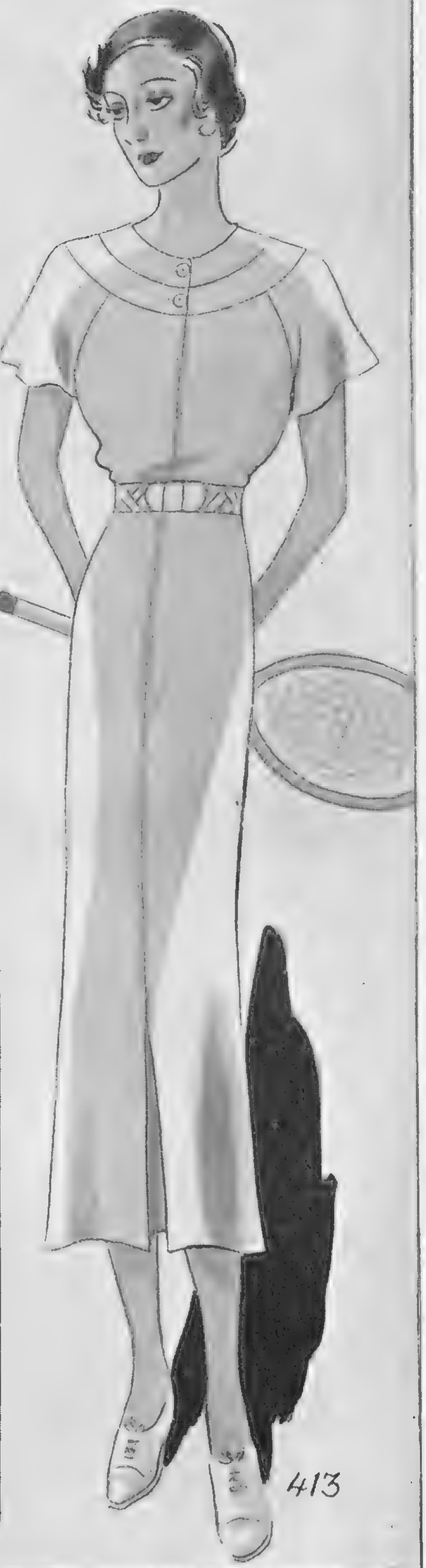
How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

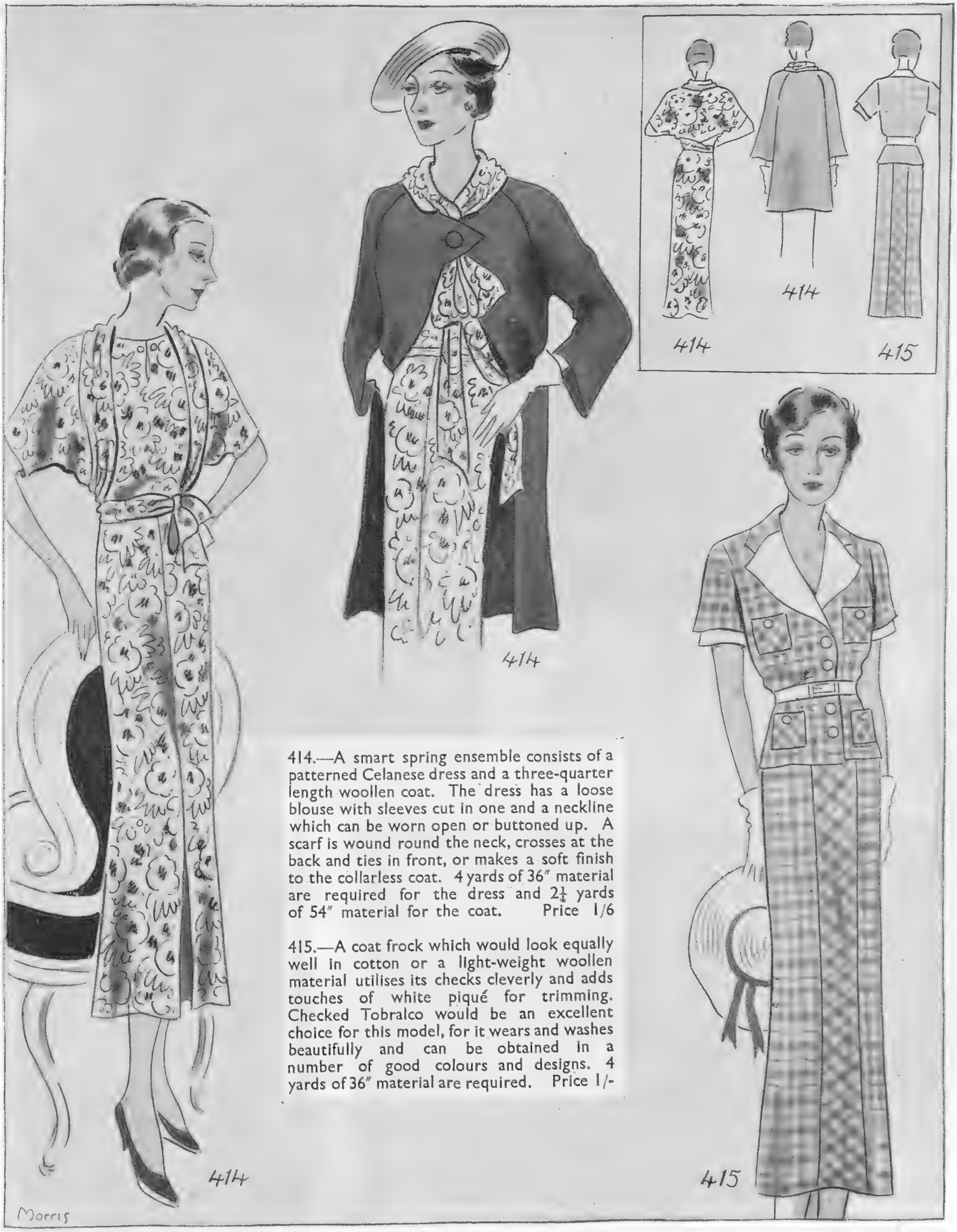
413.—This charming and simple tennis frock is easily made. Its short flared sleeves allow for absolute freedom of movement but give it a definitely new look. The skirt has an inverted pleat back and front. It requires 3¾ yards of 36″ material. The little coat would be a useful addition to almost any summer dress and is just what is needed to slip on after a strenuous game. It would look charming in butcher blue or scarlet. 1¼ yard of 54″ material is required. The price of the two patterns complete is 1/6.







for the HOME DRESSMAKER



414.—A smart spring ensemble consists of a patterned Celanese dress and a three-quarter length woollen coat. The dress has a loose blouse with sleeves cut in one and a neckline which can be worn open or buttoned up. A scarf is wound round the neck, crosses at the back and ties in front, or makes a soft finish to the collarless coat. 4 yards of 36″ material are required for the dress and 2¼ yards of 54″ material for the coat. Price 1/6

415.—A coat frock which would look equally well in cotton or a light-weight woollen material utilises its checks cleverly and adds touches of white piqué for trimming. Checked Tobralco would be an excellent choice for this model, for it wears and washes beautifully and can be obtained in a number of good colours and designs. 4 yards of 36″ material are required. Price 1/-

Telescoped Accommodation

Two rooms in one : some useful suggestions

By Wilma Buckley

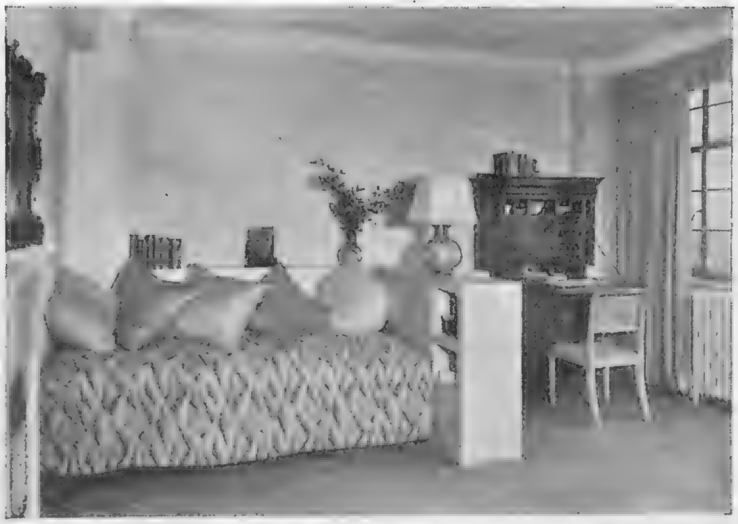
IT is perfectly understood that the exigencies of life, as it is to-day, demand interiors that are space-saving, but what has not yet been realised by everybody is the fact that this does not necessarily mean cramped quarters and general discomfort. The really practical modern house or flat will not harbour a series of tiny compartments in which it would be impossible to " swing a cat" . . . but rather two or three well-proportioned and sizeable rooms created to do double duty.

The bed-sitting room designed by Raymond McGrath has been planned for utility and beauty together, creating a real sense of expansion without wasting any space. The substitution of built-in furniture for the usual bedroom suite, and the incorporation of a writing-desk, result in a dual-purposed room of great charm. The wood fittings are of ash, the lighting is tubular, and a revolving bronze mirror adds an unusual note. Colour is provided by a carpet of black and vermilion, and by the general scheme of drapery in lemon-yellow and chartreuse.

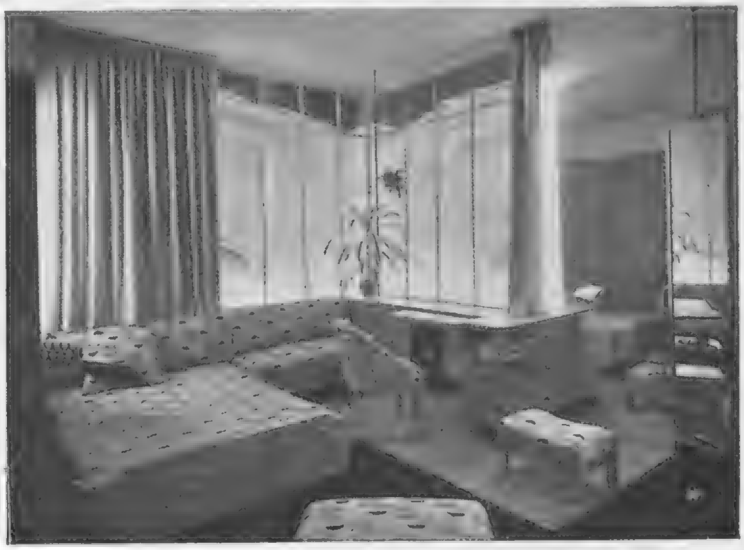
An excellent study-living room was arranged in two sections: one for working, the other for reading or entertaining. The practical rosewood desk had an accompanying chair covered in tweed, the same fabric being chosen for a capacious sofa and armchair. A rosewood cocktail-fitting very conveniently contained a serving-table, cupboard, and case for glasses, and a small coffee-table of the same wood can be moved about the room as required. The built-in filing cabinet, cupboards, and bookshelves were all of steel, and the walls were covered with cellulosed plywood, except at the working end of the room, where synthetic cellulosed lacquer had been used.

The kitchen-dining room, designed by Mrs. Darcy Braddell, would make cooking or eating a pleasure in any circumstances. Pale grey waxed woodwork, with black handles and skirting, combines agreeably with primrose-yellow walls and curtains. The sink is conveniently placed in a bay formed by jutting-out tables and cupboards, and the dining-room section is concentrated in a corner by the window. Here are a large built-in sideboard and a bookshelf and settee. An interesting feature is the Interoven stove which heats the room and at the same time cooks and heats the bath water, and another instance of forethought is provided by the grey, silver, and yellow washable paper over the fireplace.

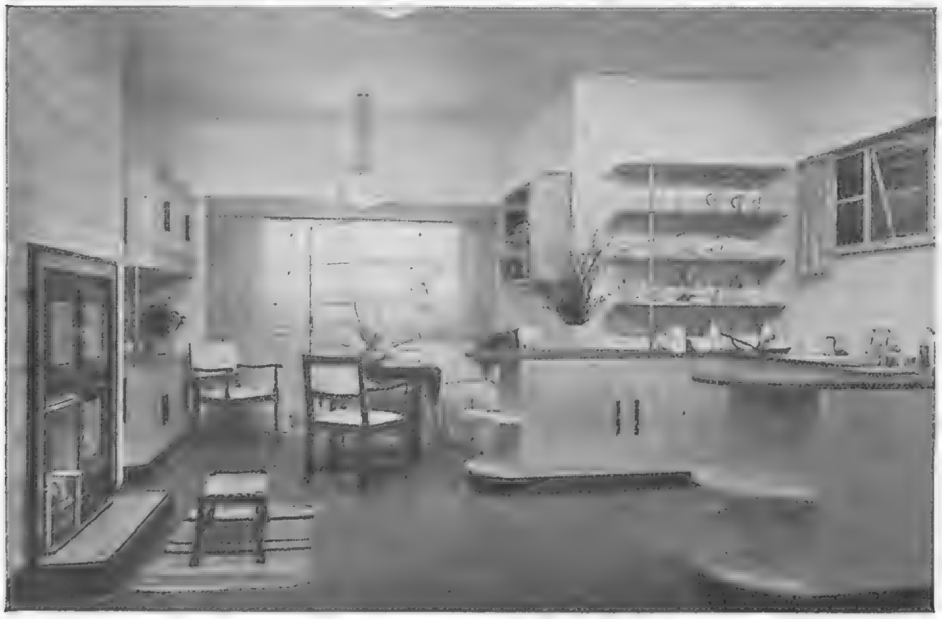
The bath-dressing room, arranged to allow plenty of centre space, had a built-in boot and shoe cupboard below one of the windows which did duty as a table for cosmetics, and a long settee fitted into the corner opposite the bath. The walls were tiled in rosy-beige, and both bath and toilet-basin were of sang-de-bœuf porcelain enamel, with chromium-plated taps and towel-rails. Curtains and sofa-cover of brocade, and a warm beige carpet, softened the purely utilitarian aspect of the room and created the right ambience for a leisurely and luxurious toilette.



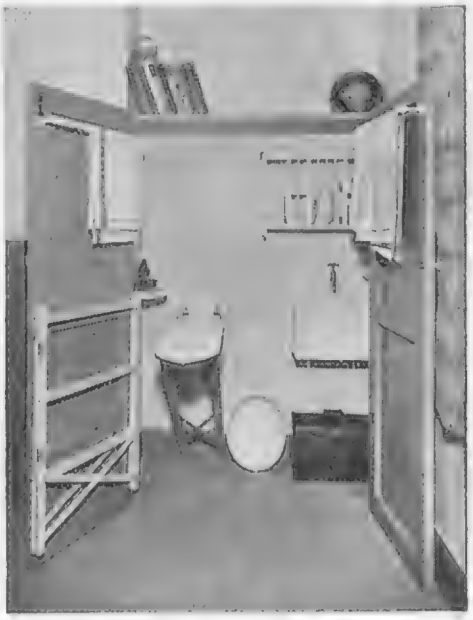
HERE is a bed-sitting room which utilises the divan bed as a fireside sofa, building it in by a simple fitment of waxed pinewood. In the unseen section of the room a cupboard which houses clothes has been built across the corner. The colour scheme is beige, peach, coral and gold



ANOTHER bed-sitting room of a more elaborate nature has a fitment which extends from the bed right around the room and includes a desk and a particularly efficient dressing-table. Note the expanding bookrest. This room was designed by Raymond McGrath and executed by Trollope



HERE is a transformation which could easily be effected in the basement of a large house. A kitchen-dining room such as this, with an efficient Interoven stove, a built-in sink and cupboards and gay curtains, would cheer the lot of the servantless housewife



A FAMILY living room would be improved by a recess screened off by a cupboard containing a sink, machine, towel-rail, etc.

BRITAIN'S . DEPENDABLE . CAR

So she asked Rosemary why *she had* INVESTED IN AN AUSTIN

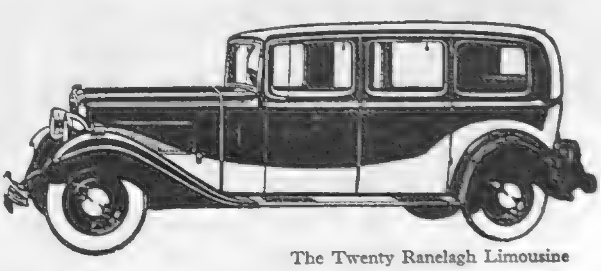
The Twenty Ranelagh Limousine (*as illustrated below*). Seven Seater. Vaumol hide or Bedford cord upholstery. Adjustable screen separating driving compartment. 23.5 h.p. 6-cylinder engine. 4-speed gearbox with Synchromesh gears. Triplex glass. Chromium finish. Dunlop tyres. Price at works, £595. The Sunshine Roof fitted to Austin cars, and used exclusively for the last three years, is made by us under licence from The Pytchley Autocar Company.

Read the Austin Magazine: 4d. every month.

And Rosemary had plenty to say . . . in fact like a saleswoman to the manner born! What other car, she had pointed out, had such a reputation for *dependability*—the one thing that every motorist demanded above all? Had she tried the new Austin gear-change—the Synchromesh—how easy it made things? If running expenses were a consideration, she had added, Austin certainly scored heavily. And what an improvement in appearance and design the latest Austins showed. 50 models to choose from! The low lines, achieved by the cross-braced drop frames (really technical she got) which did so much to banish body-rattle. The latest type springing, the larger, more efficient brakes, the *rear* seats adjustable as well as the front. Why, she finished up, good as the Austin had always been as a motoring investment, it was even better than ever with so many advancements.

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN

AUSTIN



The Twenty Ranelagh Limousine

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Birmingham and 479 Oxford Street, London. London Service Depots: 12, 16 & 20 h.p., Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p. North Row, W.1

The New Material

Moufflaine REGD.

Fashion's Verdict—smart women unanimously agree that "Moufflaine" is the Knitwear of 1934.

Exclusive. Always . . . Being the product of a rare species of Himalayan Sheep "Moufflaine" is scarce and costly to obtain and therefore will always be exclusive.

Soft as Indian Cashmere, Silky as pure Alpaca, but is completely free from coarse dark hairs, and dyes beautifully in even the most delicate shades, which the delightful colour book of 34 modern shades amply demonstrates. The illustration shows a 3 Piece in a novelty stitch and most becoming style, which is only one of a magnificent range of models designed specially for the new material.

Suits—Cardigans—Jumpers.

Moufflaine REGD.

KNITWEAR

Obtainable from High-class Houses

Three Wives Tale *(Continued from page 17)*

He kissed Flavia and, from force of habit, she smoothed his silvered hair in just the way she knew he liked having it smoothed.

It wasn't much trouble being nice to Charles, who asked so little of one. All, it seemed, he required of his wife was that she should be happy, spending his money, buying herself lots of clothes and occasionally entertaining his friends at their house in Curzon Street.

He was always very diffident about the latter:

" I'm afraid they're not your sort, Flavia—but if you wouldn't mind putting up a show for them."

Flavia was very nice to Charles's business associates. Because he was so good to her, she felt she owed it to him to entertain in the best manner illiterate City barons and their bejewelled, full-bosomed wives. And so clever was she about it that they thought her wonderful and told Charles, and Charles would come home the day following such a dinner party bursting with pride, and with a knick-knack from Cartier's in his pocket for Flavia.

Sometimes during the past eighteen months, especially at the beginning of her married life, Flavia had been near to hating Rocco. Because, if only she could have put his dark eyes, his athletic leanness out of her mind, she could have enjoyed being married to Charles quite a lot.

She liked him so much, admired him, and held his simplicity, his undemanding devotion to herself in warm affection. This made his clumsy searching love-making bearable. At such times she found that she was sorrier for Charles than for herself.

This morning, as soon as he had closed her bedroom door behind him, she knew that she had been unwise in telephoning Rocco . . . even more unwise in asking him to tea.

Yet, when, some hours later, a maid announced: " Mr. Rocco Dennison," and she saw him hesitating in the doorway of her drawing-room, that familiar inscrutable smile playing on his lips, she knew that it had all been inevitable. She had had to see Rocco again; that subconsciously, during the last eighteen months she had been looking forward to this meeting.

After their somewhat stilted greetings they talked for a while about his work. Rocco, as was his wont, drinking innumerable cups of tea with lots of sugar and attacking the cake with the healthy greed of a small boy.

" You're made," Flavia was saying, and passed him the cigarettes. He considered them earnestly and chose another cake instead.

" I'm made," he repeated, as though the fact did not interest him much, and she encouraged:

" To be rich and famous, Rocco—that should be fun."

He put his half-finished cake on his plate. His dark eyes were afire . . . his lips tautened.

" Nothing is fun," he said in a low, angry voice, " without you."

He made a gesture as though to take her hands.

" I came to-day," he went on, " to ask you to run away with me. Italy, France, America . . . . we've got the whole world to choose from. There's no reason now why you shouldn't "—his lips sneered at her—" now that I'm rich and famous."

He held out his arms, crouching his body, so that his mouth was on a level with her own. He breathed her name.

" Flavia—oh! *Flavia!* "

And she, rigid, with her back pressed against the arm of the Chesterfield, wanted to say, " Yes—let's run away, Rocco," more than she had ever wanted anything in her life.

But after a long dramatic silence, she shook her head.

Rocco knew, from her expression, that he had lost before she spoke, trying in faltering tones to explain to him!

" I love you . . . I've always loved you—*only* you . . . but I wasn't big enough to take you poor . . . and now . . ."

He knew, from the veiled tenderness in her eyes and voice, that for once in her selfish, wayward life, Flavia was putting another person before herself. He helped her out a little incoherently in a hurt, throttled voice:

" Noblesse oblige—your husband, of course."

She nodded.

" He needs me. He's got used to me. He's been so good to me, Rocco," she spoke in low anguished tones, " I can't let him down."

Then she heard Rocco say gently:

" I understand and admire you."

She heard him walk across the room, telling her not to bother to ring—he'd find his way out. The door closed softly behind him, and the drawing-room was all at once cold like a tomb.

Charles telephoned from the City a little later, he did not want to put Flavia out, but a man had turned up unexpectedly from Manchester—he could take him to the Club if necessary, but if Flavia wouldn't mind " giving him a show . . ."

Flavia, who felt that there was nothing real or important left in her life because she had sent Rocco away from her a second time, reassured her husband it would be quite all right, and rang up a girl cousin who could always be counted on to make a fourth on these occasions.

It was six o'clock, and she had seen the housekeeper about the two extra people to dinner, and was wondering how she should pass the time before going to dress, when the parlourmaid announced superciliously " the young woman from the registry office is here, m'lady," and Flavia remembered that Annette her personal maid was leaving to get married, and that she had told someone to ring up Mrs. Simmons's Agency to send her some girls along.

She was in no mood to interview maids; on the other hand, it was something to do. Something to steer one's mind off Rocco. Better, she reasoned, set about engaging a new maid than to sit here, limp and vague in body and spirit, just thinking of Rocco.

Wanting Rocco.

She told the parlourmaid to show the girl into her own sitting-room, and found a slender, pale young creature with sad china-blue eyes and masses of golden curls waiting there for her. Flavia had an idea that she had seen this girl somewhere before and asked with quickening interest:

" What's your name? "

" Dolly Blake . . ." There was a certain pride in the way the child rapped out the two words, and Flavia, still puzzled, questioned further:

" Haven't I seen you somewhere before? Your face is so familiar."

Dolly's dimples broke in her cheeks, but her large baby-blue eyes were sad.

" You wouldn't remember, m'lady——" Her smile was sad, too—a pathetic drooping of those warm, unrouged lips. Flavia liked the soft tone of her voice, and hoped to goodness that her references would be satisfactory. " It's just that Reg and me—Reg is my husband," Dolly explained, " were married the same day as yourself—at the same registrar office . . . we were all in the outside room together—you and your gentleman, me and Reg . . ."

The catch in her voice when she mentioned her husband's name tore at Flavia's heart. In her own sorrow she became more sympathetic than usual, and she pressed Dolly very kindly:

" Tell me more about yourself. Doesn't your husband object to your coming out to work? "

The china-blue eyes blinked back their tears.

" I'll say he does mind,"—Dolly was respectfully indignant—" but we can't help ourselves, m'lady. You see, Reg's firm went phut six months ago, just as we were getting nicely on our feet with the furniture instalments all paid off. Then, neither for love nor money could he get another job. Though," she declared loyally, " my Reg tried if anyone did, *and* never touched the dole. It was work he wanted from his country, he told the labour bureau, not charity."

" And very sound, too," agreed the Lady Flavia, who had hitherto believed that pride, especially about money, was the prerogative of her own class.

" We stuck it," Dolly continued in sad, gentle tones, " until we were down to our last penny, then Reg's father out in Canada wrote that he could fix him up with work—so . . ." a big forlorn tear trickled down her cheek, " I made Reg sell up the furniture to pay for his passage, and he went."

" Splendid, brave girl," Flavia applauded. " He'll be able to make a home for you in no time, I'm sure."

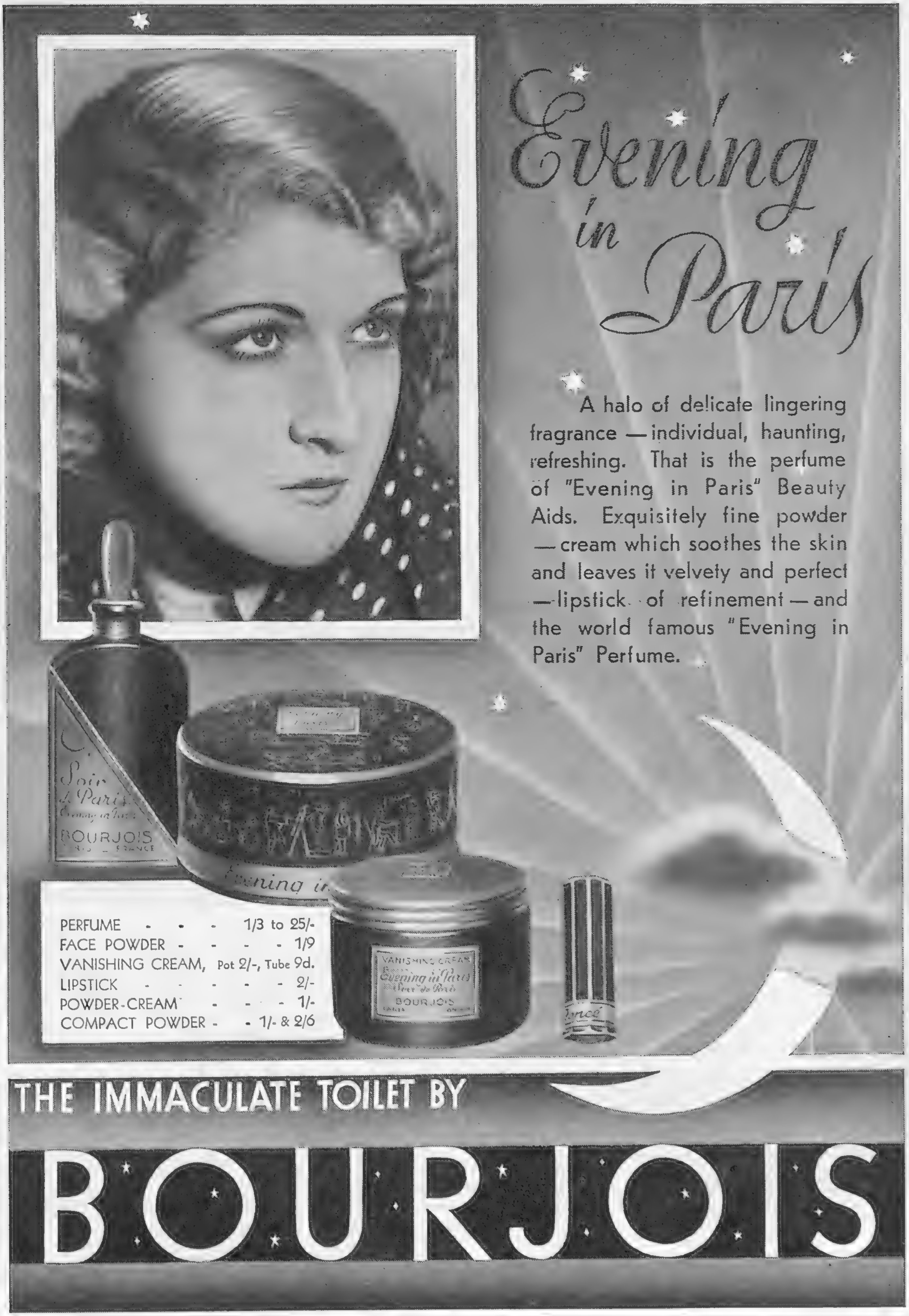
Dolly shook her head.

" Things aren't that easy, m'lady. He's digging clams now, and that just about brings him in enough to live on, even boarding with his people. But he's building us a shack "—her eyes shone—" near to them, so that his mother can give me a tip or two about the housekeeping when Reg does send for me."

" Well, you've something to look forward to, and you're young," Lady Flavia comforted the girl a trifle brusquely, then, as a matter of form, she asked her the usual questions about previous engagements and references, and was inordinately pleased to hear that Dolly had once minded that wayward, exacting person Didi Morse, from whom she produced an excellent testimonial.

" You can start, Blake, next Monday," she decided finally, after giving Dolly a hazy outline as to what would be expected of her, and the wages she would receive. " Like that, you will have three weeks with my present maid, who'll show you the ropes."

" Oh! thank you, m'lady. I'm sure I'll do my best to please you." *(Continued on page 80)*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A halo of delicate lingering fragrance — individual, haunting, refreshing. That is the perfume of "Evening in Paris" Beauty Aids. Exquisitely fine powder — cream which soothes the skin and leaves it velvety and perfect — lipstick of refinement — and the world famous "Evening in Paris" Perfume.

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Dolly's face was radiant. This would be good news indeed to send to Reg by the next mail. Why, at the generous salary Lady Flavia was offering, she'd have her passage saved in a year.

Besides, Reg, who understood everything without your having to explain, would be relieved indeed that she didn't have to live at Tulse Hill with Dad and Mother any longer. It wasn't that they hadn't been dreadfully good to her, but they just didn't get Reg's position right . . . wouldn't believe that he wasn't a "slacker" because he couldn't get work. Said all sorts of things in a joking kind of way, but which withal held an essence of doubt, about a man going off to Canada without his wife. Oh! Dolly was going to be a good deal happier working for Lady Flavia Peterson than moping about at home trying to show them that it was no fault of Reg's that she had come back.

Taking her leave, she faltered shyly:

"I hope, m'lady, you are very happy in your married life."

Flavia's lips were twisted into a queer smile.

"I'm very satisfied," she said, and wondered inconsequently whether Rocco was wanting her as much as she was wanting him . . . then whether to give Charles's guest the best or second best champagne to-night.

DOLLY BLAKE had been maid to Lady Flavia Peterson for two years.

Some day she was going to join her husband in Canada. As soon as she could save the fare as well as go on sending him the two pounds a month to help him over his "bad times." She wanted terribly to see Reg again, but on the other hand she was very happy in her "place." The "*waiting*" which had first seemed nearly unbearable had now become grimly just part of life, and each time she wrote to Reg she reminded him:

"*Be sure and give me plenty of time. Her Ladyship must be suited before I can leave her.*"

Her Ladyship, the Lady Flavia Peterson, came next to Reg in Dolly's heart. So kind and considerate she was. A real lady.

And Dolly liked Mr. Peterson, too. Not that she had much to do with him, but he always remembered her handsomely at Christmas and, what was more important in Dolly's eyes, he was so good to her Ladyship.

"*They're an ideal couple.*"

Thus Dolly described rapturously the Petersons to Reg soon after she took up her post at Curzon Street.

Lady Flavia was liberal, too, about outings, because Dolly had to sit up late for her so frequently. "*They go to all the 'posh' balls and things,*" Dolly had written to Reg. Flavia always saw to it that her maid went out at all times of the day whenever she could be spared.

Usually Dolly fixed up to go to the cinema with Audrey, the under-housemaid, when they were both free on the same evening, but when Lady Flavia gave her an afternoon off, she either visited her parents or set forth on a solitary exploration of London. This latter form of recreation had been prompted by Reg, who was always writing: "*Be sure to take plenty of exercise, girlie, so as to be in good form when you get out here.*"

It was by sheer chance that, on one such an afternoon, she chose a route which brought her to the Oxford Street Corner House round about tea-time. Chance that of all the hundreds of tables in the restaurant she should have selected the one occupied by Mary Roberts (*née* Johnson) and her two-year-old son.

Now, Dolly had an excellent memory for faces. After one quick glance at Mary, sitting opposite her, she recognised her for the third woman who had sat, that chilly afternoon, in the registrar's office waiting to make her marriage vows.

Dolly introduced herself without embarrassment; she was naturally a friendly young person.

"I don't suppose you remember me, but we got married the same day in the same place, over three years ago."

Mary gave her a flickering ghost of a smile.

"I thought I knew your face as soon as you sat down," she confessed, "but I couldn't place you for the moment." And she recalled in her toneless, dreary voice: "There was another couple. A swagger couple."

Dolly nodded.

"That's right. It was Lady Flavia Peterson, the Earl of Raine's only child. I'm her maid."

Then, over a comforting pot of tea and toasted tea-cake, she confided naïvely all about Reg and how he might send for her any time; meanwhile she was very happy with "her Ladyship."

"And you," she hazarded, producing a packet of cigarettes. "You seem to have done all right."

Her blue eyes gazed with envy upon the fat, chuckling two-year-old seated in pomp and ceremony on a chair all to himself.

"We're all right, Bert and I," Mary agreed in her slow, deliberate way. "We got everything out of marriage that we hoped for. Bert is a bank clerk and I was one of the typists at his branch. I can't say we were ever all worked up about each other like you and your man; we liked each other and it suited us to get married. Bert wanted someone to make a home for him, and I—I'd wanted a child—a baby of my own all my life, but I never really hoped to have one. You see," she spoke without self-consciousness, "I'm nothing to look at and I'm not clever . . . so why should anyone have wanted to marry me?"

"And yet," breathed Dolly, "you did find some one."

"Bert's no great shakes to look at either," was the unexpected reply. "P'raps that's why we suit each other so well."

The blare of the band made any further conversation impossible for the moment.

And Dolly, staring in wonder at the drab, respectable, no longer young woman opposite her, watching her strange grey-green eyes light up as the baby thrust the creamiest bit of his cake magnanimously on to his mother's plate, summed up: "Why does she think she's plain? Why, she's even more beautiful than her ladyship . . . in her own way . . . she's the Madonna."

END

Here Come *the* Chorus

(*Continued from page 25*)

different tempo and treatment that is nothing like that employed by a stage director. For instance, consider that matter of dancing. Any audience can watch, with genuine enjoyment, a well-trained ballet on the stage, for ten, fifteen minutes, or even longer. *But that does not happen to be the case, in pictures.*

"If I worked out an elaborate dance, lasting even five minutes, and had it photographed from one angle for that length of time, a film audience would go crazy, and walk out. Has it ever struck you that a minute on the screen is a very long time? I do not arrange any chorus dance, from one angle, to run longer than a minute, at the outside. There must be constant change for the eye; an audience needs a *pattern* to look at, rather than brilliant dancing steps. That is why the present form of musical films is proving so acceptable and successful. But the technique used in presenting them had to be new.

"Backgrounds are tremendously important, for chorus numbers. The big hit made by 'Petting in the Park' in 'Gold Diggers' was largely due to constant change of background. Actually, there was no real dancing in that number at all. Nor was there in 'Shuffle Off to Buffalo.' Even when a dance director gets such a magnificent dancer as little Ruby Keeler, all ready to tap her way through countless numbers, it is not wise to evolve some intriguing steps and leave her to dance them, as she would on the stage. Watch a solo dance carefully, next time you see a musical film, and you will see that the angle, the background, or the position of the dancer, changes every few seconds. We have to think in seconds, when working out dance routines for moving pictures.

"The new type of musical film, with its myriads of swiftly moving chorus girls, offers a chance for far better stories than any musical comedy has ever been given. An honest-to-goodness plot can be worked out; it has all the advantages of changes of scene, close-ups, long shots, and the constant variety permitted by a very mobile camera. Since we have had camera cranes, for use in every big production number, the scope offered to a dance designer is even wider.

"As for the musical side of this business, nobody can deny that for the past six months or so the world that hums and dances has snatched its most popular tunes from the screen. At least a dozen big winners have found their way into the repertoire of dance orchestras and radio stations, and when 'Wonder Bar,' 'Broadway and Back,' 'Sweethearts Forever,' and other new musical films are ready for presentation there will be at least a dozen more, to take the place of the old favourites.

"So Here Come the Chorus! I know that chorus very well; and in the sad dark months when no musical pictures were being made I know the struggles they went through, the tragedies they faced, in order to keep smiling and earn at least an 'existing' wage, till better times came again. The 'better times' are here. Twelve months ago the average daily studio employment of extra players (girls) was around sixty. To-day, it is around six hundred. And it is chorus girls who are benefiting by this increased demand from the studios.

"When I started work on 'Gold Diggers' the usual call went out for possible chorus girls, all of them able to dance. We wanted sixty-five girls. Over a thousand turned up, in answer to the call circulated by the central casting bureau and the studio. The process of elimination was desperately difficult—because nearly every one of those girls was deserving of consideration. I had four men to help me. Very quickly, we were able to weed out the obvious impossibilities; about four per cent., that is all.

"Then the really hard task began; to pick sixty-five girls out of over nine hundred, all of them well worth an engagement. Even-ness of height was an important factor; teeth, figures, hair, all came into the matter. In the end, our sixty-five were chosen, and then production began. I work out my dance-ensembles and mass-movements on paper, long before I start on the human material at my disposal. First I make rough sketches of the kind of formations I think will be most effective; groups of two, three, or twenty; triangles, blending into squares and circles; rings that look like flowers or the wings of birds.

"It is fascinating work; and when I have got my rough plan put down on paper I set to work with matches, moving them about as I mean my chorus girls to move, in the picture. In this way, I find out how a line can wheel, to merge into another line; I visualise, with my matches, the result of sixty girls changing places with a certain movement, on a certain beat. The girls are all numbered, just like soldiers, and it is as a little regiment that I think of them.

"I work them hard, but I think they like it. I have talked to other dance directors, like Sammy Lee, who has done so much splendid work; and we all believe that the girls work better if we work them hard! They earn between £7 and £10 a week, when they are working, and as they have no time at all during the making of a film to spend money, except on room, rent and dinner, they finish a film as a rule with a little money saved.

"Don't imagine that these gorgeous girls, all of them really lovely to look at and most of them quite amusing to listen to, lead a life that is full of stage-door Johnnies and champagne and diamond bracelets. Most of them share a cheap bungalow court apartment with another girl, and do their own cooking. Some of them live with their families; others have a single inexpensive room. The money they earn has to go towards dancing lessons, clothes, make-up, and meals, rather than on an expensive rent.

"Most of them get up at 6.30 or 7 at the latest; they have a glass of orange juice (oranges are cheap in California) and a slice of toast; perhaps a cup of coffee. Then they go off to a dance school, and practise or study new steps for an hour. Then they come to the studio. If they are actually filming they get into practice dress (as little of it as possible, for they get terribly hot) and come down to one of the big practice stages.

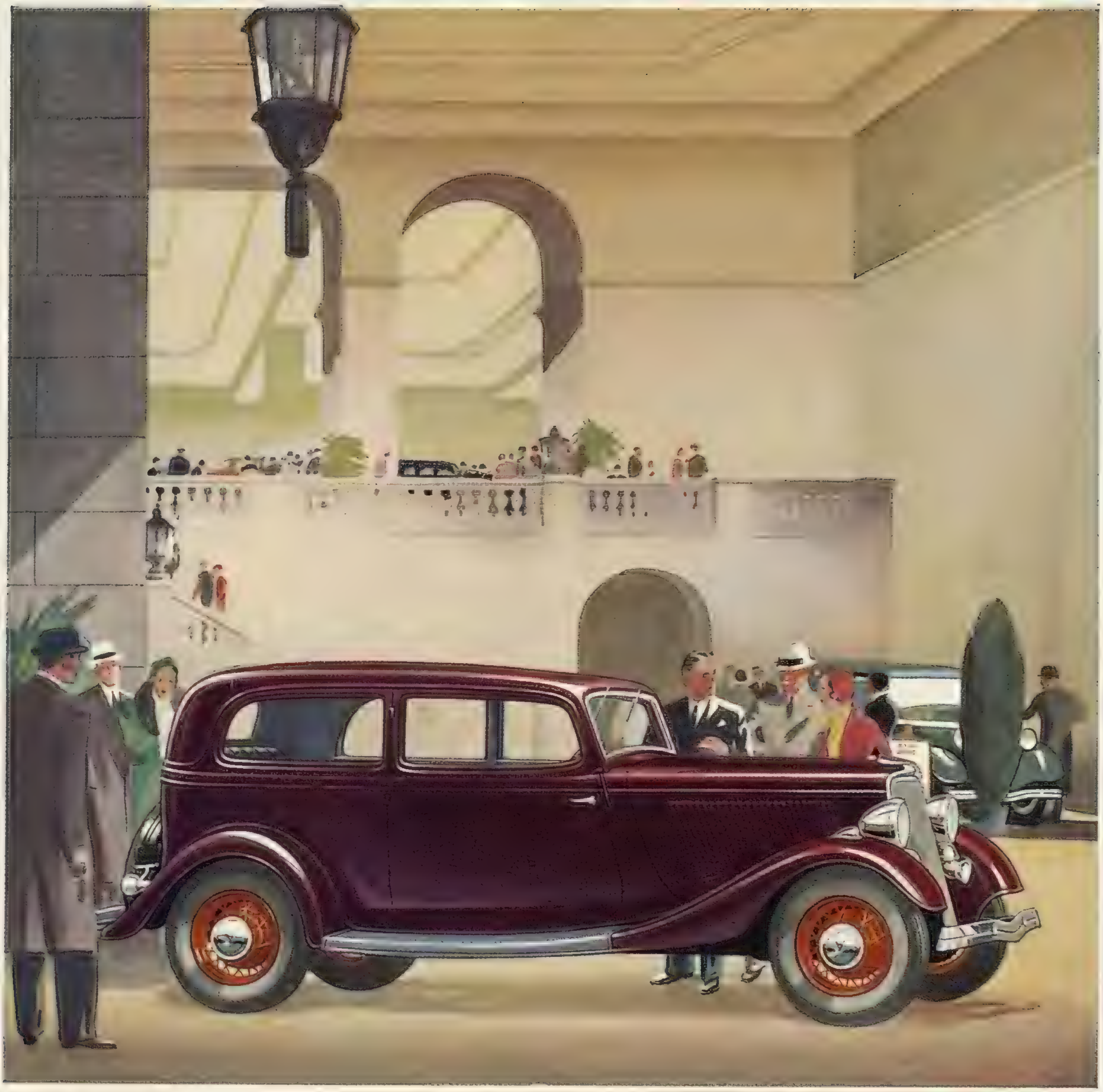
"There I am waiting for them, with several people to help me. Work starts, and goes on with very little interval till it is time for lunch. The girls troop off to the studio restaurant, and spend, probably, something between 1s. and 1s. 6d. on their lunch. Most of them have a salad, which is quite large and satisfying but not fattening, a glass of buttermilk, and a substantial sandwich. Back we go again, and there is more work. If a scene is being photographed, the delays are awful. Hour after hour goes by, while cameras and lights are fixed, and principals argue, and executives get agitated because the overhead is mounting up!

"If rehearsals are going on, we finish fairly early; but if a big production number is being filmed we may work all night. In that case, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has protected studio workers to the extent of enforcing a rule that there must be an interval of twelve hours before anybody can be called to work again. It took two and a half weeks to bring that 'Shadow Waltz' number in 'Gold Diggers' to the screen, as you saw it in the finished version of the picture. We shot thousands of feet that had to be cut; and we spent hundreds of hours getting it absolutely right, in rhythm, tempo, and grouping.

"The chorus girl, when she is told 'That's all for to-day' is generally far too tired to want to go out, even with her very best boy friend. She may go home, and help to cook her own dinner; she may go to an inexpensive restaurant or café (Hollywood has hundreds of them), eat a steak or a chop, and then hurry back to hit the hay as quickly as she can. She knows that her appearance and her freshness mean her daily bread—and she is not going to jeopardise her scanty chances of success, if she knows it! Try to 'date up' a chorus girl who is working, and is really keen on her job; and you will be faced with failure.

"That's about all I can tell you concerning Filmland's Dancing Chorus, except that they are a gay and gallant band, so thankful to have any work to do, and out to do their level best, all the time. As they are helping to make the world brighter I think we should all be glad that changing film fashions enable us to say—'Here Come the Chorus!'"

END



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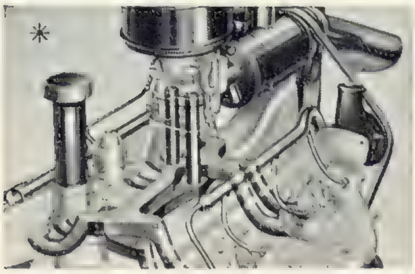

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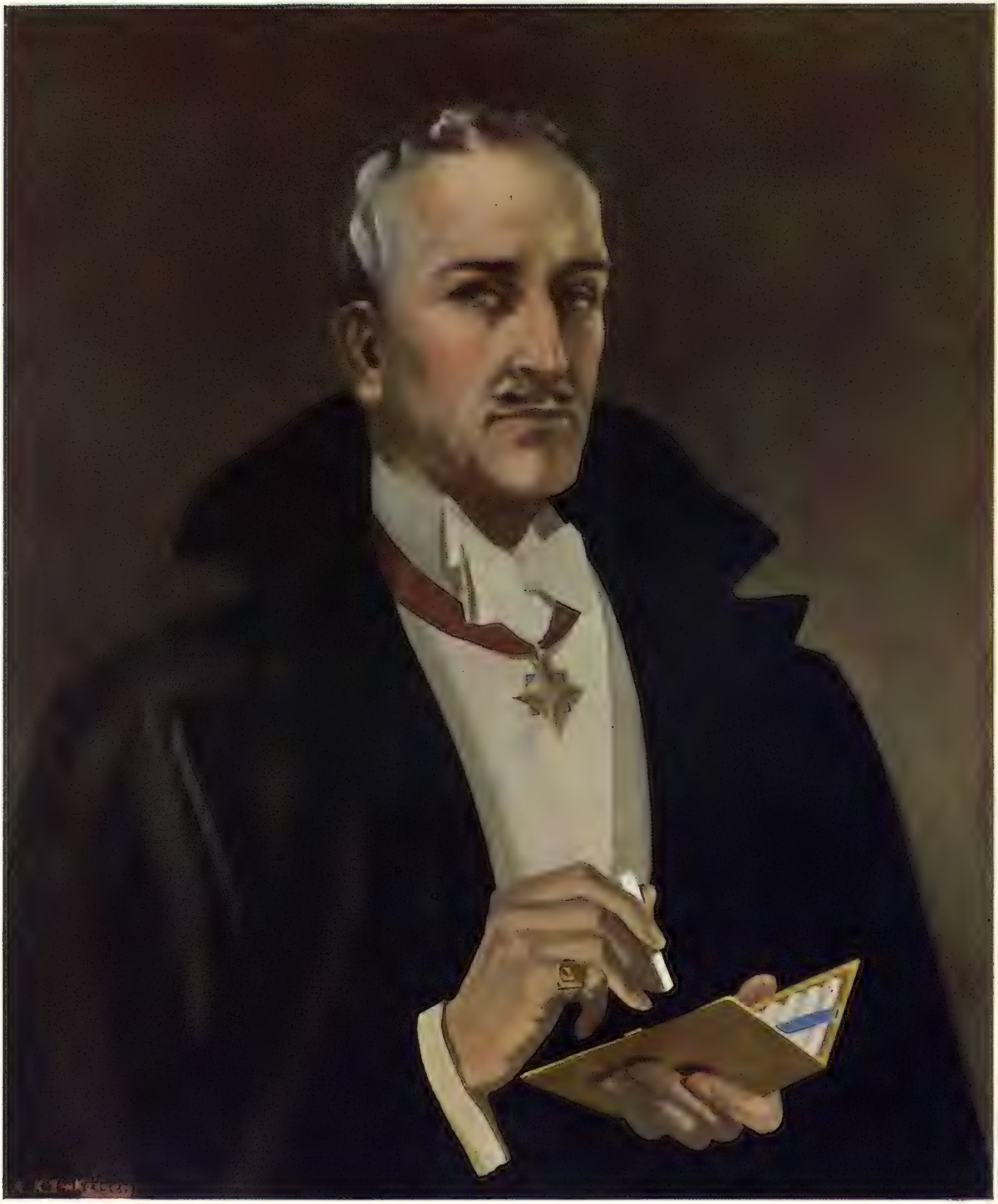

A "DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE"

Mystery surrounds the identity of the distinguished personage whose world-famous features have now been immortalised in this brilliant portrait by Miss Anna Zinkeisen. Little is known of him beyond the fact that he is an authority on good living and a fine judge of cigarettes, and that his favourite motto is, "De Reszke of course!"

It Could Never Happen

(Continued from page 33)

mouth with the smooth, plump back of his right hand. His brain was functioning again. His gaze wavered from Lakry's to that innocent looking table napkin and swerved outwards in rapid survey of the prospects of intervention. But as everyone knows, the Mayfair is not of that class of restaurant where guests get their entertainment by watching the occupants of other tables. At a service point half a dozen yards away two waiters—trained in the art of discreet service and minimum interference with the social comfort of patrons—that discretion which often makes it difficult in such a place to secure one's bill at the end of a meal—were a hopeless prospect of succour. Indeed, Wassermann knew that no kind of interference could be effective against the intent of his causally posed neighbour.

" Get on with it," said Lakry aridly.

Wassermann was no valiant fool. A two-thousand pound cheque was potential money, but it was not reincarnation. He picked up the pen and scrawled his bold signature twice.

Lakry said : " Your life now depends on two things, Wassermann ; sitting right where you are for the next ten minutes, normal in every respect ; and the cashing of this cheque. There are ten cartridges in my pistol. I'll guarantee you five of them if the whole restaurant falls on this table."

Wassermann did not argue. Lakry gave him no opportunity. With a ruthless indifference to anything the film director might say or do, Lakry rapped a glass with an ash tray and called " Waiter." Leaning easily on his right elbow, right hand in lap, gripping automatic and napkin, he swung his left arm across the back of his chair, left hand resting on Wassermann's chair-back. His attitude was most natural ; but it gave Wassermann a completely unobstructed view of that minatory square of damask just beyond the opulent curve of his own belly. It precluded the possibility of the waiter interposing his body between them.

Mistrustful of his own facial expression under Lakry's watchful eyes, Wassermann did not look up at the waiter who came and bowed over Lakry's outstretched arm. His attitude was a little strained, but there was nothing in the aspect of either of them to suggest that anything unusual was transpiring. Lakry said calmly—with no more than the usual indifferent glance at the waiter that is bestowed by a patron who is preoccupied by a table companion :

" Waiter—there's a commissionaire waiting for me in the restaurant foyer. Bring him here at once please."

" Certainly, sir," the waiter responded.

Wassermann said : " Hell ! " ; and pulled at his collar.

" As a film story," said Lakry, " there would now be some difficulty in getting over the next few minutes, without impairing the ' reality ' of the shot. But it is not the first time I have sat with another man's life under my trigger finger, and in real life, until the shooting begins, there is usually a flat spot."

" Hell ! " said Wassermann again.

" Quite," said Lakry. " Now listen to the band and look as though you liked it."

And then, as the commissionaire came into view, the band intensified the grimness of that bizarre episode by breaking into the tune of " Have you ever seen a dream walking."

Uniform cap in hand the man walked round the table to where the waiter had stood, close to the two men, glanced casually down on Wassermann's half-bald scalp and then looked at Lakry.

" Yes, sir ? " he said smartly ; and as the band was now noisy, he bent down to receive his instructions.

Lakry said : " I want you to cash this cheque for Mr. Wassermann. The bank is just round the corner. Be quick, please."

" Very good, Mr. Hounslow—shall I find you here when I come back."

" We will be right here—won't we, Wassermann ? " Lakry confirmed. Wassermann grunted, staring to his front watching the movements of the *maître d'hotel* and the head waiter.

" Right, sir," said the commissionaire. Placing his cap on the carpet just beneath Lakry's chair, he buttoned the documents into the breast pocket of his tunic, picked up his cap, turned and departed.

There was nothing Wassermann could do at that juncture without inviting death ; but there appeared at one corner of his mouth a twist which did not escape Lakry's notice.

" I am assuming, Wassermann," Lakry said, just loud enough for the other man to hear above the melody of the popular air, " that your press agent was not drawing too long a bow in announcing that your invasion funds were fifty times the amount of that cheque. Having got so far, it would be a pity for you to commit suicide."

Wassermann turned slowly round, and though he could not keep his eyes from straying to the ominous projection of Lakry's table napkin, or delete the tremor from his voice, he snapped : " There's nothing wrong with my bank deposit, smart guy. Ten thousand dollars don't mean a lot to me, and you ain't spent 'em yet."

" If you are thinking of trying to stop me—think again," said Lakry. " That money is mine, and it is going to do its job. Swine like you are responsible for half the crime in the country. I'd shoot you with more pleasure than I've ever shot anybody.

Wassermann's gaze went again to the *maître d'hotel* and his head waiter, who were gradually getting nearer in their tour of the remaining guests, pausing here and there, presumably making the customary polite enquiries, " Everything been all right, sir ? "

He said with admirable self command, now watching Lakry closely to observe the effect of his words, but trying to keep his eyes from Lakry's unnerving stare :—

" Before you shoot me you'd better think twice of that wife of yours. It wouldn't help her if you went to the ' chair.' "

" Don't do any betting on that," Lakry said icily. " I have a ' death from any cause ' aviator's life policy, and thanks to you am worth more dead than alive."

And then the *maître d'hotel* strolled up with his satellite.

" We are having a rather nice cabaret show this evening, Mr. Hounslow," he said. " Would you like me to reserve you a table—or you, Mr. Wassermann ? "

Moving his table napkin a little more into Wassermann's view, Lakry answered :—

" This afternoon I go back to the country, Alardi. Another time, perhaps."

Wassermann gulped and said :—

" Damn your cabaret."

Alardi smiled, and with courteous bows the two passed on.

" That was very sensible of you, Wassermann," said Lakry.

Wassermann did not reply. He took out a large silk handkerchief and wiped his neck around his collar. Professionally accustomed though he was to intensified emotionalism and dramatic crises, the situation was too much for him. He did not realise that its disruptively sinister quality was due to the stark contrast of his peril with its setting ; but that the reality of fact was more compelling than the synthetic realities of the gospel of Hollywood, begged no question.

He reached for the brandy bottle. Lakry forestalled him.

" Allow me, Mr. Wassermann. That glass of yours holds a lot of indiscretion. Dutch courage has killed many men."

This was a simple remark, and possibly a superfluous precaution ; but to the film man it accentuated Lakry's demoralising competence. Wassermann let his outstretched arm flop on the table while he watched a brown hand pour out with absolute steadiness an inch of brandy into the bulging bottom of the big *balon* glass ; then he drank it at one gulp with consolidating effect.

Dumping the glass on the table, he thrust his large head forward on its short thick neck and demanded :—

" How long do you expect me to sit here like this ? "

" That depends on the time it takes your bank cashier to count out twenty one-hundred pound notes," said Lakry glancing towards the restaurant entrance. " I should say two or three minutes. Now listen, Wassermann. You may or may not be able to obstruct my movements when I leave here ; you may even get me jailed before the day is out ; but if my wife's operation is blocked through you, you'd better arrange for a machine-gun guard for the rest of your life."

It was then that a uniformed hotel attendant appeared, weaving his way through the table aisles, glancing right and left. He paused to speak to the *maître d'hotel*, who at once turned and pointed to Wassermann's table, and walked a few steps with the man.

Wassermann straightened up and glanced at Lakry ; he was watching the oncoming attendant with interest, but his right hand and napkin still rested on his left thigh.

" I've an urgent telephone message for you, sir," the man said to Lakry. " I don't know if you'll make anything of it."

" Trot it out, Harris," Lakry invited calmly.

Harris grinned. " It's only one word, sir : ' Okay—O-K-A-Y ' ; the gentleman didn't give his name. He said you'd understand."

Wassermann slewed slowly inwards.

" Okay it is, Harris," smiled Lakry. " I understand, thanks." To Wassermann : " It's really for you, old man. Your commissionaire has done his job and gone to lunch." He felt in his trouser pocket for a tip.

Up to that moment Wassermann had been obviously hoping to turn the situation on Lakry before the return of the commissionaire with the cash. Spurred into revolt by chagrin combined with the presence of the muscular attendant and Lakry's relaxed attention, he rose and ran for the *maître d'hotel* and two waiters who were grouped on the far side of an intervening pillar.

" Mr. Wassermann and I have just been doing a film story, Harris," Lakry remarked lightly, giving the man his half-crown. " Just go and tell him he mustn't rehearse it here."

" These film people, sir," grinned Harris. " Thank you, sir."

But like Lakry he was looking at Wassermann declaiming to a perplexed staff. It was perhaps fortunate for the peace of the whole restaurant that the band resumed playing just then, for Wassermann's voice, though husky, was not muted. In less than a minute the whole group were at Lakry's elbow, Wassermann keeping on the far side of the *maître d'hotel*, who was trying to pacify him.

Lakry moved back his chair, stood up, and casually dropped his table napkin on the chair-back. He grinned at them all and said :

" I knew you'd never get away with it, Wassermann—and it is not quite fair on Alardi to try out a film ' shot ' here."

Wassermann glared at the hanging napkin and the empty chair seat, Alardi and his waiters looked from Wassermann to Lakry and the amused bearer of the " Okay " message who was trying decorously to hide a large grin behind a large hand ; and they too smiled.

" Come, come, Mr. Wassermann," Alardi reproved. " Really ! "

" I tell you he's got a gun," Wassermann insisted ; " and he's just held me up for two thousand pounds."

" For goodness' sake, Wassermann, sit down and drink the rest of this old brandy," Lakry smiled, lighting a cigarette.

" Search him," Wassermann demanded thickly.

" Come, Mr. Wassermann," said Alardi, with patient courtesy, though obviously he was puzzled by Wassermann's persistence. " Mr. Hounslow is one of my most respected clients ; this is the Mayfair restaurant ; such a thing could never happen."

" Eh," gasped Wassermann, and his eyes met the enigmatic smile in Lakry's eyes.

" That," said Lakry to Alardi, " was the twist in the film story Mr. Wassermann and I have just been discussing."

Wassermann, as has already been remarked, was not slow-witted. He realised that it was indeed a twist unless he could produce conclusive evidence of the means employed to extract that cheque ; and now that he had support he was not deficient in courage. He suddenly crossed to Lakry, ran over Lakry's pockets the hands of a film producer practised in directing the art of " frisking a guy for his gat "—and found nothing resembling a gun. He looked on and under the table. Everybody was now laughing outright.

Wassermann swung round like a large and frustrated bulldog reversing in a small kennel, stared up at Lakry and exclaimed :

" That commissionaire—you unloaded it on him."

Lakry turned to Alardi, shrugging his shoulders.

" I'm afraid Mr. Wassermann has gone what he calls bug-house," he apologised, smilingly ; " your old brandy plus professional enthusiasm in testing the reality of the story we've been arguing."

Wassermann got up. " Call a policeman," he said.

The *maître d'hotel* looked from Wassermann to Lakry, and glanced around at the few other occupied tables at which Wassermann was provoking a certain amount of attention ; he was perplexed and at a loss.

" Wait a minute, Wassermann," Lakry said. " While we are at it we might as well get the maximum advance publicity for the picture. I see Lord Hollyrood is still at his table waiting for that contract story from me. Harris—give Viscount Hollyrood my compliments and tell him I have the information he wants."

" Here," snapped Wassermann. " Hold on."

" Better go at once, Harris," Lakry suggested ; " he is just getting up to go. No !—I see he is coming this way."

Wassermann pulled at his neck-band, gazed at the advancing portly form of the famous gossip writer, and at the smiles of his immediate audience, his mind swiftly auditing a little sum in profit and loss to Wassermann Inc. and his own vanity. He saw the headlines in American journalese : Wassermann held up with serviette in Swell Restaurant by Author Double Crossed in Film Contract. He could have the money traced to Hounslow's commissionaire, but without the pistol, it would be his word against Hounslow's and that contract. The joke would be on him.

" I reckon we can do without the Viscount just now, Mr. Hounslow," he said grimly. " Come up to my suite and sign a receipt.

" Sure," said Lakry.

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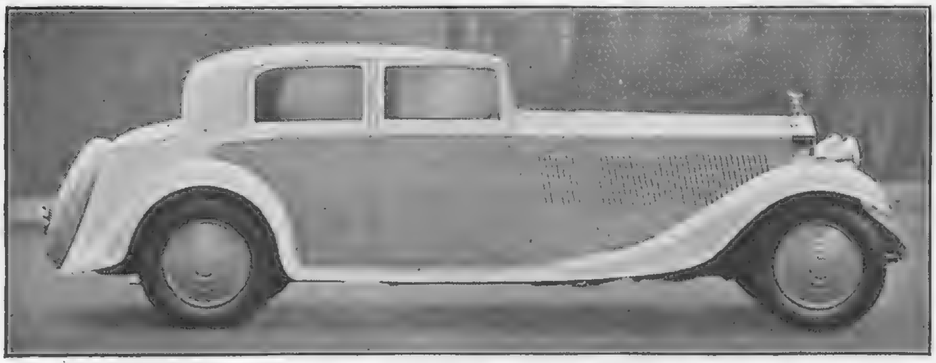

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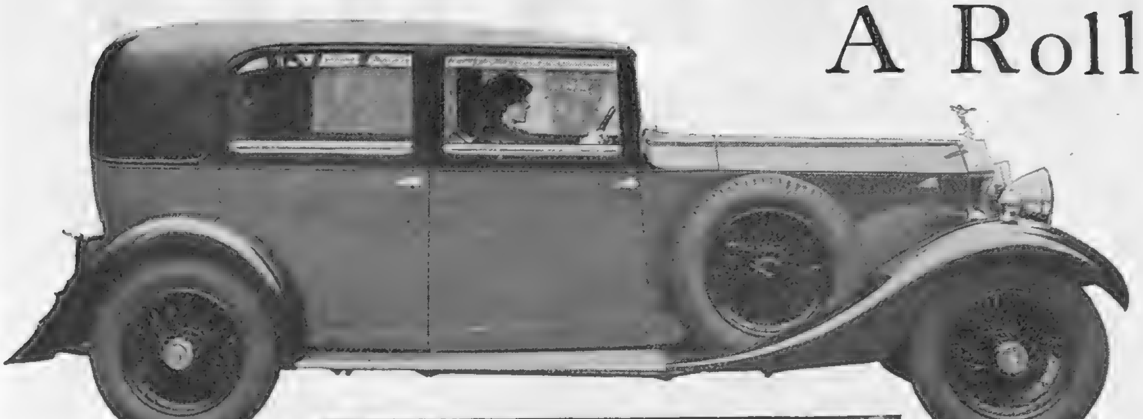

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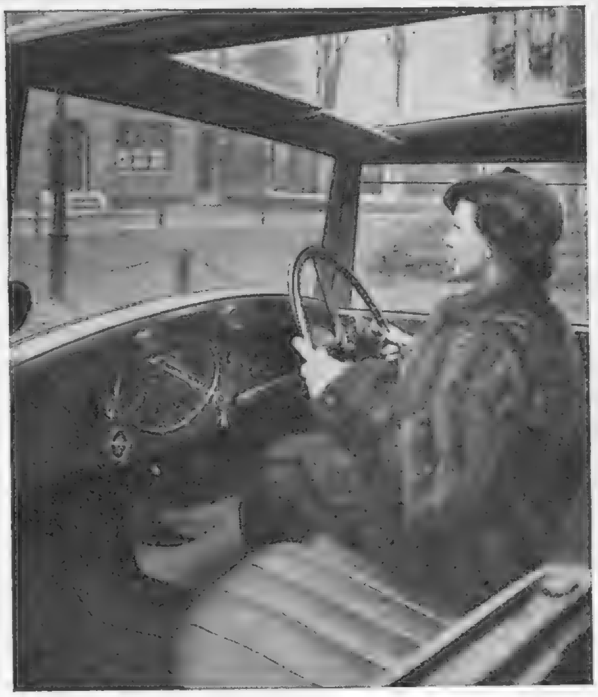

SECOND only in relation to the "40/50," the 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce must be classed as a large and commodious car. This saloon body is very roomy, and the same chassis can take, with ease, seven-seater coachwork if the purchaser so desires

Right: THE driving position is excellently planned, with all controls well placed

The 25 h.p. Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

The 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce in brief

ENGINE. 25·3 h.p., six cylinders, overhead valves. Exceptionally smooth running.
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BRAKING. Mechanical, very smooth.
SPRINGING. Very good and efficient.
COACHWORK. Very comfortable, with ample space.
PRICE. With saloon body, £1,555.

IN some respects, the 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce is a car which is apt to be regarded critically by the motoring public. It is, in the first place, a Rolls-Royce, which means that a great deal is expected of it. In the second place, it is a good deal smaller and less powerful than the celebrated 40/50 h.p. model, which may give the impression that, by comparison, it is likely to be just a little disappointing.

Fortunately, there are few cars better able to withstand a critical examination. Apart from its expected smoothness, silence and docility, it has a road performance which is distinctly impressive. Moreover, although it is commonly spoken of as the "small" Rolls-Royce, it is in fact a distinctly large car, capable of carrying with ease full-scale seven-seater coachwork. Altogether, it is safe to say that, even if the 40/50 model had never been produced, there would still be an honourable place in the motoring firmament for this latest "twenty-five."

It is perhaps to owner-drivers in particular that the saloon model, loaned recently to me, is likely to appeal. Undoubtedly, this is an unusually attractive car to handle, being very lively, thoroughly comfortable, and at all times delightfully responsive to the controls. My only criticism of it is that it possesses a non-opening windscreen, which must, I feel, once "in a blue moon," become a source of inconvenience.

The engine is certainly outstandingly efficient. For those who appreciate top gear flexibility, it is able to run with perfect smoothness at a mere walking pace. It is equally smooth, and remains remarkably silent, when cruising at 60 m.p.h. and more. Indeed, even when driven "flat out," it never seems to become in any way "flurried" or unbalanced.

The maximum speed is around 75 m.p.h., which is considerably faster than most drivers will care to go. In third gear 60 m.p.h. can be reached, so that there is plenty of scope for the driver who likes to use his lower gears. The gearbox, incidentally, is a most attractive one to use. Both top and third gears have synchro-mesh engagement, rendering them absolutely free from difficulty, while second, third and top are all extremely well pitched ratios which can be used, if desired, with real effect and advantage.

THIS MONTH'S MOTORING HINT

How to secure good Road-holding

IN a sense, the car which holds the road really well is born, not made. That is to say, this virtue is inherent in it when it leaves the factory, and can only be affected to a slight extent by modifications which may be made during its life. None the less, it is within the owner-driver's power to make the most of whatever road holding-qualities his car may possess, just as, by carelessness, he may diminish them.

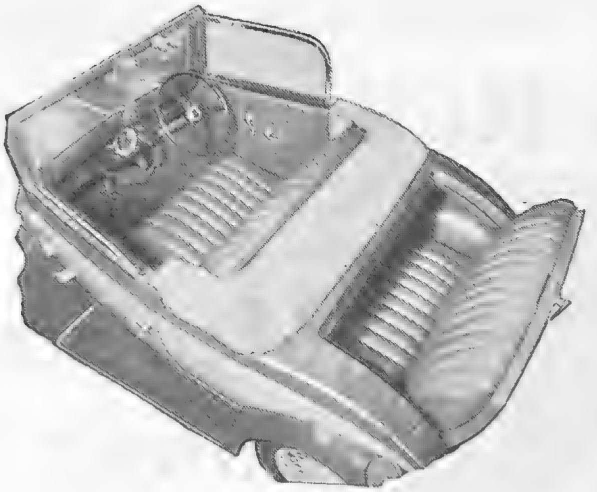
I have suggested elsewhere how springs may be stiffened up, and the effect of this upon a car's steadiness is quite considerable. Another point to be watched is the matter of tyre pressures. It is quite common for tyres to be kept rather below their ideal pressure, and the effect of this is to give the car a certain tendency to "roll" on corners. Even demonstration cars are sometimes guilty of this fault.

Then again, some cars respond very markedly to differences in loading. I have known cars which became much steadier when heavily loaded at the back, while, in other cases, too much weight behind may be the chief cause of unsteadiness. Such idiosyncrasies are well worth studying if the best possible road-holding is desired.

Road-holding is good at all speeds, and the steering is very definite, with a firm, self-centring action which gives confidence when travelling fast. The brakes are of the mechanical type, but extremely smooth in their action—so much so, indeed, that one is apt at first to under-estimate their very considerable retarding power.

The springing is strikingly efficient, and I was able to test it at high speed over a very uneven section of the Colnbrook by-pass. On this road, and on the worst portion of it, I was able to maintain speeds of 60 and even 70 m.p.h. without the slightest discomfort. The springing of this individual car was stated to be a little "harder" than the normal—but I thought it exactly right, since all jarring was damped out, and yet there was no tendency for the car to "roll" in cornering.

The general effect of these qualities is to make it possible for high average speeds to be maintained, even by a driver, like myself, who is of a cautious temperament. There is also a marked absence of any sense of fatigue, even when one has driven at a good pace over a considerable mileage. Altogether, although its four-figure price must prove a stumbling block to many a would-be owner, the 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce must be regarded emphatically as a worth-while motor car, and one which will guarantee something more than merely passing satisfaction.



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The Renault 12 H.P. Coupé is the only car of its type and class. The folding head is light and quick in operation and is completely concealed when down. The fully upholstered dickey provides ample room for two full sized adults, and winding windows of safety glass are fitted. The price of £250 includes free choice from 80 coachwork colours and 52 upholstery materials (leather or cloth).

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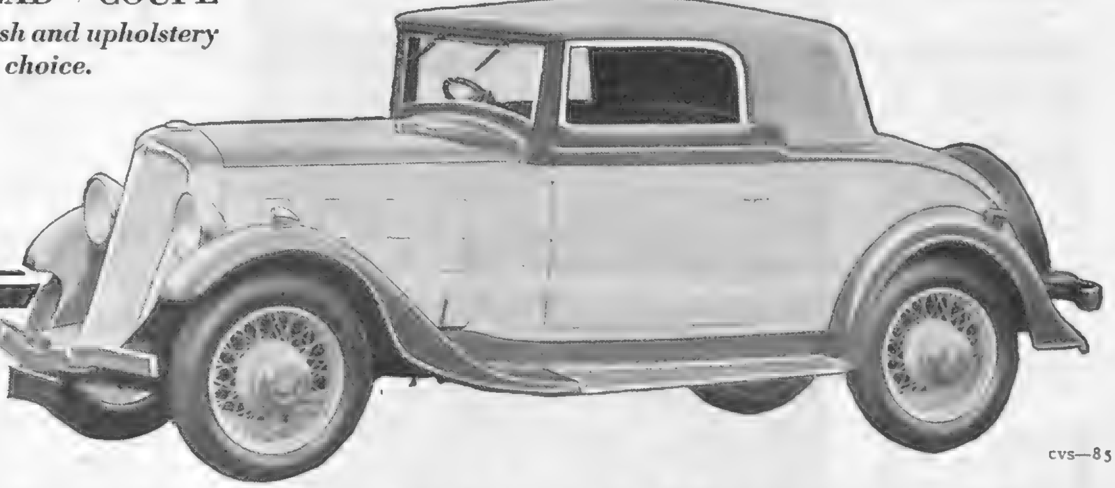

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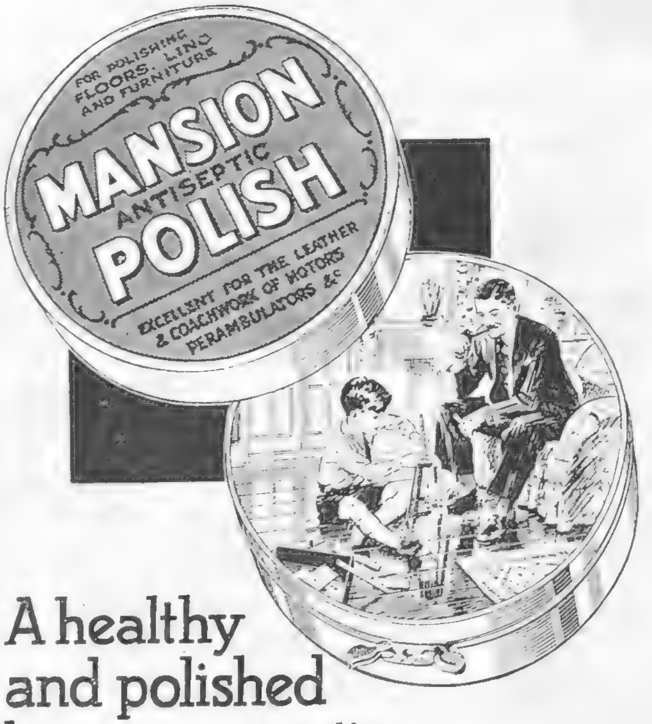
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is fitted to the Wolseley Nine

"Float-on-Air" as used on Wolseley Nine.

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The supreme comfort of "Float-on-Air" is obtained by the cushion of air moulding itself to the form of the user, giving complete and gentle support at every point of contact, whilst eliminating hard spots and rolling and absorbing all road shocks and vibration.

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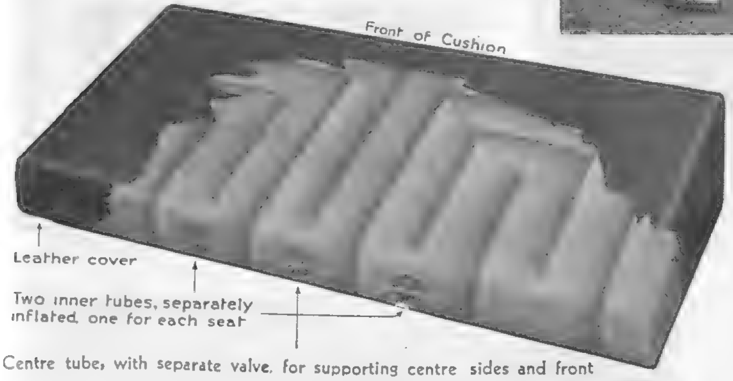
Every model of every car can be converted to "Float-on-Air" at prices proportionate to size of seat, using the existing upholstery without alterations in shape, size or material.

Combating *Driving* Fatigue

By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE is, in my experience, practically no particular in which cars show so wide a variation as in the comfort or otherwise of their seating accommodation. Sometimes one finds quite a cheap car which excels in this respect, whereas there are some expensive cars which provide relatively poorly for their passengers. The luxurious fittings of a "de luxe" saloon may serve only to distract the attention of the simple-minded purchaser from such things as bad seating angles, lack of head- and leg-room, or inconveniently placed controls.


Front of Cushion
Leather cover
Two inner tubes, separately inflated, one for each seat
Centre tube, with separate valve, for supporting centre sides and front

"FLOAT on Air" pneumatic upholstery as used in "Austin Seven"
(left)
The principle of Float-on-Air

Generally speaking, the arrangement of controls has been greatly improved in recent years, although there are still some firms which display weaknesses in this respect. It is not uncommon to find a hand-brake placed so that driver has to lean right forward every time he wishes to apply or to release it. Once in a way, also, a gear lever may share this fault, especially when a tall driver has pushed the front seat well back. These small defects may become annoying in the course of a long run.

In the matter of space, the variation between various cars is enormous. "Sporting" bodies are notoriously bad in cramping the unhappy back-seat passenger, and sometimes provide none too generously even for the driver. Only the other day I came across a car—which shall be nameless—in which I was forced to remove my hat, thus getting my hair blown about by the draught, and risking a cold in the head. In the back seat of the same car, it was possible neither to sit upright nor to dispose of one's legs without suffering acute discomfort. And yet this car was nominally rated a "four-seater"!

In a car of this sort, of course, it may well be that the general lines of the coachwork simply do not leave adequate space available. Alternatively, one quite often finds that the space exists, but has been unintelligently used. I can think of at least one instance of a perfectly immense car, having a wheel-base so long as to prevent its entering the ordinary small garage, and yet being so badly planned internally as to give all four passengers the impression of being somewhat cramped.

A great deal must always depend, in such cases, on the *angle* at which the seat cushions are set. In this connection, I have worked out a theory of seating comfort, and should like to commend it to coachbuilders in general.

In the first place, I would ask: what is the most *un*comfortable type of seat? The answer, I suppose, is a hard bench or narrow plank. Why is such a seat uncomfortable? To my mind, it is simply because the whole weight of the sitter is supported by one small area of seat. In other words, the pressure per square inch of the sitter upon the seat is relatively high.

Conversely, what is the most comfortable type of seat? Undoubtedly, an armchair. Why is it comfortable? Because the sitter is evenly supported by the cushions from his thighs up to his shoulders—in other words, over an extremely large area. The pressure per square inch between the sitter and the armchair is therefore very low.

(Incidentally, if anyone is flippant enough to enquire why it is uncomfortable to sit down on a pin, he will find that my theory still holds good. It is merely a matter, in this case, of unbearably high pressure!)

I am always surprised to see how little this theory is applied to the building of seats for motor cars. Quite often, the position of the accelerator pedal, or some other constant factor, dictates that the motorist must sit in a certain attitude. The seat cushions, however, are set for an attitude totally different. The result is that the sitter is supported only here and there—much of the comfort of the upholstery being rendered useless to him.

Although nothing can completely rectify a seat which has been wrongly planned undoubtedly great improvement can be made by the fitting of pneumatic cushions. It may safely be claimed that, where well-planned seats and pneumatic upholstery are found in conjunction, something like the ideal in seating comfort has been achieved.

The reason for this virtue in pneumatic upholstery is that it tends always to adapt itself to the requirements of the individual. It "gives" somewhat as a person's weight is rested on it, but thereafter supports him evenly and gently at every point of contact. It is also, of course, most efficient in damping out any jarring or vibration.

Probably the best-known type of pneumatic cushion is the "Float on Air" variety, originated by David Moseley and Sons. This has been used by many famous drivers for racing and speed record purposes, and is now a standard fitting in many well-known cars. Like most inventions which have come into general use, its advantages are accepted by the majority (*Continued on page* 90)

* * * * *
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An Attractive TALBOT

The Long Wheelbase "Seventy-Five" Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE " Seventy-Five " Talbot Saloon, although not designed primarily or wholly for high speed, does seem to embody, to a remarkable degree, the virtues which one looks for in a fast touring car

I DO not know whether or not it is fair comment on the Talbot " 75 " to state that, while driving it, I committed my first motoring misdemeanour of recent years. It was not a grave crime—but the fact remains that I was tempted, within the area covered by a local speed limit, to drive somewhat faster than was proper. I am usually fairly discreet where such limits are in force, but right at the start of my test run . . .

To this extent, at any rate, I shall always feel that the Talbot played some part in my fall from grace. It is a car which gives its driver, almost as soon as he takes the wheel, a sense of complete and very satisfying confidence. He realises at once—that is, if he is alive to such things—that here is a chassis designed to give speed with stability. The engine suggests that it is built for sturdy " revving." Just for a few yards he presses the accelerator, blissfully oblivious of the by-laws. At least that is my explanation of the lapse which I confess to.

To be more precise, this Talbot model, although not designed primarily or wholly for high speed, does seem to embody, to a remarkable degree, the virtues which one looks for in a fast touring car. The engine is very responsive, while running with absolute smoothness throughout its range. It is an 18 h.p. unit, so that the car's power/weight ratio is high. Acceleration is vigorous, and is maintained right up to the maximum speed of which the car is capable.

IT is soon apparent, moreover, that this maximum speed is around the 80 m.p.h. mark. On the Talbot speedometer, coloured lines are drawn to show the speeds normally attainable in the different gears. It will be observed that the line indicating top gear points to 77 m.p.h. on the dial. Actually, the car will exceed this figure without difficulty, and a level 80 m.p.h. may therefore safely be claimed for it.

The same applies in the case of third gear. The speed marked for this ratio is 56 m.p.h., but I found it easily possible to reach a good 60 m.p.h. This must, of course, have represented very high " revs," yet there was no sign of valve clatter or of any other common accompaniment of such high-speed running. The gearbox employed, incidentally, is of the Wilson pre-selective type, having a small lever on the steering column. It gives four speeds, all of which are practically silent, and, needless to say, is entirely fool-proof.

On the open road, a marked feature of this Talbot model is its exceptional steadiness. No matter what the speed, it " sits down " solidly—giving the impression that under no circumstances would it deign to skid or " wander." The steering is excellent, and is no doubt largely responsible for the car's " confidential " behaviour. Another factor is the springing, which is notably good, and gives very comfortable riding under all conditions.

THE rear springs are of particular interest, being of an unusual semi-cantilever type. Whatever the cause, I can honestly class the Talbot as being in the first flight where road-holding is concerned. It only requires good brakes, which the car likewise possesses, to complete the list of characteristics which make for a " speed model " type of performance.

As for the coachwork, this is built on very pleasing lines, while being at the same time entirely practical. The relatively long wheelbase of this " 75 " chassis has made it possible for both front and back seat passengers to be allotted really comfortable space—the head-room and leg-room being ample. In addition, the driving position has been very well planned, so that there is practically no loophole left for criticism.

AT £545, I regard this Talbot as a decidedly attractive proposition. It possesses the comfort and common-sense attributes of the ordinary steady-going saloon, while at the same time giving a performance on the open road so eminently efficient as to appeal strongly to any driver of sporting propensities. I, at any rate, thoroughly enjoyed my brief acquaintance with it.

The " 75 " Talbot in brief

ENGINE. 18 h.p., six cylinders, overhead valves.

GEARBOX. Four speeds, Wilson pre-selective type.

PERFORMANCE. Top gear 80 m.p.h.; third gear 60 m.p.h.

STEERING. Very good and definite.

SPRINGING. Semi-elliptic front and semi-cantilever rear springs. Good suspension, and exceptionally good road-holding.

BRAKING. Mechanical, powerful but steady.

COACHWORK. Well planned and comfortable.

PRICE. With saloon body, £545.

A MARKED feature of this Talbot model is its exceptional steadiness

Did You Know ?

What can be done with weak springs?

THERE are many motorists, I fancy, who regard weakened springing in a car as one of the unalterable signs of anno domini. Actually, weak springs can be corrected quite easily and moderately cheaply, so that there is no need to put up with the dismal state of affairs which arises when any slight over-loading of the car makes the chassis frame liable to come down on the axle.

Much good can sometimes be done by tightening up shock absorbers, as this counteracts the tendency of the car to "bounce" when travelling over a "wavy" surface. If this does not suffice, then the back springs—which are usually the chief offenders—must be removed, set up again to their original "camber" or curvature, and then re-fitted to the chassis.

If springs are inherently somewhat too weak for their job, it may also be possible to add an extra spring leaf on each side. I myself have recently had a car treated in this way, and the operation, which was not expensive, has been a complete success.

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"YOU needn't be a magician to make stitches disappear," says Miss Gertrude Lawrence, "but you must remember that a silk thread is essential for a silk material. I always use Lister's IMPERIAL Sewing Silk—it hides itself in the fabric so well that you can hardly see the stitches."

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Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods, that not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair — that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

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THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS.

Combating Driving Fatigue

(*Continued from page 87*)

without much enquiry as to how they are secured.

The interior of a "Float on Air" cushion is actually very interesting, and is most scientifically planned. In the ordinary back seat, pneumatically upholstered, there are three separate air tubes, and each tube makes a number of convolutions within the casing of the cushion. One tube, which runs round the front, sides and centre of the seat, is inflated slightly harder than the others, the effect of this being to give comfortable support under the thighs and to prevent rolling. The Moseley company also makes a speciality of converting ordinary seat cushions, and supplying in every case the appropriate "Float on Air" interior.

I imagine that this is a type of upholstery which is likely to be used even more widely in the near future. While not professing to be a cure for all ills and discomforts in motoring, it does claim—and with justice—to be a real asset, with a real contribution to make towards coachwork efficiency.

END

Afternoon Tea

(*Continued from page 70*)

an electric light which illuminates the number corresponding to the required biscuit. The scout whose duty it is to replenish the tins, seeing this light, fetches another and replaces the empty by the full. No noise, no fuss, no worry.

This and a dozen other clever inventions save the temper, the time and the nerves of the employees and give the sweet-smelling factory an air of efficient, ordered business rather than a frantic din of competition.

The skill of the girls in such delicate jobs as the packing and wrapping of fragile biscuits, or the insertion of jam or cream, etc., is astounding, though I am told that the degree of swiftness and exactitude varies greatly with individuals. The workers all receive a bonus in direct ratio to their proficiency. For instance, some of the jobs are the work not only of specialists but of artists. The elaborate icing of a cake is one which requires many months of tuition and a real aptitude of eye and hand. It is a fascinating experience to watch the making of a delicate many-petalled rose with no other instrument than a linen bag with a metal nozzle! Then the work of designing the biscuits is similar to that required for sculpture or bas-reliefs; the designs are first sculptured in wax, and after a plaster and then a metal cast is made by which the biscuits are stamped.

END

There are Curtains For Every Room

(*Continued from page 61*)

can be sponged down with soap and water as often as you wish, without the curtain having to be taken down.

As it is so easily kept fresh and clean it is particularly adapted for nursery curtains, where its delicious colourings will make it an emphatic success with the small occupants of the room. Then, again, for a window which has an unsightly outlook, but the light of which is needful, curtains of oil silk kept constantly drawn will effectively obscure the outlook, but let in a very pleasant diffused light. Curtains made of two thicknesses of the silk, but of contrasting colour, also provide surprisingly lovely effects. For sunrooms its translucent qualities will make an immediate appeal, and if made up in curtains of yellow or orange will create an illusion of sunlight on the greyest and grimmest of days.

But this adaptable material has yet another form which warrants its use in even more important rooms than those mentioned. This is a plain gold or silver oil silk, which has the appearance of a rich metallic tissue, but which is yet spongeable, thin, opaque, easily draped and above all untarnishable. For all its thinness oil silk is very tough, and can be sewn in the ordinary way either by hand or machine. This metallic finish can also be obtained with a shiny black reverse side which gives all sorts of decorative possibilities in the way of turned back hems, etc. Incidentally the pieces left over from curtain making make excellent sponge or beach bags.

END

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The Skeleton in their Cupboard

(Continued from page 27)

cousins and brothers acting as half-commission men for brokers ; and his activity, and the " tips " he broadcast, maintained interest and excitement in him and his enterprises. It all helped his standing in the stock markets.

Publicity, and a legend, were essential. It was necessary for him to look triumphant and successful, for things were not going too well. The key positions in artificial silk were not so easy to capture. He tried to crash in on the Italians—great producers of artificial silk, the Italians. But Teplitz, the banker, general-director of the Credito Italiano, opposed him and froze him out. Poland was easier. He bought a controlling interest cheaply in one of the biggest concerns and financed the deal by increasing the capital, and selling the new stock on the *bourses* (the market in artificial silk shares was booming just then). The Germans were agreeable to exchange shares for cash. But the Dutch banged him on the nose again. Just when he thought he had secured control of the Enka concern, the directors created preference shares carrying big voting power, and left him with an interest but minus control.

These rebuffs were serious, but he assiduously spread the tale that he was headed for success in his campaign to dominate European production, when he could rationalise his group and, by manipulating output and markets, bring fabulous dividends into the coffers of his holding company, which held these valuable bundles of shares. International Holding Shares, 4,882,530 of them, of no par value, rose, and rose.

He heard that the sophisticates of finance were laughing at him and saying he was off his head when, in 1927, he offered the French 30 millions at 2 per cent., and the Belgians 10 millions without interest ; and the Governments seemed scarcely to take seriously his proposal for a quid pro quo in the shape of artificial silk and hydro-electric monopolies in the French case, and the concession for printing the currency in the Belgian case. Fools, all of them ! They lacked imagination and daring. Had not Kreuger bought match markets with vast loans ? The deputies he knew shrugged and said matches always had been used in State finance, but the sort of trade he proposed was not practical politics. A Government could not sell out everything to the barons of international finance. The people would string them up. Perhaps he had lost touch with realities a little there. It was a frightful gamble, anyway. He might have been able to impress a big banking consortium sufficiently with his monopolies and concessions, signed and sealed, to extract those millions, but it was doubtful. Still, he had made the headlines.

IT was unfortunate that around this time he should have lost his British base in artificial silk. Who would have thought that the Dreyfus brothers would have been able quietly to dig up a cool two millions in cash and return so dramatically to swing an overwhelming share vote against him at that meeting of the British Celanese company, turning the tables on him and ousting him from control ? His nominees on the board, hopelessly defeated, trooped out. He had been astounded and furious. However, he sold for a million the royalties contract owned by his International Holding company, disposed of the block of preference shares, and, with more cash to play with, switched his main activities across the Atlantic.

In the summer of the previous year he had registered his Hydro-Electric Corporation under the laws of Quebec. Authorised capital, 40 million dollars in two classes of preferred stock, plus 2 million common shares of no par value. Now, he transferred his parent company, International Holding, across the Atlantic, too. In next to no time he was up to his neck in American public utilities, with a sideline in rails and chemicals. Unfortunately, he had come distinctly late into this market. As 1927 opened, he began to realise his error. Enormously extended, he viewed the future with increasing apprehension.

If only he could swing a merger of some of his undertakings ! Profitable things, mergers. The merger maker invariably comes out with a huge profit. But this one hung fire. Was succour to be found in America ? In the late summer of '27 he sailed off to see. The transportation charges for himself and his royal entourage totalled £4,000. But he wrote that down to advance publicity. A quick turn on the *bourse*, and the cash would be in his pocket. What he was after now was the big money—millions.

But somehow he could not induce Wall Street to realise his importance or the potentialities of his propositions. Wall Street was bearish of artificial silk interests in Europe. As for hydro-electric power, it had its own Insull, playing a bigger game. He could not charm out of Schroeders the loan of five millions he needed. Unluckily, the American public had got over its first fine fervour for foreign bonds. In a market already saturated with Kreuger and Insull paper, Lowenstein bonds would fall flat. He had missed the boat.

ON the return trip he felt depressed. Several times the queer thought of suicide had flitted into his head. He was in the middle fifties, and he had been working and worrying too hard. Everything seemed to be going wrong now. But he had seen how the big American operators got hold of banks, real solid banks, and used the depositors' money for their own speculative purposes. Now, suppose he could get hold of a good big bank . . .

Back in Biarritz he shook off his forebodings, laid new plans. Then he descended upon London with a great splash. A whole floor at the Ritz. Immense activity ! Great things afoot ! That was the way to liven the market. He was engineering a marvellous scheme for muscling in on the Bank of Brussels, no less ! But it fell through, and, feeling much subdued, he left his London hotel, and went down to Croydon aerodrome. It was evening. A few people watched him climb into his aeroplane. Baxter, his valet, took his hat and coat. A secretary and two typists awaited his orders. The pilot and mechanic did their stuff. Surrounded by his entourage, he soared in his machine into the sky.

But he did not this time dictate. He read a book. Strange thoughts passed through his mind. He had a disquieting glimpse of the most frightful possibilities lying in wait for him round the corner of the future. He had for some time now been conscious of a little cloud in the sky, as yet no bigger than a man's hand, but spreading and spreading until it encompassed the world—trade drying up in its track, finance taking to its funk holes, all the bull operators scampering for their lives at its approach—some in jail, some self-slain, some in flight, and he, Lowenstein—where ?

Why not drop overboard ? It would be a long fall, but a short cut out of all these mortal anxieties. He could not, must not, fail. His vanity would never survive the shock.

He had been worried by whirling circles—the doctors had a name for it ; he put it down to high blood pressure. Feeling oppressed in the head again, he rose, and walked to the rear compartment. Air ! He wrestled with the handle of the outer door ; strained and shoved. Suddenly it opened against the terrific pressure, and he nearly fell out. Instantly, relief. The circles spun slower in his head. And it was in the moment of abnormal mental clarity born of that relaxation of suffocating pressures that he had the great idea of a last play—a feigned suicide, and a " bear " coup.

A drop at the end of a parachute over the sand dunes. Into hiding for a few days. Then, the great squeeze of the bears of International Holdings and Hydro-Electrics. Nothing illegal about it ; and it had worked.

THE day after his supposed death, Holdings and Hydro-Electrics nose-dived. Everyone was selling, frantically. His brokers helped the market down, and covered at bottom. When the truth was known, up shot Lowenstein shares. The huge sums he had lost came back into his coffers. Some of the bears, caught short, and unable to obtain for delivery the shares they had sold, had been forced to settle at his own price. Rats ! He had a long score to settle with them. They had scented his troubles, been after him for a long time. Now it was his turn. He had wrung them mercilessly.

This great coup, which had enabled him to win back a huge new fortune, and the later coup which enabled him at last to gain control of the Bank of Brussels (the operation which he planned in that last week at the Ritz in London, and which they all thought had failed) had been the turning points. . . .

Baxter, the valet, knocked. Poor old Baxter ! What a shock he would have got if he had come aft, that evening in the aeroplane over the Channel, and found his master had stepped overboard ! He could picture him, horrified, rushing back, telling his secretary, and the secretary scribbling on a bit of paper and banging on the partition and exhibiting it to the pilot : " Captain gone," or something like that, and Drew, bewildered, turning, circling over the Channel with the vague idea that he might see his employer bobbing about in the grey tumble of water below ; before his brain began to act again, and he told himself it was useless

(Continued on page 94)

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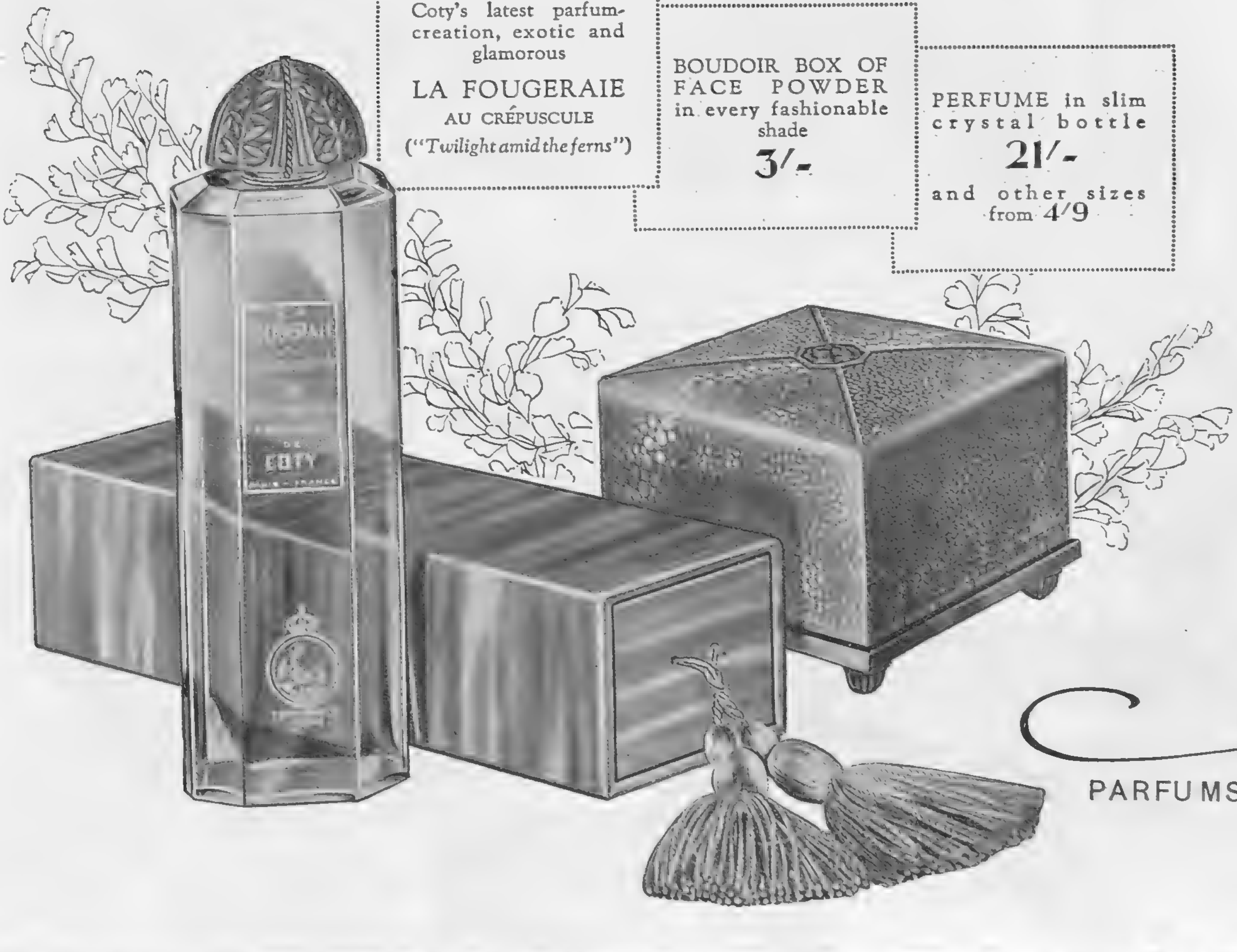

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(*"Twilight amid the ferns"*)

BOUDOIR BOX OF FACE POWDER in every fashionable shade
3/-

PERFUME in slim crystal bottle
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ask for one when you buy a Gibbs Dental Preparation

Sparkling Fun, Merry Frolics with–
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Buy your Gibbs Dentifrice to-day, so that you may be sure of getting the Gibbs Jig-Saw Puzzles for the children. One is given away free with each purchase of a Gibbs Dental Preparation. Children love these wonderful coloured Gibbs Jig-Saws, each consisting of 88 pieces packed in attractive cartons, and measuring 10 inches by 8 inches when completed. But supplies are limited, so don't delay.

Gibbs Jig-Saws are the rage of the season . . . the life of all the gayest children's parties, and the centre of fun and frolic in the home. The gorgeous colours are a delight to the heart of every child . . . . the fascinating story woven in the puzzles thrills the youngsters. And the backs of all the puzzles are marked for the merriest game ever known.

See that each member of your family has his or her own tube or case of Gibbs. Gibbs Dentifrice twice-daily . . . . twice yearly visits to the Dentist . . . . that is the way to ensure sound teeth from childhood to age.

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for use only if your Retailer is out of stock of Gibbs Jig-Saw Puzzles.
Take the Hygiene Certificate from any Gibbs Dental Preparation you buy, attach it to this Coupon and send it to D. & W. Gibbs Ltd. (Dept. 74 X H), London, E.1 in 1½d stamped envelope. There are four Gibbs Jig-Saw Puzzles-and-Game. You will get one with each Hygiene Certificate, so long as supplies last.

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Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

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Tooth Paste
Fits the Brush
Guaranteed
By Appointment
Press from the bottom
Made in Great Britain

Tubes 6d and 1/-
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anyway, and flew on to report the loss to the police at Dunkirk.

MR. PENWORTHY, said Baxter, would like to see him if he had five minutes to spare. All right. In the library in half an hour. He would give his biographer an audience before leaving for the dinner party. High-priced fellow, Penworthy, but quite a coup to get the Lowenstein biography done by a leading British man of letters.

" Evening, Penworthy. They looking after you properly ? Getting all you want ? Good. Sorry I can't be a better host. But, you know, business. . . ."

What's the matter with the fellow ? Odd way he has of eyeing you. What's this paper he's pushing across the table ? My God ! How could he have left this undestroyed ?

" So ? You found this in my papers ?"

" Yes. Interesting, isn't it ? The calculations appear to have been made at a time when you contemplated suicide on the edge of the great slump. You had lost very large sums, made very serious errors ; people were turning on you. You seem to have had a flash of vision of what would happen to you as the economic tide went out, and left you with two investment trusts jammed up with highly speculative stuff bought mostly at inflated prices—artificial silk interests in America, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Spain, public utilities in Europe and America, including Insull stocks, Rails, Chemicals, third-rate Government bonds.

" And in this hour of strange lucidity you saw the common stock of International Holdings, which had reached 35 dollars in 1928, fall to 5 in 1929, to 2 in 1930, to 60 cents in 1931, and to 25 cents in 1932, a shrinkage to one-one hundred and fortieth of its 1928 value. As for Hydro-Electric, you saw its shares fall from the 1928 price of 87 to 5 in 1932, the stocks and shares you paid over 53 million dollars for worth by 1932 not much more than 15 million dollars, and in that year the capital cut by seven million pounds to provide for depreciation of assets.

" In short, Sir Alfred, you were calculating, in this flash of foresight in 1928, that you had been about as bright as the common or garden bull market gambler, who bought for the rise, and lost his shirt in the big collapse.

" True, the world, governments, mankind, had let you down. If only everything had kept on moving up from the 1929 level, people buying more and more of everything year after year, profits rising as the turnover of business expanded, you would have been all right. As it was, you entirely misjudged the whole world situation, the value of everything, the tendencies of the times, the trend of business—there was no mistake that could be made that you did not make. And everybody who accepted your tips, who followed you, lost money.

" And you noted in your moment of vision, that the measure of this share deflation would be accepted as the measure of Alfred Lowenstein in the world of finance . . . if your gamble failed."

" But I didn't fail ! "

" No," observed Mr. Penworthy ; " but from your notes it is clear that you thought you might, and made calculations accordingly. A more detached biography of you than I had contemplated writing would be extremely interesting."

Mr. Penworthy, who had been talking in a brisk, unemotional way, here paused, and looked at the billionaire with bright bird eyes. The artificial silk king of the world licked dry lips. Twelve years ago, he would have bluffed it out—knocked the fellow down, as he had once knocked down a lackey who had sought to bar him from the Casino at Monte Carlo because he was in golf clothes. But now. . . . After all, he was an Englishman now, naturalised, a baronet, the past forgotten. He couldn't afford scandal. And Sir Alfred said heavily : " What do you want ?."

" Well," said Penworthy, pleasantly, " you are paying me eight thousand for doing this job of work. I think it is worth twenty thousand, don't you ? "

The king of artificial silk closed his eyes. He was seventy, and he felt it—old and worn out. He saw again the grey waste of sky and sea beyond the open door of his airplane on that evening twelve years ago. The whole panorama of his life flashed by—sharp deals, bluff, bombast, trickery, close-to-the-knuckle share manipulations, lies, pretence, breathless gambles, rebuffs, snubs . . . and now, at long last, the haven every gambler makes with a sigh of relief when his last and biggest gamble miraculously comes off. No ; he could not risk an argument which would dig down to the roots of the technique of his money-making past.

Opening his eyes, Sir Alfred Lowenstein sighed.

" You shall have a cheque in the morning. I hope you make a good book of me."

"IT WOULD ONLY BE KIND TO TELL HER, SUSAN!"

Here's a piece of news you can't afford to miss. You know how badly rayons and cottons used to behave? Tootals have taught them manners! We can have all sorts of lovely fabrics now, from crease-resisting Tootal Foulard to Robia Voile, which crush as little as costly silk or wool—and cost far less of course. What a chance it gives us to indulge our love of something new to wear! We can always look smart and uncrushed now for very little money. Washed like silk these materials come up like new—with their dislike of creasing strong as ever. Each carries the Tootal Guarantee of satisfaction—and its own brand name on the selvedge. If you can't get the one you want, write to Tootal (Dept. 6E), 56 Oxford Street, Manchester

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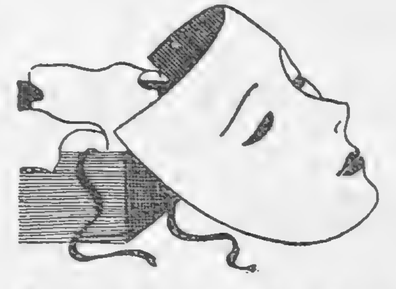

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You can renew your facial youth in a remarkable degree by Helena Rubinstein's scientific home treatments—so simple, yet so effective! And by the magic of her make-up you can change completely your personality.

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Cleanse normal or oily skins with Pasteurized Cream (3/-). Use Cleansing and Massage Cream (3/-), for a dry skin.

Wash, on alternate nights, with the enlivening and refining Beauty Grains (4/-). They bring back youthful radiance.

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Peter the Magnificent

(*Continued from page* 23)

"Nothing," said Peter. "Just wishing I was a beetle, that's all."

A sudden desire to move from the café came to Peter. He could not explain the impulse. He demanded the sum.

The garçon ran to the short, blackcoated head-waiter who hurried up and down the length of the *terrasse*, clutching hesitating clients that stumbled out of the flood of the boulevard and pinning them down quickly at the little tables, swinging a large ear down to hear their murmured requests. "*Bon, bon! Pierre! Henri! Vite! Trois picons! . . . Madame? Oui, oui! Citron pressé? Bien, madame! . . . Monsieur? Un cognac? Bon!*"

The blackcoated one gave his ear to the garçon for the fraction of a second, wheeled, and ran swiftly to the table of Peter Trent.

In broken English he expressed himself, "For you, sir, it is notting!" he breathed. "It is—what you call it?—Ah, it is on zee house! You do not pay! Notting!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Peter.

The fellow lowered his head. "We make no charge," he whispered. "You sit here an' we work mooch. Zee leetle ladies stop an' look at you."

Peter Trent, flushing at the fellow's impertinence, sprang to his feet. He flung two ten franc bills on the table. "Go to hell!" he hissed. "*Allez au diable!*"

Poor Peter! Cinzano sec for the handsome Englishman in the first row and no charge! Seven cocottes and five fat women have dropped on to seats to watch him. Looks like a prince! Let him have anything he wants!

Poor Peter. Felt a little unclean. Storming along the Boulevard des Capucines like the Archangel Michael after an unsuccessful attempt to throw the first settlers out of Eden.

THERE was a gracious elderly lady living out at Neuilly. A friend of Gwenny Trent. Peter called on her that evening.

"My dear boy," she murmured, stroking the sleeve of Peter's coat. "I am delighted to see you. I have some friends calling."

"Oh," gasped Peter. "Oh, I thought—I thought you would be alone and—and that we could talk."

"But, my dear boy, I want them to see you! Ah, they are here now!"

Peter Trent had a belief that a flame had shot suddenly into the salon. A blue flame, for that lady wore a gown that was what her couturiere called a *flambant lapis-lazuli*, but which Peter, man-like, called blue.

The flame headed for Peter, steered by the gracious hostess. It sprang at Peter, fastened to his hand, flamed around him. It spoke. His name. Gurgled it.

Peter Trent! Someone, somewhere—Cowes, Hastings, Bath—had written about Peter Trent! Told the wearer of the lapis-lazuli gown that she should see him! That—that it was necessary for her to see him! And now, sweet merciful heaven, she had stumbled on Peter Trent at Neuilly a few hours before starting for the ends of the earth!

Peter, battered by words that pained him—personal, panegyrical, disturbing words—tried to swing himself out of the stream of flattery. Where was the lady going on the morrow?

Where? She winced. Did Peter know of her husband? Professor Ashfield! Archæologist! She made a wry face. "He digs up the bones of the centuries!" she whispered. "We live in graveyards! Gaza! Kahun! Cnossus! Mycenæ! Didn't you ever hear our cry across the world? *We've found a femur!* Yes, yes! Our battle cry! Or else it's a skull or a button off a queen's pants! Hurrah! Press where you see my bright spade wave in the thickest of the bones! We are—*Peter!* Can I call you Peter? I will! I will! Come here I wish to talk to you! Come!"

Skilfully she shepherded the startled Peter into an alcove. At that moment he looked around as if he recalled the protective qualities of Gwenny. His mother had often rescued him when a predatory female sprang upon him. And this lady, who was a dissatisfied partner of a ghoul, frightened him.

"You—you," she said, and there was a quality of fierceness in her voice. "You should not be as good looking as you are! No, listen! No man should! Do you understand me? No man should!"

Peter faltered under the attack. He found himself stammering out silly phrases. Excuses. Later he wondered if he had said that word she pounced on. That word "pure." Had he said he was pure?

He must have said it. He must have. Because she took it out of the mass of stammered phrases and shook it as a retriever dog would shake a protesting bird.

"Pure?" she cried. "*Pure?* That makes it worse! Peter! Oh, Peter! Your damned purity rouses improper thoughts! So is a spring day pure, but—but it suggests! So is a green wood! So is—Listen Peter Trent! I'm tired of boneyards! It's death, death, death! I don't want to go from Paris to-morrow! I won't! The good Lord sent you to Neuilly to-night so that I could see you! So that—Don't push me off. So that we—you and I—could go away somewhere—somewhere where there are no skulls, or femurs, or pelvises, or—*You damned fool!* You hurt me! Wait! *Wait!*"

Peter Trent, flushed, sick, indignant, excused himself to his hostess and hurried away.

THERE are places where, as Lady Tiddlebit put it, you are so close to people that they can count the hairs on your legs. And they do, my dear! Positively, they do!

Peter Trent dived into that *pays perdu* that lies between Toulon and Saint Raphael, and which is "cut" by the leg-hair-counters sliding down to Juan-les-Pins and Antibes.

At La Croix-de-Cavalaire Peter Trent found shelter. From the window of his *pension* he could see the cross erected at the spot where tradition has it that the Flaming Cross appeared to the Emperor Constantine. In the sky at full noon! Clever were those warriors of old. When things were going bad with them they saw something in the sky or dreamed a dream and everything came right.

Peter Trent wished that he could see something that would direct him through life. The scene with the wife of the archæologist had left him with a belief that he was a little unclean. He pondered over himself. In long tramps through the pine woods and heather, over the *Col de Chausse* to Cogolin, or by the coastguardsmen's path to Pointe de Bras and Bastide Blanche he reviewed his life. There was some quality which women were supposed to possess. He flushed as the ridiculous name for this quality rolled into his mind. A wretched name, he thought. Wretched when applied to the feminine possession of the quality, but obscene when pinned to a man.

"Damn sex!" he growled. "Makes me sick! There's a lot of swines in the world now who go around slicing up perfectly natural feelings and giving them beastly names. Wasn't like that in olden days. Sickening brutes."

The devilish glossary of the Freudian breed ran into his mind. Libido, extrovert, sex-appeal, complex, sublimation, exhibitionism. The words made him a little ill, a little fearful of life. A strange desire to corral love, to tear it to pieces, to examine it in every detail was upon the world.

The Paris lady had said that he, Peter, possessed some damnable attraction that he had seen proclaimed on posters and newspaper advertisements as the special property of cinema stars. Silly fool! He grew hot and worried as her words came back to him.

"Hope some old tomb at Cnossus will fall on her and keep her damn libido quiet for ever!" he growled.

Into his thoughts came the picture of the Provençal maid who attended to his wants at the *pension*. A dainty little maid of some eighteen years. Why had he thought of her in connection with this wave of trash that was in his mind?

He paused on a sunlit headland and considered the question. Ah, he knew! On the day previous the maid, leaning towards him at the *déjeuner*, whispered that she had gone out into the woods and collected the platter of wild strawberries that she brought him. The other guests, so she breathed, had to be content with berries that had been brought by slouching peasants, but the maid had gathered Peter's with her own hands.

Peter swore softly. He was quite contented at the *pension*. There were no other English, and no Americans. The three French couples spent most of their time playing bridge and solving *mots croisés*. But those words of the maid annoyed him. He was upset. His life was not right, and he knew no way to rectify it. Hiding in a tiny village would have an effect upon him far from beneficial.

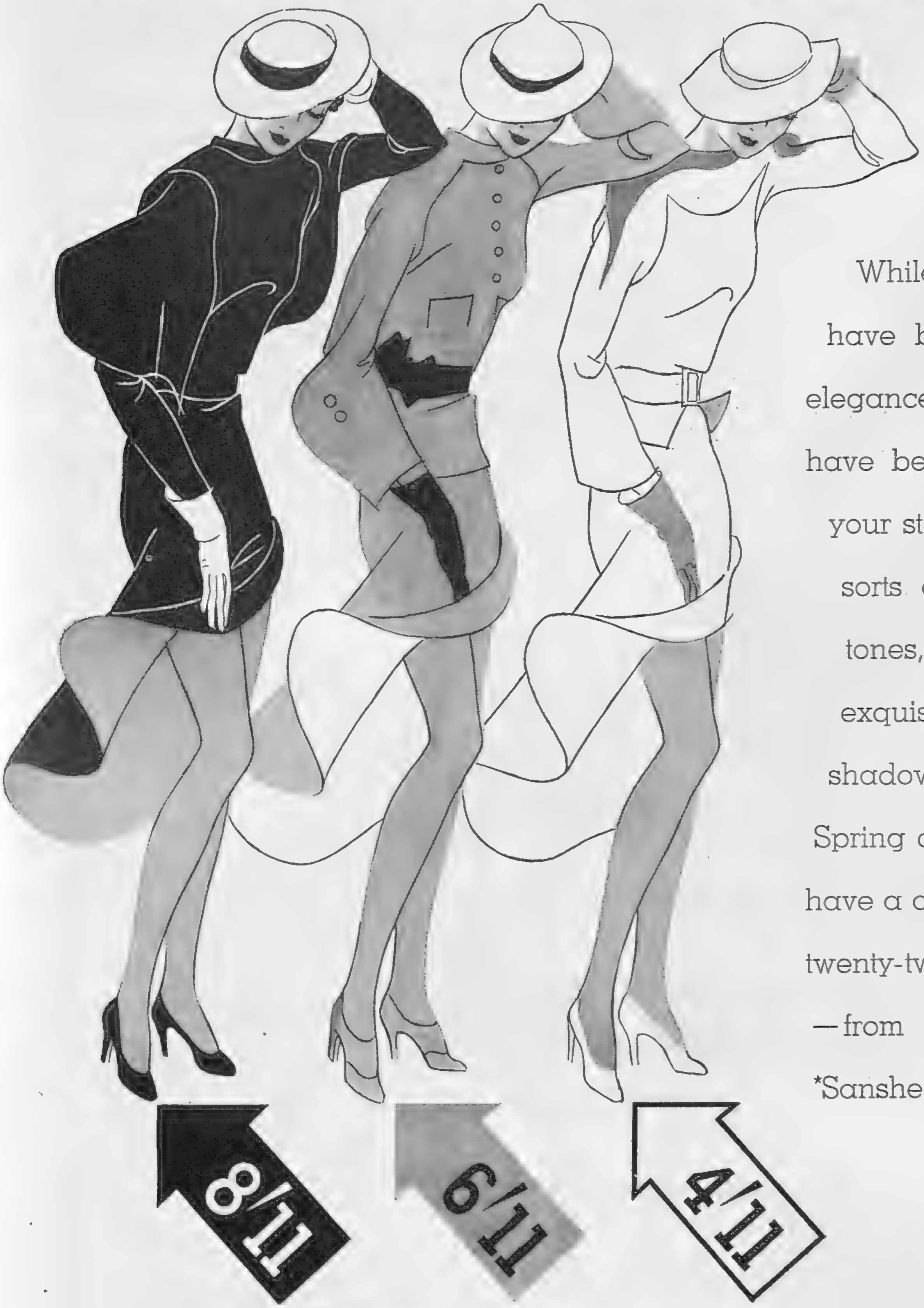
"Make me as crazy as the folk who go to the dissectors," he muttered, as he walked back towards the village. "One of those asses will be questioning me if I go on like this: 'Do you blush in the company of ladies? Please write down your reactions when you look at (1) a pink sunset, (2) a baby anteater, (3) a gorilla wearing a Charley Chaplin hat!'"

He passed the Cross marking the spot where the Emperor Constantine had seen the vision. Lucky Constantine! If he, Peter, could get a tip like that! Something slipping down out of the heavens to tell him what he should do.

A small boy, holding

(*Continued on page* 98)

SOMETHING TO DO WITH SPRING



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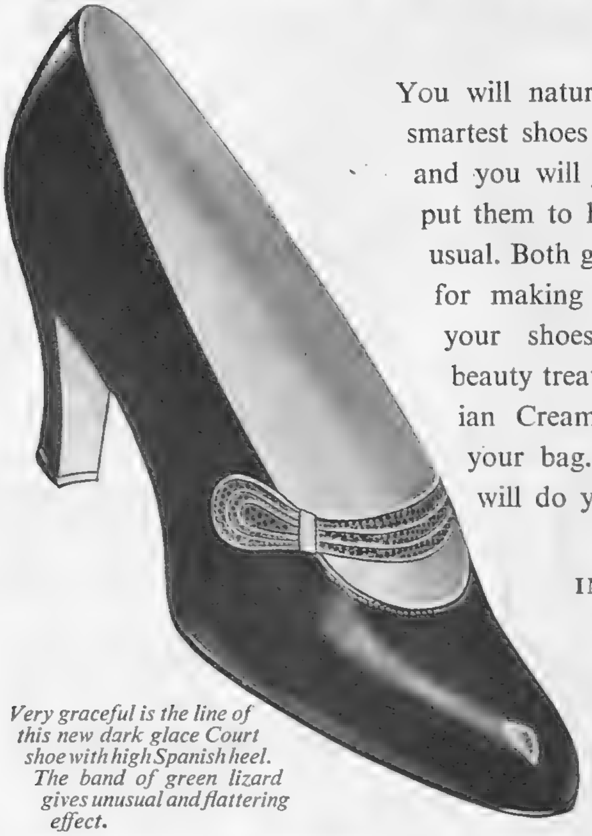

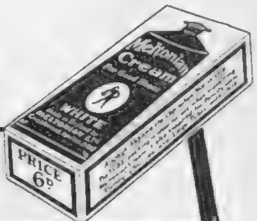

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an envelope in a dirty hand, sprang from a fence and approached Peter. He had been waiting for the Englishman to return. It was a telegram relayed from Peter's bank in Paris.

Thinking of Constantine, Peter tore it open. Hurriedly he read it :—

Peter Trent,
c/o Lloyds Bank, Paris.
Sister hurt automobile accident Saint-Aygulf Taken nursing home there Please call if near Thankful if you can do anything.
John Radcliffe.

Peter Trent walked slowly back to the *pension*. He wondered if his prayer for a sign had been answered. Or was this another annoying complication?

Saint-Aygulf was but twenty-five kilometres away. Strange that he should be so close to the scene of the accident. He recalled that when he was a very small boy of some nine years he had met Julie Radcliffe. They had paddled together on the beach at Llandudno. She was a long-legged little girl with big brown eyes. Solemn, he thought her then. Well, he had to go and see what he could do.

He ordered an automobile from the garage proprietor, dodging his lunch and the Provençal maid. The latter might have picked more wild strawberries with her own fair hands.

THE elderly nun at the nursing home to which Julie Radcliffe had been taken explained the nature of the accident to Peter Trent. The sister was pleased to see Trent.

"*La demoiselle Anglaise ne parle pas un mot de Français,*" she murmured. "*C'est là, pour nous, une grande difficulté.*"

"And the injury?" inquired Peter.

The sister explained. Julie Radcliffe had been struck by the flying glass from the wind-shield. Her eyes had been injured. A slight operation had been necessary, and for the moment she was resting in a darkened room. The bandages could not be removed for some weeks. The specialist believed that all would be well, and that there would be no permanent marks of the injury.

The sister led the way along the silent corridor to the room occupied by Julie. She knocked softly and with a little apologetic smile uttered the name of the visitor.

"Monsieur Peeter Treent," she said.

Peter, peering into the darkened room, helped the announcer. "Peter Trent, Miss Radcliffe," he cried. "Got a telegram from Jack this morning. Asked me to see you. Can I come in?"

"Of course you can!" cried a voice that came out of the dark. "Peter Trent! Saw you once with your mother at Llandudno! 'Scuse me if there's a sob in my voice, won't you? Crying, I am! Awful kind, these dear old things, but we can't understand each other. Peter Trent, for the Lord's sake, listen and translate to them all the things I want! Hold that old Mother Superior by the arm while I shout them at you."

Peter Trent smiled as he explained to the nun the wants of her patient. The nun beamed upon him. Here was a magician who could take the unintelligible sounds made by the girl in the bed and turn them into fine French. The articles would be procured at once. That very instant a sister would go out and comb Saint-Aygulf for them. If they were not in Saint-Aygulf they would be found in Frejus. She was doubtful about "toffee."

Peter knew no French equivalent for "toffee." The nun repeated the word in a manner that made Peter quite certain she did not like it. "Toffeee," she murmured. "Toffeee? *Je ne connais pas* toffeee."

"Now," said the girl in the gloom, "feel your way carefully to the bed and shake hands with me! Remember we found lemon-coloured crabs that day at Llandudno? Remember? One nipped you! Years and years ago, isn't it? Million years!"

"Fifteen," corrected Peter.

"Say that again," she sobbed. He had her hand now. "Only fifteen years? Why—why I've been lying here in—in the dark—for fifteen years! They—they say it is only three days, but I know—I know better!"

She was crying. Peter could hear the sobs that were shaking her. He could not see her face. There was visible to his eyes just a faint white aura that he took to be her swathed features.

He tried to comfort her. Why she would be up and about in no time. The nun had told him so.

"And I'm quite close," he cried. "Come over every day and see you. That is—that is if you'd like me to?"

"Do!" she whispered. "Oh, please do!"

"Right! Every day!" said Peter. "And if they can't get toffee I'll have the woman at my hotel make it for you." (*Continued on page 100*)

The Perfect Round—
DON'T BE VAGUE
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GOLD LABEL
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
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Peter felt curiously elated. He wondered why. Of course he was sorry for the girl on the bed, dreadfully sorry, yet there was something about her condition, something about the darkened room that brought a thrill. A queer thrill.

He realised it at last. *The girl could not see him! He could not see the girl!* He and Julie were only in vocal communication with each other. Of course he had held her hand for a few minutes, but that was nothing. Nothing at all. The great thing, the tremendously thrilling thing, was the fact that they only heard each other!

"I wonder," said Julie, after a long silence, "I wonder if you could read a little to me? Would you? Papers, you know. You—you could sit in the corridor where you could get enough light to see! Would you, please? Personal stuff. Home news, and—and things like that."

"Of course!" said Peter.

"The old nun has the papers," whispered Julie, and her whisper thrilled Peter. "What fun to have you read to me! You will—you will come every day?"

"Certainly," cried Peter.

The nun brought the papers, and Peter Trent, sitting out in the corridor, read scores of paragraphs that brought little "Ooh's" and "Aah's" from the dark bedroom.

The sister reported that all the little things desired by Julie, with the sole exception of the toffee, had been found in the village. She was regretful about the "toffeee." No one knew of it.

"*On ne connaît pas le toffeee,*" she murmured.

Peter reassured her. It was of small moment. The mind of Peter was busy at the moment flicking over the pages of memory. Years and years ago he, Peter, had made toffee. Slowly the recipe came back to him. Still reading the news from home he made a plan. He would make toffee for the Voice within the room! For the Voice! That was it. Just a Voice, a sweet Voice that "Ooh'd" and "Aah'd" in the gloom.

When every paragraph had been read, Peter found his way back to the side of the bed and felt for her little hand. He would be back in the morning. For certain. The little sob in the Voice thrilled him. She regretted his departure.

PETER asked a favour of the stout landlady of his *pension*. He wished to use her kitchen for a little moment. And he desired certain ingredients. Brown sugar, a lemon and butter. The stout one was amused. "*Les Anglais!*" she murmured, "*quels grands enfants!*"

How wonderful it was to know a woman by her voice only! There was something thrilling about such an acquaintanceship. There was glamour and witchery about it. Thoughts of the Lorelei swept into the mind of Peter as he tied the string of an apron loaned by the landlady. Softly he repeated lines from Heine's poem: "*Ich weiss nicht soll es bedeuten.*" Those little "Ooh's" and "Aah's" that came to him out of the darkened room! More thrilling than the song the sirens sang to Ulysses. A thousand times more thrilling.

No eyes to watch him. He flushed as he recalled the charwoman in Piccadilly who had voiced comparisons between Peter and the statues of gods in the British Museum. Her wretched words clung to his brain like verbal filth.

He put the butter and sugar in a saucepan over the charcoal fire. The maid tapped at the door. Could she come in? Peter damned her. Frightfully intent on his work now. Stirring constantly the boiling mixture. He tested a spoonful by dropping it into cold water. He added the lemon juice and turned it out to cool. Quite excited now. He heard in fancy the compliments of the voice. A little variation of the delightful "Ooh" as she ate the toffee.

"GORGEOUS!" cried the voice. "Oh, oh, oh! Peter Trent where did you get it? It's—it's the most delightful toffee I have ever eaten! The very best! Tell me—tell me who made it?"

"A poor devil of an Englishman that I know made it," stammered Peter. "Chap with nothing to do. I—I told him about you lying here in the dark and—and he said he'd make some for you. He'll be awfully pleased to hear—to hear that you liked it."

There was a little silence in the room. A queer little silence. Peter wished that the Voice would break it. That silence had eyes. It was looking into his soul. He believed that it saw him wearing the apron of the landlady standing beside the charcoal fire. He squirmed.

Then came the Voice. "You tell him" said the Voice, "that he is a darling! Fancy him doing that for me! And it isn't as if you could describe me to him! Tell him how—how beautiful I am and all that which makes men do heroic deeds. Of course I'm not beautiful, but to ask a man to make toffee for a woman in bed the asker should be able to say that the woman is beautiful."

"I—I told him that your voice was beautiful," said Peter softly.

Again the silence. Peter had a curious feeling that his response was being examined, that the words were being torn apart in an effort to find out if they were true or false. . . .

Peter broke the quiet of the room. "I brought a book," he said. "It is *Messer Marco Polo*. I thought—I thought you'd like me to read it to you."

"Oh, Peter!" breathed the Voice. "You are—you are so awfully kind."

GREAT days. Wonderful to Peter. Clean, sunny, thrilling. Reading to Julie lying in the darkness. Books that he found for her. *Crock of Gold*, *Mr. Polly*, *O Splendid Sorcery*. The Voice praised his taste.

"Great!" whispered the Voice. "Fine for the gloom, Peter. They make magic pictures. All colours y'know. Wish you could see 'em. Never repay you, Peter. Would have died . . . All alone, Peter . . . Would have died for sure . . . Dear old nunnies could—couldn't speak to me and—and—" The Voice died away into choked sobs. Peter flung *Mr. Polly* upon the corridor floor and felt his way back to the bedside. He found her hands and held them.

"Mustn't!" he said. "Day or two now and you'll be up and about!"

"Can't thank you enough, Peter. Everything. And—and the toffee you brought me," whispered the Voice. "That—that beautiful toffee! Oh, Peter!"

Peter Trent felt that he and Julie were alone in a world filled with sweet shadows. Soft, soothing shadows. He and Julie floating in them. Like two spirits.

Peter was on his knees now. Beside the bed. The perfume of fresh mountain lavender came from the linen.

He heard his own voice. He was a little startled. Was he reading something from a book—something that an imaginary lover had spoken—or was he telling his own love to Julie?

They were his own words! His own composition! He was thrilled! Immensely thrilled! For days and days he had been wondering if he could express himself in such a fashion, and now he was delighted with his own fluency of speech. Great Scott, couldn't he talk!

"Julie, Julie, Julie," he whispered. "I love you, Julie! We—we will be married the moment you are well! We will wander all around the world! We——" Soft fingers found his mouth and tried to halt the flow of words, but Peter was not to be denied. He kissed the fingers, moved them aside and continued to babble.

After a while he grew silent and waited. Waited for the Voice. It came after a long interval.

"But, Peter, dear, we—we don't know what the other looks like! We haven't—haven't seen each other for fifteen years!"

"What does it matter?" cried Peter. "I know that you are beautiful, Julie! I know! I know! Your—your beauty is in your voice! In your words! In—in the perfume that comes out from you! I know!"

"Oh, Peter," she whispered. In the darkness Peter had found her lips and kissed them.

THE bearded specialist led Peter along the corridor. Much excited was that specialist. He was proud of his work. Very proud. Everything was *parfait*. The eyes of mademoiselle were as beautiful as ever. There was not a mark. "*Je suis très content,*" he murmured. "*Voilà! Entrez!*"

She was standing in the centre of the softly lighted room. A slim, supple thing whose beauty sprang at Peter like sweetly murderous fingers desirous of throttling him.

Peter forgot the specialist. He took her in his arms. He was babbling to her. He was a little afraid. Afraid that someone would steal her from him. There were millions of men in the world. All around him were men. Hungry for beauty! The damn specialist in the corridor would like her! Thousands and thousands of others!

"I—I must hide you!" he gasped: "Fellow wants me to take his villa! Outside Algiers! All walled-in! Built for a Caid who didn't wish anyone to look at his wives! Golly, I'm going to take you there! Won't let anyone look at you, Julie! I'll telegraph him to-day! Walls—walls all around it! High! Seven feet!"

Julie had thrust him a little from her so that she could look at him. Her eyes were full of wonder.

"I'm glad—glad that the walls are seven feet!" she whispered. "They won't see you, Peter! Why—why you are the most glorious man in all the world. My Peter! Peter the Magnificent!"

The specialist backed through the doorway. He peeped for a moment, but they didn't see him. Softly he tiptoed down the passage. He tugged at his spade beard and pondered over the strange manners of the (*Continued on page* 102)

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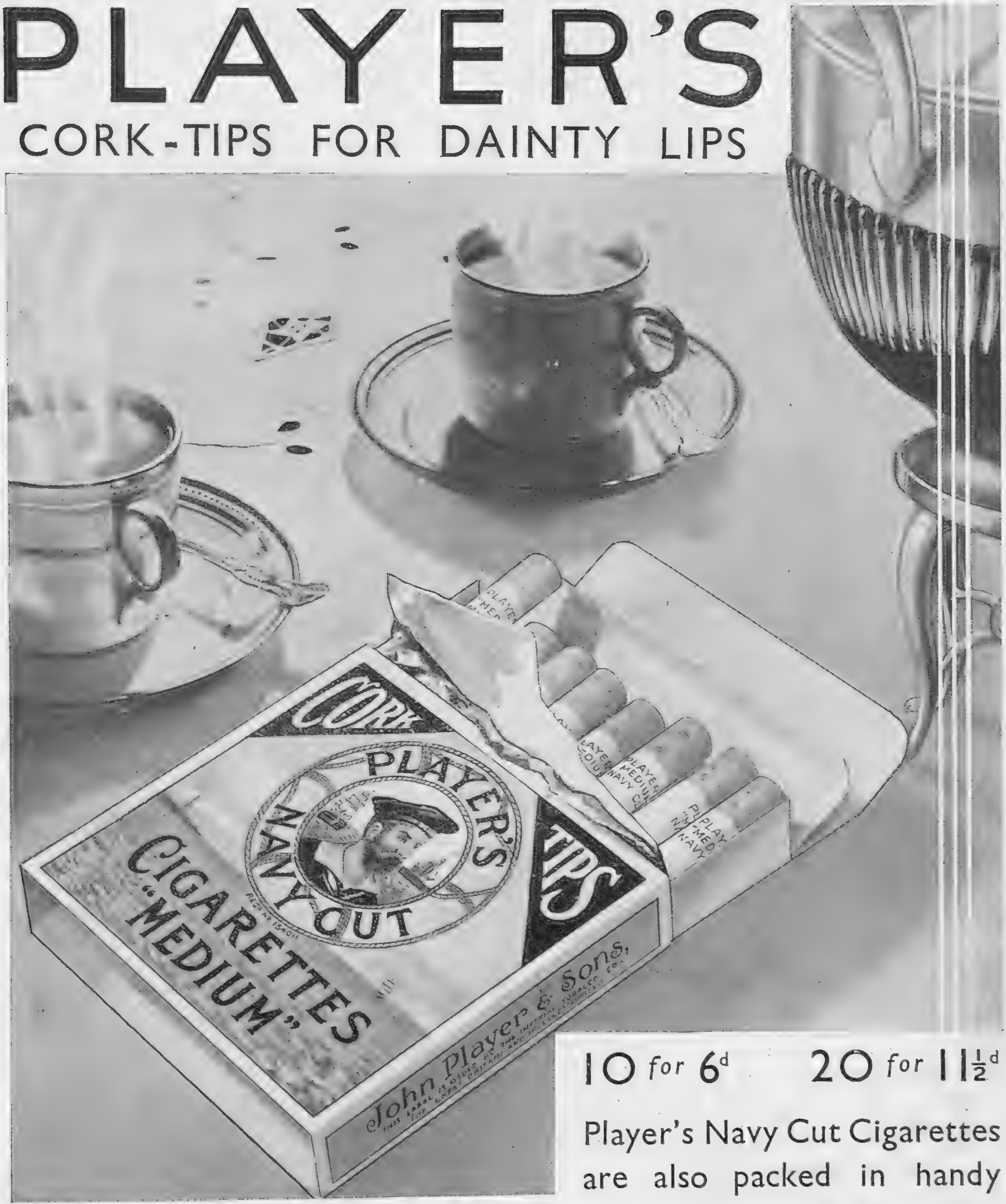

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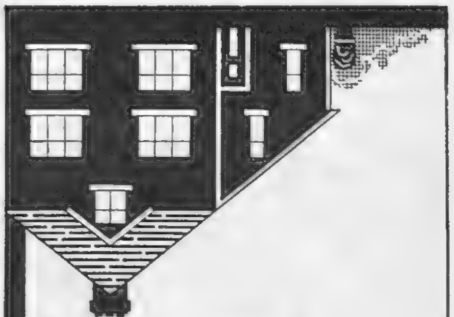

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English. The nuns had told him that Peter Trent and Miss Radcliffe had not met since they were little children. During the weeks that the eyes of the girl had been bandaged they had not seen each other, yet it was evident from what the specialist had seen and heard that they were in love with each other and contemplating an immediate marriage

"*Les Anglais sont tous fous!*" he murmured as he reached the head of the stairs. He paused, stared at a plaster statue of a saint and with an effort repeated the remark in English. More viciously. "The English are all mad!" he snapped. The accusation sounded more vigorous and convincing in English. He smiled softly as he went down the stairs. The picture of Julie and Peter was before his eyes. A pleasing picture.

END

Boxers Get My Goat

(Continued from page 35)

was Paddy O'Hielen. He beat them all. He could have been a world champion, except for his temper.

"Well, in consequence, Paddy was seen off from Reading, escorted by two uniformed men, who wanted to make sure he didn't go for a walk, and remarking that the Anti-Swearing League could be damned, for all he cared.

"Just as the car was about to start, a woman rushed up and threw her arms round Paddy's neck. The photographer who took a snap of it was informed by an onlooker that it was Paddy O'Hielen's wife. One of our news-reel men happened to be near. He ran off a few feet—and, within a day or two, our news-reel showed a picture of it. 'Mrs. Paddy O'Hielen,' we called her, of course.

"But someone had got it wrong.

"In two days' time, a woman called and said that she had been libelled and that she demanded 'damages and an apology.'

"'You say that picture is Mrs. Paddy O'Hielen, she said, pointing to it. 'I'm Mrs. Paddy O'Hielen.' Fancy insulting me by saying I'm that woman. Why, it's being shown on every screen in England.'"

Well, it seemed a tenner had settled her. It had been taken from the till and she signed a receipt. And that was the end of it, they thought.

"No, it was not the end," went on Mitchell, "two days later, another woman called.

"'I demand damages and an apology,' she said. Obviously, she had seen a lawyer. 'You said I'm Mrs. Paddy O'Hielen. I'm not. Fancy insulting me by saying I'm that bitch of a woman. I'm not married to Paddy. *I only live with him.*'"

Well, she also had got a tenner and she, too, had signed a receipt.

"I often wondered about those two women," said Tompkins. "But then, one night, in the National Sporting Club, I told Jim Houri the story. He seemed to know them. You never know about boxing. It gets mixed up with love and lots of things.

"It was Jim who told me that, years before, Paddy O'Hielen and Spotty Dawkins had fallen in love with each other's wives, and that Spotty had gone to Paddy and said, 'I'm in love with yer wife and I'm going to fight yer.'

"'Well, I'm in love with your wife,' Paddy had answered. 'But I'm not going to fight you. I don't fight for love. I fight for money. Now, if somebody puts up a purse, I'll go in the ring with you. Then I'll kill you. But not unless I'm paid. I tell you what we'll do. We'll toss for it.'

"So they tossed. And they both won, or they both lost, according to the way you look at it. Anyway, they changed wives. Then they cost us £20. All the women in the world aren't worth that. I know. I'm in the picture game.

"I wonder what trouble we shall have with that decayed dame on board. There's sure to be a jam before her first picture's through. There always is. It's funny, too, but the more used up they are in Hollywood, the more they try to lord it over us at Elstree . . ."

"Wonder what van is coming for me with Big Battler," said Mitchell. "The boxers are worse than the film stars. Women can only scratch your eyes out. Even a boxer can punch."

Mortleigh Handers let his eyes wander around. Big Battler was walking past with the film star, looking into her eyes.

"The big cheese," said Mitchell. "Boxers always get my goat."

"Now," replied Tompkins, "it's the women . . . ."

"A lucky wave might send the two of them overboard," observed Mitchell. "It would save trouble—and save a good story . . ."

"What's the good?" peeved Tompkins. "I haven't got a camera man on board . . ."

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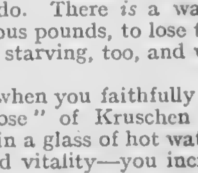

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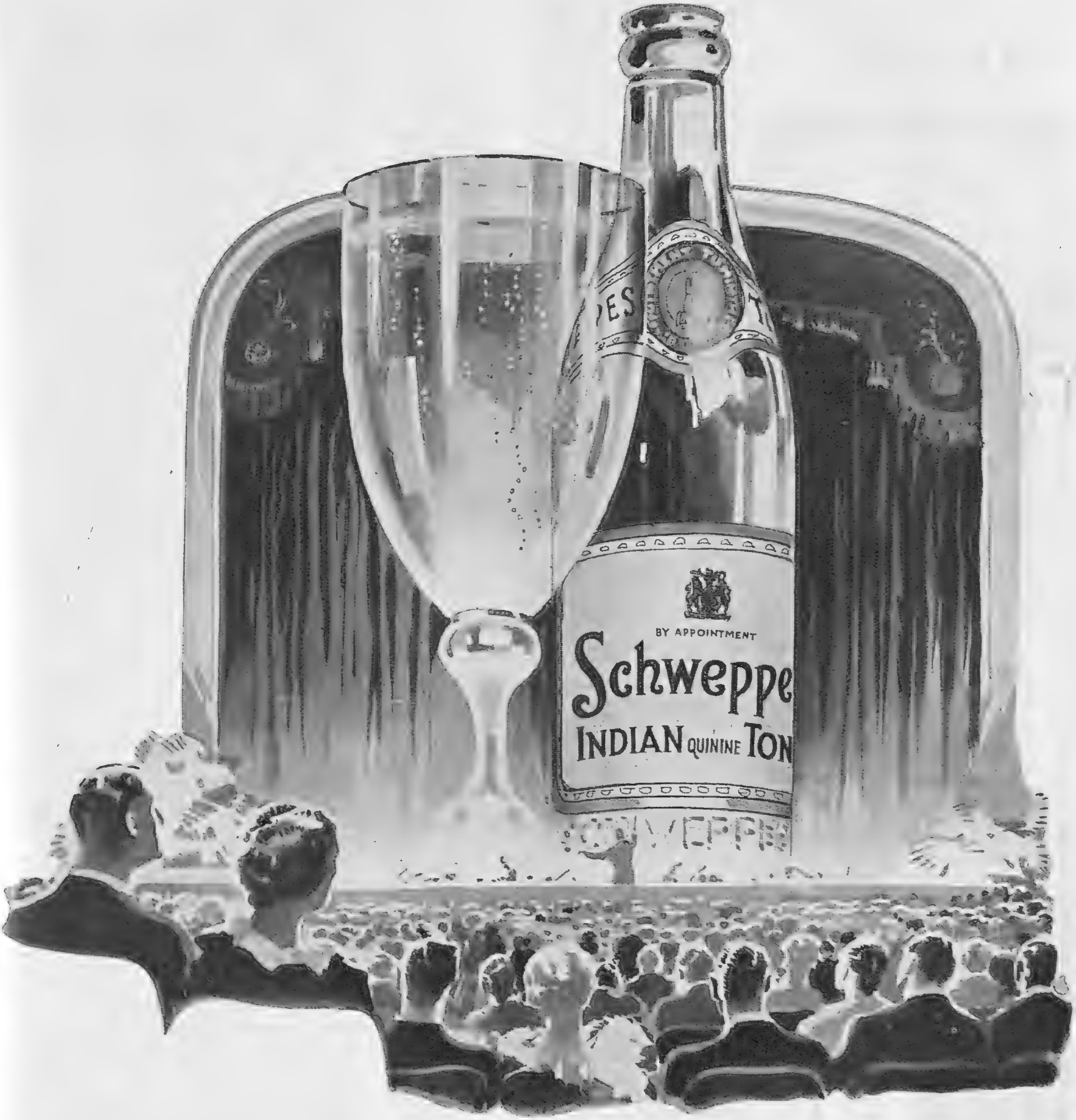
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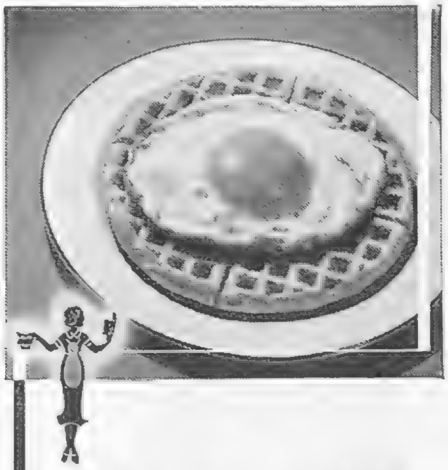

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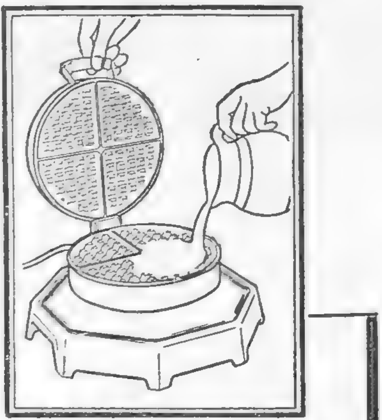

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Very Private Secretary

(Continued from page 39)

ago. And it was not Amber Shaw who did it."

So he knew, had always known, had always bitterly resented it.

"What are you going to do?" asked Silvia helplessly.

Henry rose from his writing table.

"If Marleton discontinues his visits here, and his—er—friendship with you," he said at length, "I will part with my excellent secretary."

She bent her head in sign of submission, and waited for Henry to realise that she was giving him back the great gift of herself, that after four years' straying she had returned to the fold.

But Henry had not done.

"I'm going to use a very old-fashioned word," he said. "I am going to discuss my honour, for the first and last time, with you. You," said Henry Culverwell, "have no use for that word, no use for what it represents. I've suffered damnably," he went on quietly, "but there's been no open scandal. Appearances shall be kept up, but, don't deceive yourself, Silvia, that door you locked will stay locked."

Silvia wilted before the look in his eyes, the utter contempt of his voice. Then, suddenly, he was Henry again.

"I am extremely busy," he said courteously, "and as it will take me some time to find another secretary plain enough to be acceptable, I will ask you to go now and leave me to get through my work."

WEEKS passed in this staggering loneliness before she realised that Henry meant it. And then, of course, she went to Archie. How can the Silvias of this world live without love?

There was no question, now, of marriage with Archie, but many a rising politician has his Egeria, and though she could not ask him to the house, there were other methods, more secret. Already she had sketched out in her mind ways and means of meeting him. But this once she would go to his flat. Probably he was even now longing to see her again. Silvia got quite dramatic at the idea.

The porter took her up in the lift, and Archie's discreet manservant opened the door and seemed about to say something, but she brushed past him into Archie's sitting-room.

It looked unfamiliar, for the furniture had been rearranged. There were two writing-tables now. Archie sat at one, smart and attractive as ever, with a gay carnation in his buttonhole, and at the other writing-table sat Miss Amber Shaw, taking down letters from his dictation.

"Good morning, Mrs. Culverwell," she said, in exactly the same tone she had always used.

But Silvia ignored her.

"Archie," she began. "Will you send this person away for a few moments. I want to speak to you."

"Hullo, Silvia," he said jauntily.

"Send her away," she repeated, her voice thick with anger.

"Oh, I don't think that's necessary. I've no secrets from Miss Shaw."

What was the matter with Archie? Had he gone mad?

Silvia turned on the slim figure in blue with the white collar and cuffs.

"I don't know how you've got here," she said hysterically, "but if Lord Marleton will take my advice, he won't keep you. You're an adventuress, as I knew from the moment you came into my house."

"I had excellent references," replied Miss Shaw, "from poor Mr. Culverwell."

"Then you forged them," said Silvia recklessly. "I don't believe you're really Amber Shaw at all. It sounds like a made-up name to me."

"Archie," said Miss Amber Shaw, turning her lapis-lazuli eyes in his direction. "What do you say to this?"

Archie came forward, and laid his hand on that slim, blue-clad shoulder of the secretary's.

"Silvia," he said, looking across at his old flame, "you're quite right. There isn't any Miss Amber Shaw now. Amber and I were married this morning."

It was a very big gun that Archie had brought up to his wife's assistance. It shattered the world in which Silvia had been living for the last four weeks. It very nearly shattered Silvia herself, but she managed to retreat in good order, leaving the couple gazing into each other's eyes with quite a honeymoon expression.

SILVIA had given instructions that she was not to be disturbed. She was lying on the sofa in her bedroom . . . had been lying there for hours when Henry Culverwell opened the door between their rooms, and walked into Silvia's with that tread which was so light for a big man.

In his hand was the evening paper, blazing the romantic marriage of Lord Marleton to his secretary. He came up to the sofa and looked at that lax figure.

"So he's married," he said, looking down at all he could see of Silvia's face, half buried in the sofa cushion.

"Yes," said Silvia dully, "to her."

"And you," Henry reminded her, "are married to me—a fact which has rather escaped your notice."

Silvia lifted her head from the cushion, and struggled up on her elbow.

"Yes," she said again, less dully.

"I," said Henry Culverwell, "am incurably faithful, a quality one must reckon with. You have behaved as badly as possible, and you will probably take advantage of my weakness, when I tell you that I'm still fond of you, but I must risk that." His hand fell on her bent head a moment. "You've just time to dress for dinner," he added. "Dinner *à deux*, with your husband."

So Silvia dried her eyes, and when he was gone she made up her face, put on her new wine-coloured velvet pyjamas, and decided to be a good wife to Henry and to cut Lady Marleton whenever she had the misfortune to meet her.

Astoundingly, once again, Silvia had got away with it.

END

Old Tales Retold

(Continued from page 45)

glory—martyrdom. During all this time, frantic efforts had been made by his family to glean together the money required for his ransom. Petitions and appeals had been made in every possible direction. Several business enterprises had been tried, some in vain and some with but little profit.

Eventually the Redemptorist, Father Juan Gill, undertook the journey to Algiers with 500 ducats, which was only half the sum required by Hassan Pasha.

The latter refused flatly to deliver the prisoner, and, as it happened to be just the time of the expiration of the term of his government, he threatened to take Cervantes with him to Constantinople.

While the Redemptorist was doing his utmost to persuade the tyrant, Cervantes was dragged from his cell and taken on board the vessel ready for departure. He was taken down and chained to his bench at the oar, from whither he beheld a row of naked backs of every hue—white, yellow, brown, black and, most sinister of all, red—incarnadined with the lash.

But a sudden ray of sunshine prevented the perpetuation of the crime. Father Juan Gill made a last effort on behalf of Cervantes, and, assisted by the generosity of some Algerian Christian merchants, the money required was attained, and with it the freedom of Cervantes.

His departure was interrupted by a new obstacle. A false accusation brought against him by an old enemy of his, Blanco De Paz, compelled him to undergo more trouble and delay, but eventually he was able to disentangle himself from this last conspiracy. Cervantes went home. Every tiny incident—the appearance of a sail on the blue horizon—was a reason for new dread, but this time destiny was really closing the last page of the first great romance he wrote, not with his pen but his life.

He landed safely in Spain towards the close of the year 1580.

Despite the joy of once again embracing his dear ones, a great deal of unhappiness was in store for him. He found himself, like other heroes home from the wars, a man without work; a man whose past service had been forgotten. The memory of his name had faded away from the minds of all who might—and should—have helped him.

The idea of starting again in civilian life discouraged him, so he joined his old regiment of "Figuera," where, together with his brother Rodrigo, he was engaged in the expedition to the Azores. He took part in many other military events, including the battle of Teiceira, one of the few outstanding achievements of the Spanish navy.

He served in Portugal, where we hear of his first love affair.

The distinction of his manners soon made him welcome in the highest circles of the Portuguese aristocracy. The brilliance of his intellect made him extremely attractive to women. Contact with the brutality of the sixteenth-century world and the military life had not in the least marred the delicacy of his approach, so that he soon won the preference of a beauty sprung from the Portuguese nobility.

In her arms he must have found the first real compensation after so many years of suffering.

The luxury of the surroundings, and the softness of such a liaison evoked in him a violent reaction against all the horror that he had endured.

This episode described its complete cycle, for a little daughter was born to whom later Cervantes devoted himself with the most tender affection, and who was his inseparable companion and consoler through all the calamities that followed, until the day of his death.

The year 1583 marked the end of Cervantes' military career. He had ample justification for leaving a profession where his brilliant merit had never brought him any substantial advantage. He nursed the dream of devoting his life to literature, hoping that the world of letters would accord more recognition to his talent.

Women now began to count for something in his life. Cervantes, in civilian dress, paid court assiduously to the beautiful and noble Dona Catalina, de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano. Ever a true artist, he drew from this association not only the pleasures of love, but also the inspiration for his poem "Galatea." This he read to his inamorata as Tasso read his verses to Eleanora.

A year later he reached the zenith of his happiness with his marriage to her.

Here the poetry of real life took the place of the written poetry and "Galatea," which had been written to conquer the object of his love, was never finished. His possessions, settled on his wife, were not more than a hundred ducats. The inventory of his effects included also forty-five hens and one rooster.

If the earning of a livelihood had been easier, Cervantes would have lived a peaceful life, devoting himself to his studies. But he had a family to look after—his mother; two sisters; his natural daughter Isobel and his wife.

With fair success he tried writing for the theatre. He wrote some thirty plays, amongst which "La Numancia" and "El Trato de Argel" were highly appreciated, but the competition of Lopé de Vega overshadowed Cervantes' work to the point that he had to find other means to earn his daily bread. He abandoned the drama entirely.

His misfortune in war and his disastrous adventures amongst the pirates and in the slave market might have befallen any man, but that, in a civilised country at the height of its power, a man of the value of Miguel de Cervantes should be face to face with starvation—despite his culture, his military knowledge and his glorious past—is unbelievable.

The great man, pressed by necessity, was forced to accept the most uncongenial position. He became a commissary under the provisioner of the Indian fleet, and his time and talents were used to buy grain, wine, oil and general provisions from the merchants of Andalucia.

He felt his own power and tried everything to change his unbearable life, but even a petition to the King brought no result. Several years elapsed without his being able to extricate himself from his deplorable situation.

On the contrary.

One day he entrusted to an agent a sum of money, collected on Government account, to be sent to Madrid. The agents stole the money and betrayed Cervantes, who had to bear the full responsibility and repay the lost money out of his pittance of a wage. For a long time he struggled to repay, but, just so soon as he was unable to pay the King's mandate, he was thrown into prison.

Again miracles were accomplished to set him free.

But slowly, surely, distilling in his mind, in his heart, in his very veins, was accumulating that blasting philosophy that, later on, in *Don Quixote*, made his name immortal.

But there were yet miseries waiting to prove to what extent Fate can deride such a Job. Other work was offered to him—the ultimate labour that a diabolical mind would accord to a man of genius, a post refused by anyone else.

Miguel Cervantes became a collector of debts.

This status in our own day carries with it no stigma, owing to our orderly organisation (at least in that branch). But, in sixteenth-century Spain, more especially in small villages, the voracity for money had almost divided the people in two categories—slaves and slave drivers.

Unscrupulous coercion to pay for wars, scandalous taxation to fight wars, had made of life one incessant war. A debt collector was considered almost a public enemy, an oppressor of the innocent, a monster to be exterminated.

This was the figure assumed by the most humane of men, one who, at his own expense and in his own person, had known all the tribulations of the human heart, one who still—amazingly enough—had yet sufficient charity left to believe in love and brotherhood.

One day, the prior of Saint John entrusted him with the commission of collecting the tithes of his monastery in the district of Argamasilla. Cervantes put forward the claims with all his courtesy, but the debtors revolted. Not contented with sending him

(*Continued on page 106*)

Here are the preparations for a treatment for *Oily Skins*

How can you tell whether you have an oily skin? If your skin insists on being shiny . . . in spite of frequent powdering . . . if your colour is dull and your pores inclined to be coarse, you have the symptoms of an oily skin.

How can you correct this condition? Follow Elizabeth Arden's programme for restoring the health and activity of your skin. These specialised preparations will improve the circulation and correct a coarse, oily texture. You will need:

Venetian Ardena Masque—Stimulating and purifying, this fine clay rejuvenates torpid cells, clears a muddy or sallow skin, tones and refines a coarse and blotchy one, freeing the skin of the poisons which make it coarse and dull. 14/6

Venetian Special Astringent . . a stimulating lotion which should be applied briskly with a patter to bring up circulation and tone and tighten your skin. 9/6 17/6

Spotpruf Lotion . . which gives your skin a soft invisible protection and a lovely finish under your powder. 12/6

C·T·N

And whether your skin is oily, dry or normal, it requires daily regular CLEANSING, TONING and NOURISHING . . . the three essential steps to skin loveliness.

Miss Arden's C.T.N. Box provides you with the essentials for your daily treatment, in simplest form . . . Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic and Velva Cream . . conveniently packed in a pink box. 12/6

Elizabeth Arden's Cleansing Cream liquefies quickly, rids the pores of dust, powder and excretions. 4/6 8/6 12/6. Remove with Venetian Cleansing Tissues. 1/6

Elizabeth Arden's Skin Tonic stimulates the skin gently, refreshes and clears it. 3/6 8/6 15/6

Elizabeth Arden's Velva Cream smooths and refines without fattening. 4/6 8/6 12/6

Elizabeth Arden's Pore Cream A greaseless astringent cream, that acts directly on relaxed pores. Leave on overnight. 4/6

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To all those women who read "Britannia and Eve"

Sanitary protection of a really comfortable and hygienic nature is so vitally important to a woman's health—and to her enjoyment of life—that we would like to call your attention to a little booklet on this subject. It is written by a woman doctor attached to one of London's great hospitals. It contains much useful information for you—information which, you will readily understand, it is hardly possible for us to give you here.

You may want, too, to try the towels we have so carefully made (and keep on, and on, improving) under the direction of this same woman doctor — who keeps us in touch with the intimate problems of women's health and the latest discoveries of medical science for their alleviation. So ask us to send you samples—unless you are one of those happy women to whom Lilia has already opened up a new path to Health and Freedom.

If it is only the booklet you require just send us your name and address on a postcard. But if you would like the samples, too, then send stamps or P.O. to the value of 1/3. Address: Miss Dorothy Downing (Dept. S.1.), Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5

LILIA

THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL

Standard size, 1/- per carton of 12,
with loops (or without them).

Awarded Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene

away empty handed, disgrace enough for a debt collector, he was assaulted and flung once more into gaol, adding another prison to the record of a man who was the soul of honesty.

But this prison was his glory. There the seed of his genius took root. There burgeoned the tender shoot of his masterpiece, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

Some time after, the prisoner was released; under his arm a bundle of papers, but in his eyes was the distant rapt look of one who sees visions and dreams dreams.

> " He saw across a weary land a struggling road in
> Spain
> Up which a lean and foolish Knight for ever rode
> —in vain.
> And he smiled . . . . "

While he struggled to eke out this miserable existence, the first part of his great work took shape. It was a long time before he managed to publish the first part. He underwent many vicissitudes, which accentuated more and more his ill-fortune. Another imprisonment—this time together with all his family—caused by an act of generosity on his part.

He had brought into his house, and attended to the wounds of, a young nobleman who had been severely hurt in a street brawl. The man died in his arms, and the brutal technicalities of the Spanish law rewarded him—with prison.

But now, all this was nothing. He was on the true way to the shining sun. Every obstacle was surmounted. The hostility of a sneering world did not delay the glorious proceeding. Envy and hatred caused some hack—inspired, maybe, by the vainglorious Iberian lords whose fatuity he scathingly satirised—to write a book, alleged to be the second part of *Don Quixote*.

This book was published with the obvious intention to bring into contempt and ridicule the original story of the noble ill-fated hidalgo.

Every character was rendered vulgar and repugnant, but the effort was in vain. The genuine second part, hastily composed, poured out from the hand-driven presses. No book until then had acquired such fame.

What need for words of mine to glorify that glory of Spanish—and world—letters? My poor praise could only sully in fact, and not in intention, that masterpiece which, on its own merit, has come to be the most famous lay work in the world.

As Pietro de Tommaso says in his dissertation on the subject, " Every one knows that *Don Quixote* is no grotesque marionette created to amuse the children, nor is the comical Count of Culagna a caricature of any real person, but the misguided man of every epoch and every nation, the crazy mind which has lost touch with reality—with real things and real people. He who has his brain impregnated only with his beautiful dream of redemption, and proceeds with a smile of protection for the weak and innocent, sublimely unconscious of the absurdity of his holy, ineffectual enthusiasm."

Now, when the glories of Cervantes begin, my story comes to its end.

For more than three hundred years his classic—which revolutionised his world—has been read, re-read, loved, reverenced, laughed over, wept over . . .

Let me put one phrase of his as the peroration to my tribute to him ; a phrase instinct with all the irony which Life drilled into a spirit pre-eminently humanistic ; a phrase filled with his penetrating insight into the follies of mankind.

It comes from the preface to the Don :—

" Such a display of learned names give your book an air of importance at the first sight, and nobody will take the trouble to examine whether you have followed them or not, since nothing would be gained by the labour."

END

Let "RANEE" read your character from your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

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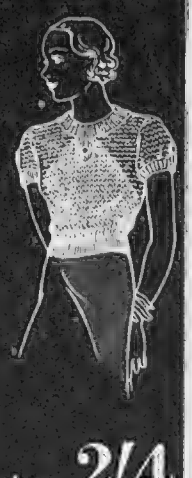
All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply*.

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

THE JAEGER KNITPACK

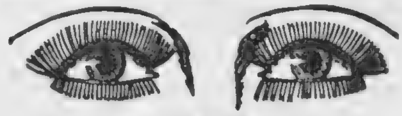


. . . . . . This is the new Knitpack pattern. "Joan"—two colour effect—short puff sleeves—band finish with tab fastening to neck and sleeves—loose stitch, quickly knitted—a jumper that goes to the heart.

Materials and instructions, 2/4; the Knitpack is presented free.

Complete, 2/4

THE JAEGER KNITPACK



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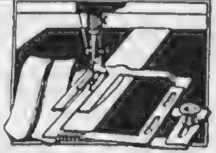

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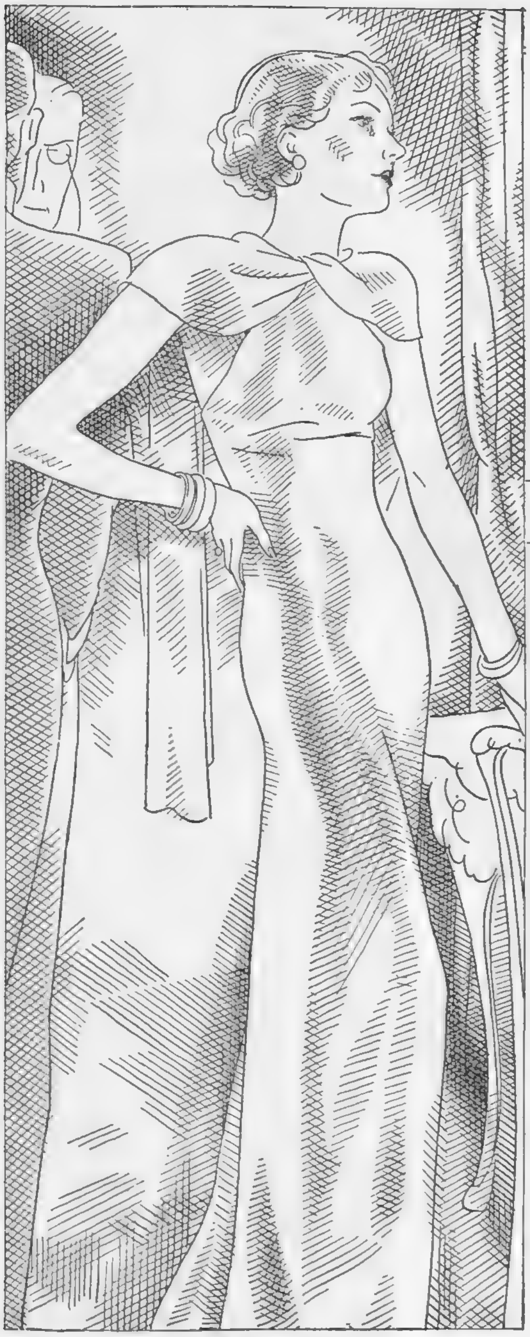
Helpful booklet by Miss Elizabeth Craig free on request.



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IN THE PUBLIC EYE
that keep slim and trim on Vita-Weat

THE SOCIETY HOSTESS If there's one eye she fears, it is her dressmaker's. It is a regular tape-measure of an eye. At one accusing glance it will bring to light that new half-inch of girth that certainly was not there last time.

If only for this reason, therefore, she employs every wise measure to keep her figure down; and the wisest of all her measures is the substitution of Vita-Weat for ordinary bread or toast. Because Vita-Weat is free from unconverted starch she finds that it arrests the advance of unwanted fat; and because it contains all the nourishment of the whole wheat grain it gives her the energy and staying-power her strenuous social round demands.

You too will benefit by making Vita-Weat your daily bread. Your digestion will improve, your system will run more regularly and efficiently, your teeth will grow healthier, you will experience a new sense of buoyancy and of youth. And how you will love its "crunchiness" and its ripe-corn flavour!

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New! Larger! more Efficient!

THE 1934

4 OVEN

AGA COOKER

(Regd. Trade Mark)

BUT STILL WITH A FUEL COST OF LESS THAN 25/- A QUARTER

The new Aga Cooker is even more efficient in its Cooking capacity and absolutely fool-proof, as well as being considerably simpler in use. Moreover we are now able to offer the larger 4-oven Aga illustrated above, in addition to the Standard 2-oven Aga. This larger Aga offers you an extra cooking oven and a very sizeable compartment for heating plates and dishes. The cleanliness of this new model, the coolness, the comfort and the labour-saving features are exactly the same as those of the Standard Aga, while the increase in fuel consumption is negligible. The 4-oven Aga is eminently suitable for houses where there are different menus in the dining room, nursery and/or servants' hall.

See the New Aga on Stand 32, Ground Floor, Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, April 3rd.

SPECIFICATION: The Aga, which burns coke and is independent of Gas and Electricity, need be fuelled and riddled only twice every 24 hours. It burns day and night and there is no morning fire to light. It is always ready for immediate use. Two large hot-plates, one for boiling, one for simmering, and ten-gallon Hot Water tank within the Cooker. Width of the standard Aga 3 ft. 3 ins., and of the 4-oven Aga model SB21, 5 feet. Draught controlled by thermostat. Waste of fuel impossible. Surfaces of glazed non-cracking enamel. Metal parts chromium plated.

WRITE FOR FULL DETAILS AND PHOTOGRAPHS TO

Standard Aga costs £62 0s. 0d. 4-oven Aga costs £78 0s. 0d. Delivery and erection of either model about £5 10s. Either model can be installed for first payment of £5 10s. 0d., and balance paid monthly or quarterly over one, two or three years.

AGA HEAT LTD.
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***Telephone:* Central 6281.**

BRITISH MADE

The Snare

(*Continued from page 57*)

the barouche came a mounted man with a note: "Tarrant *sahib salaams memsahib.*"

"Dear Joanna,—I do hope you will forgive such very short notice, but I wish you'd excuse me this afternoon. I've just had news of that gorgeous horse, and my informant thinks that its discovery is known and the owner may bolt at once because of it. So Sawai Sing and I are going to ride out just as hard as we can go. I'll come to dinner if I may. I've missed you lots and I dare to hope that you also have missed me. . . . ."

She sank down on the foot of the long chair while her breast heaved and her face was bleak, worrying with her teeth at her thumbnail.

But when he arrived for dinner she had contrived to put down her anger and to greet him with her usual charm. After all, it was only for this week or two. "Well, did you get your precious horse?"

"No, dammit. Nothing but the campsite. The man had flown, as they said he would."

"Well, if you leave me in the lurch like that too often, you'll find that *I've* flown when you come back."

"Oh, now, now, Joanna. It wasn't just as bad as that. Please, let me off this time."

She reached out and pinched his ear.

EACH morning early they rode in the desert, starting when the sun had barely cleared the Arravallis peaks and passing the *caravanserai* beside the ford when the cooking smokes rose thick and blue and the neigh and bray of horse and mule, the bleat of sheep and bubbling snarl of camels greeted feedtime. Joanna loathed early rising, but he set such store by his morning canter. And she was not so keen on riding either—only it was one of the things that everybody did. He had borrowed her a carefully chosen horse from one of the native officers—his own were all far too fiery. And he had bitted it down so that she could hold it without effort.

Well, anyway, it was almost over now. That was a relief to realise. In a week they were to start for Bombay, and after that she would be able to breathe freely again. It had been a strain. But she had had time to contemplate what life would be on the small income Sammy had left her—enough to keep her in modest comfort, and had found the prospect most distasteful.

They splashed girth-deep through the ford that had been paved seven hundred years ago by Shah Jehan, walked up the deep-cut approach and came out on the plain: heavy white sand with clumps of tall grass and wild brakes of thorn. The clean smell of morning met them, crows cawed overhead and small green parrots swayed down on the tall plumes of the grass.

Tarrant struck a canter and laughed at her happily. He was on his best horse, Tantia, a fine grey cross between a Barb and an English steeplechaser that went well with her Arab, and they swept at an easy pace past brake and tussock, with glimpses of the steely river to the left, and the stark brown mountains underneath the low sun to the eastward. Partridges exploded startled from the horses' feet. Once a *sounder* of wild pig tore grunting for the thorn.

Suddenly Tarrant shouted: "Hi! Look at that!"

"That" was a big chestnut horse that gleamed golden in the sunshine, with a boy in a black coat and blue skull cap riding it gracefully. He let Tantia out and shot after him, and the son of Salomon Aziz spoke to the chestnut and kept his distance. In half a minute they were at full gallop, with Joanna well behind and most annoyed and flustered. "Martin, *please,*" she called. "It's too *hot* for this."

But he did not hear her in his eagerness to keep sight of his quarry as it swept in and out of openings in the thorn. He had not gained an inch.

Joanna was amateur enough to get in close behind Tantia, and be pelted by the sand hurled backwards by his driving heels. Half-blinded and stinging, she sawed at her horse, which, eager to be in the fun, resented this, but was unable to fight the stiff curb. So he slowed up in a series of stiff-legged crow-hops, which jolted her out of the saddle on to his neck, where she clung without dignity, and barely saved herself from an ignominious unhorsing. Boiling with irritation, wet with sweat and with sand in her mouth and hair, she scrambled back to her saddle and held her thoroughly disgruntled Arab to a rackety jog which did nothing to smooth either of their tempers. The other two had passed from sight, and perforce she let him follow in their tracks.

Tarrant had sat down for the ride of his life. He knew every inch of the country, which was where the regiment came for its pig-sticking, and he hoped that knowledge would offset the patent superiority of the chestnut, whose present line of travel would end soon in a deep dry river bed, and force him to turn sharply eastward. He angled in that direction so as to cut him off.

But when they reached the open ground preceding the ravine, though blue-cap must have seen what he was heading for, he kept on going at his sweeping gallop. "Why! Good Lord, he couldn't be going to try it. No horse ever foaled——"

But the chestnut shot bolt-like at the chasm and went up with a soaring leap to land light as a bird well clear and sweep on without a falter.

Tarrant swallowed and licked his lips. He was for it now—there was no man living who could lead where he would not try to follow: that was his horseman's pride. He spoke to Tantia kindly, gathered him up and sent him at it. As soon as the grey saw the chasm he hated it, but he kept his pace for a stride or two. Then he changed his mind too late, baulked and slid forward stiff-legged in a cloud of dust. At the brink he toppled over; they rolled down the steep bank in a kicking heap, and landed solidly and both winded at the bottom of the gully.

Presently Tarrant got clear, held the reins while the grey heaved up, and then stood spitting blood, cursing and sucking his skinned knuckles. He was uninjured but much chipped and bruised. The grey seemed sound though blown.

By and by he led along the gully to a place where he could angle up the bank, mounted and jogged back on his tracks. He soon met Joanna, yawing and sidling on a horse white with lather that fought her every inch—had she tried she could have soothed him easily, but she preferred to use the bit.

Tarrant grinned at her sheepishly. He was plastered with yellow dust which smeared his sweat-greased face grotesquely. "Hullo! Having your troubles with the mare, I see. Easy on that bit and talk to her, I would."

Her face was hard and her breath came short. "You're *impossible*, tearing off like that. This brute might have killed me; and I'm half blinded with the sand you kicked in my face."

His expression changed with surprise at the venom in her tone. "I say. Perhaps it was a bit thoughtless of me—but I thought you were along. It was that darned horse. I never saw anything like it. Please, do forgive me. But that mare you're on couldn't hurt a thing, Joanna; and—you really should know better than to ride in a fellow's tracks and catch his dirt."

She drew her breath for one of the outbursts which had always cowed poor Sammy Abbott. And then she saw the startled way in which he watched her face, and she remembered.

She swallowed; it was very hard, but—only another week. So she said disconsolately with lips that shook a little: "You might be sympathetic. The sand's in my eyes and it hurts terribly. I'm filthy and miserably uncomfortable. And I was enjoying the morning so."

He was disarmed and contrite at once. "Oh, I say, I'm sorry. I was a thoughtless pig. But we'll go back and you can have a bath and you'll be fine. Come on—a nice gentle jog. Cool off all four of us just nicely by the time we're in. You really should have seen that horse, Joanna. He jumped a *nullah* I would not have dreamed of trying, flew it in his stride and landed galloping—" At the mention of the horse again, a wave of impotent irritation swept over her.

ON the night they were to start for Bombay, they were sitting on the verandah after dinner. The mail-train passed through Ratangarh at the uncomfortable hour of two a.m., so that with a four-hours drive to the station, they could linger with coffee and liqueurs and leave at ten o'clock.

Joanna's inordinate conceit, always close to the surface, was still smarting. But, to her intense satisfaction, no further trace had been found of the chestnut horse, and she had been darkly pleased to note in the tone of the native officers, with whom he constantly discussed it, a certain scepticism that it could be as fine as he insisted that it was.

And she would not be compelled to discipline herself much longer. This was his world, where she was at a disadvantage—yet she had captivated him in it—even though she had not been able to blind his eyes to a mere horse. Soon they would be in a world all hers. They would be married quickly, and then her life would begin again, the life devoted solely to her entertainment, in which she bullied everyone whom she could bully, and avoided everyone she could not.

She stole a look at Tarrant as he sipped his coffee, his profile sharp against the darkness in the yellow lamplight. It was a fine face, the face of a gentleman; youthful, even sweet, but with no weakness in it. The sort of face that would grow firmer, wiser with the years, and whose boyish eagerness would change to strong, kindly humour. But she saw none of that. She saw only a splendid and distinguished blond young man who wore his clothes with an air and would grace any (*Continued on page* 110)

"Did you learn that trick from the Aristoc advertisements?"

"I've learnt about stockings from Aristoc, I will say that! I used to take chances on stockings—but now I take nothing but Aristoc! I don't have to buy new ones every three weeks. I don't have wrinkles at the ankles—I don't have holes in the—oh, they're *lovely* stockings! Yes, *do* get some—try my sort—6/11."

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Sole distributors to the trade:
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IS THE SPARKLE IN YOUR TEETH HIDDEN BEHIND FILM?

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Get a tube of Pepsodent today. Watch teeth regain their whiteness as Film goes.

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Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates.
Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers. Noted for its restaurant and wines.

The Ewbank is "at your service" always

When guests are expected and time is short, a few easy strokes with a Ewbank will quickly make your carpet spick and span. Housewives everywhere depend on the Ewbank. Whatever the occasion, the Ewbank never lets them down. Its dependability, year in year out, has made it a watchword in the great majority of British homes.

Ewbank Success 30/-

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Write for the "Book of Ewbank" to Dept. S.165, Ewbank, Accrington, Lancs., or to Pollitt, Ltd., 58-62, Pitfield Street, N.1.

gathering. And she knew her beauty thrilled him and that his naïve masculine protective instinct inevitably responded to a cry for help or sympathy.

Yes, he was a catch. She'd show those spiteful cats in Delhi whether they could get her down.

He felt her regard and turned and smiled at her. She was very lovely. The turbulence of her emotional conflict had made her doubly vivid, pale face, big, liquid eyes and body sleek and graceful as a deer's.

"Peach of a night for the drive," he said. "Be hottish on the train though." She smiled her best for him and saw his eyes kindle in return. And she was surprised to realise that she, who had been cold toward so many men, was thrilled delectably at his admiration.

Spurs jingled on the lawn and two figures loomed into the lamplight at the foot of the steps. "*Huzoor*."

"Yes? Hullo, Sawai Sing. Come up. Is anything wrong?"

The *havildar* came up, tall and swaggering, with his big black beard, white teeth and rakish turban. Two steps behind him, meek and self-effacing, came Salomon Aziz."

"*Huzoor*, we have found this horse."

"No. Not the chestnut. I was told that before."

"But verily, *Huzoor*, and he is for sale. His owner has been heavily fined and needs money."

Tarrant's lips parted and his eyes were eager: "My Lord! What's his price?"

"We do not know. We have not seen the owner, but found his man with the horse in the city and caught up with him in a blind street. He is here at the gate, being outside the law with his master and afraid to come in to a *sirkari sahib*."

Tarrant sprang up. "Excuse me, please, just a minute, Joanna. This is interesting." He ran down the steps into the dark, followed by Sawai Sing. Salomon Aziz remained standing against a pillar wreathed in jasmine, with his talon hands crossed on the knob of his long staff and his pale face between the long curls above them. A long, gorgeous oval, absolutely motionless, he looked like some resplendent beetle upended fantastically in a fairy tale; only his eyes, black and intense, betrayed the vitality that burned in him.

Joanna lay in her chair slowly turning her liqueur glass, while her foot went "*Tap, tap, tap*." Her face was not nice to see.

The night was hot and still. From the *serai* came the throb of drums and a wailing song heard faintly through the night-things shrilling. The *moughra* wreathing the pillars poured down its heavy perfume.

Suddenly she caught her breath and set down her glass with a vicious snap.

Salomon Aziz said silkily, in the tone of the most intimate commiseration: "Take it not bitterly, princess, it was ever thus. Women are cheap and many when a man is young, good horses few. And when a rare horse comes by, the loveliest woman must take second place."

The blood rushed to her head and back again, leaving her pale. She sat up in her chair and drew her breath, but, before she could release the invective that his insolence had spurred up in her, Tarrant came up the steps in two long strides and stood between them: "Joanna, would you mind very much if we put off going until to-morrow? A most unexpected thing has happened. The owner wants to sell that chestnut—has only just decided—and the horse is sure to be snapped up by the first man who has the price. I'd give my eye teeth to own him and this fellow Sawai Sing has caught will take me to his master's camp on my promise to respect his confidence. It's three days till the races yet, you know—so we won't be late for them. Please let me go. I'll make it up to you in Bombay, you'll see."

She sat as she had been sitting when he arrived so abruptly, started forward in her chair, her hands gripping the arms and her heart pounding in her ears, as she strove to repress the words that fought for utterance.

And then beyond Tarrant's form she was aware of Salomon Aziz again, and of a curious motion of his shoulders. Salomon Aziz was laughing! He was laughing at her; he was convulsed with silent, evil mirth at her expense. Beside him stood Sawai Sing; she caught the gleam of the big Rajput's eyes and looked up and met them, and as she did so he smiled, a large, superior and condescending smile.

And then it happened; the thing which she had known must never happen till after she was married, the thing which Sammy Abbott had feared, who feared nothing else on earth, and whose insensate fury Salomon Aziz had heard not once but twice, as he lurked outside her Delhi bungalow with his Gilgit rugs—she lost her temper. And with it she forgot the thin but hard veneer she had acquired since Sammy fell in love with her and (*Continued on page* 112)

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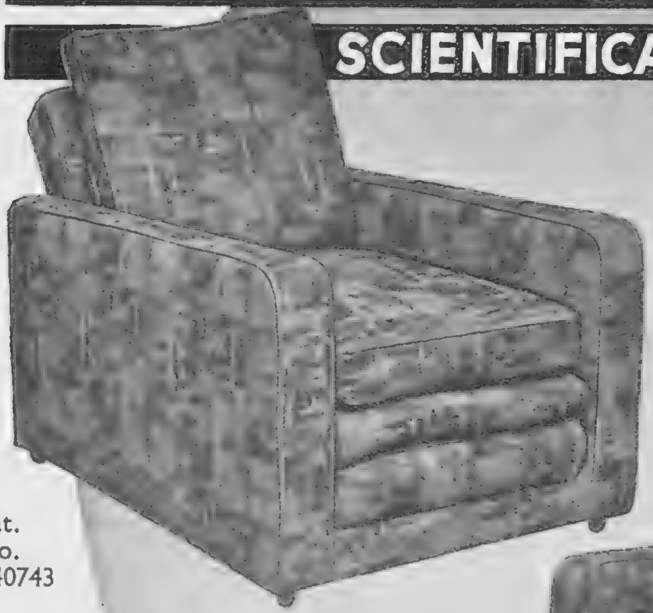

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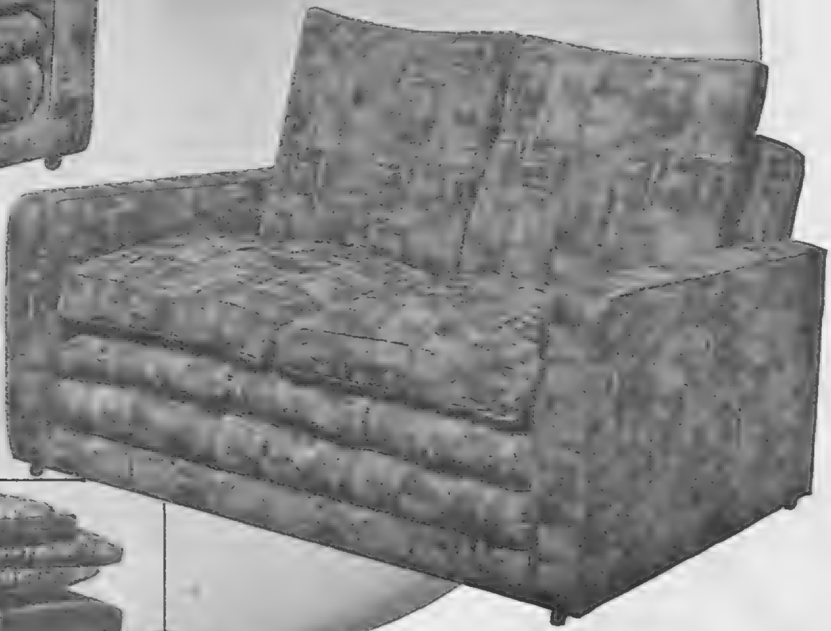

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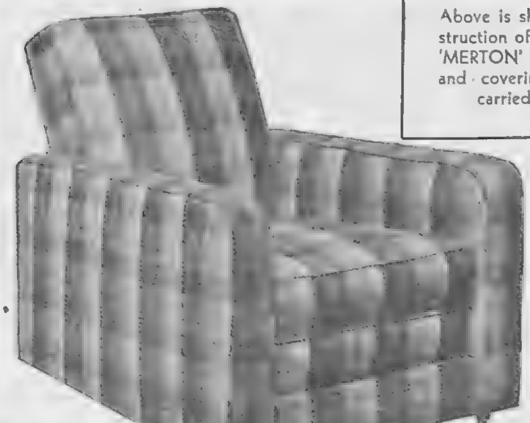

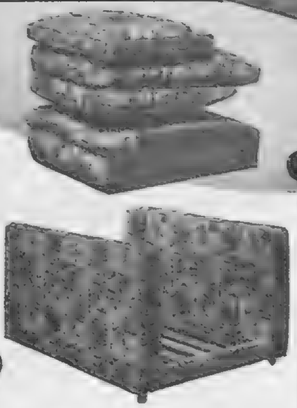

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took her from her job as waitress in a London restaurant.

"Who do you think you are," she snarled, "messing me about and making me a laughing stock of every nigger in the country? Look at them. Look at those black devils laughing at me."

Shocked and startled, Tarrant turned to the two natives behind him. The face of Sawai Sing was as expressionless as a wooden door. Salomon Aziz returned his hostile glare with bland and unaffected courtesy. Tarrant said: "Really, Joanna, I——"

"Oh, shut up! I'm sick to death of you and your everlasting horses. Horses, horses, horses, horses! Blast you and your horses! I'll have you know I've turned down a dozen better men than you. I've never been so insulted in my life. I wouldn't—I'll see you—Oh, you *fool*, you ——" She stopped perforce, inarticulate with rage, and then looking into Tarrant's eyes and seeing there a man whom she had never seen before, she realised what she had done.

He returned her stare with a most unboyish look. He had seen the snarling lip; he had heard the hard, bitter ring, the low-bred stridency, in her unguarded voice, and his fastidiousness was affronted in a way that nothing could wipe out. He looked ten years older, and very much a man. He said: "I'm sorry. The offence was mine. I did not realise that my request was such an imposition. But since it means so much to you to leave to-night, I am at your service."

She tried to make a courteous and conciliatory reply, but what her mouth said for her was: "Oh, suit yourself. What do I care?" and she saw in his face distaste utter and final.

MORNING parade was over, stables done, and the Kuru detachment had gathered about their native officers and the Ressaldar Major from Ratangarh. They squatted on the hot stones on their haunches in the glaring sunshine, while the hooves of the restless chargers rang on the stones behind them and the kites screamed overhead.

Sawai Sing addressed them: "Brothers, that thing which we set out to do has been accomplished. It fell as Salomon Aziz foretold—the woman's jealousy betrayed her jackal's heart, and our lord's eyes were opened. In ten days he will return—alone. But I am not easy. As he left he pressed on me rupees, saying: 'Sawai Sing, here is every anna I can spare for the next year to come. As thou lovest me, get me that horse.' Eight thousand rupees he gave me, and thou knowest twenty thousand is the price we had to put into the hand of the man of Cutch in case the best stallion in the North should die while we had use of it. In ten days our lord will return, hurt in his pride and humbled because he gave of himself to an unworthy woman and she shamed him before me and before Salomon Aziz. He will say to me: 'Where is the horse?' And what am I to answer?

"Therefore, I say, brothers, let us find the twelve thousand more than he could offer and buy it—let the money be a gift to him and to this regiment which his grandsire founded and our fathers loved. No other regiment will have such a charger, and at the stud-farm he will beget for us foals, so that presently we shall all be mounted as are kings. Six hundred rupees of mine were pledged for the loan of the horse, and this I give gladly if we may but contrive to achieve this thing. Let each man offer what he can, and the Ressaldar Major has said that he will raise the rest from the regiment at Ratangarh. Which of ye now will give of the money that was put up in pledge?"

An eager chorus answered: "I, Sawai Sing!" "I." "Twenty rupees will I give." "All that thou hast of mine for the horse now, keep."

The Ressaldar Major held up his hand: "Enough, my children. Let us apportion this equally amongst the squadrons. Thus three thousand must be raised by Kuru. The rest will be for Ratangarh."

Salomon Aziz, who had been squatting like a gorgeous toad in the shade of the stable, rose and came forward quickly, as always, groomed, shaved and suave. "Ressaldar sahib. Why must these brave men go hungry to raise so much money hastily? It need not be paid at once. Because of the love I bear this regiment, I, Salomon Aziz, will pay the twelve thousand to my cousin of Cutch—on thy written promise and that of all these"—he indicated the assembled officers—"to return it month by month. Then let each man allot so much of his pay till all is returned."

A rumble of applause from all the men went up, and the Ressaldar Major said: "Salomon Aziz, it has been said that thou art a hard man, yet this is a kind thing thou hast done."

"Then let it bear witness that men slandered me and lied. This thing I do gladly—five per cent. per month, paid in silver, is all that I ask . . ."

Sawai Sing grabbed him by a handful of his green silk shirt and shook him. "Thou bloodsucker! Thou milkest money from us as a monkey milks a goat. What can we do but pay? But some time thou wilt go too far; and on that day——" He shifted his grip to the sleek black ringlets, forced back the head and whipped his finger in grim pantomime across the stretched yellow throat. And from every Rajput watching there went up a growl of heartfelt approbation.

END

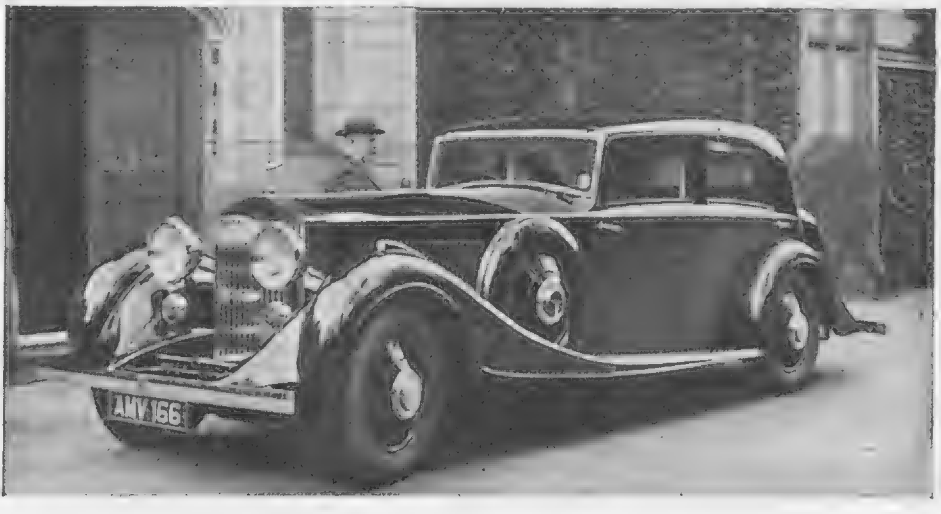
Books

(*Continued from page* 49)

manner than matter in it, and the general effect is rather thin and cold. But Lord Berners writes well, and his succeeding volumes may be expected to prove more satisfying.

A VERY different atmosphere pervades *Art, Paint and Vanity*, by A. Ll. Matthison (Heath Cranton, 10s. 6d.). The compiler of this volume of autobiography is a busy, almost bustling man, who has been telegraphist, volunteer, dramatic critic, Socialist, commercial traveller, and paint manufacturer, and has enjoyed every minute of it all. He does not write particularly well, and there is no very cogent reason why he should have told the story of his life, except the unanswerable one that he has made a highly readable book of it. His sister, Edith Wynne Matthison, was Irving's leading lady during the last two years of his life, and for a long time Mr. Matthison's own ambition was fixed firmly on the theatre. He would probably have made a very efficient actor, but it was not to be; and now he sits in the stalls, consoling himself with the reflection that the

(*Continued on page* 114)



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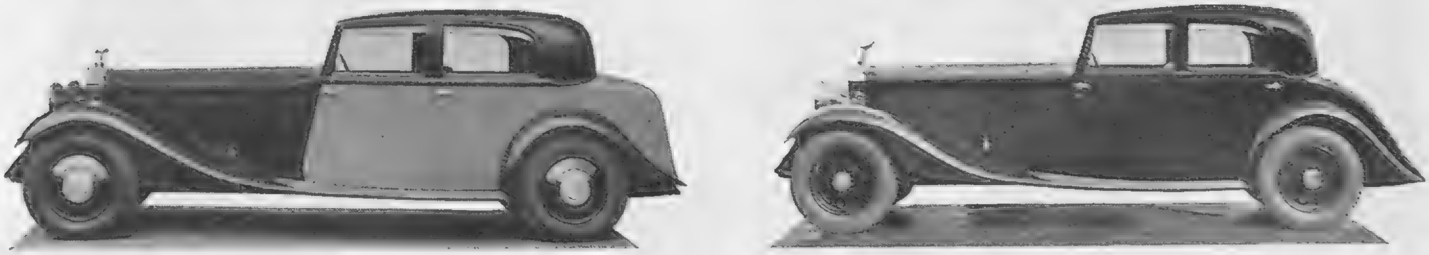

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healthy tan on the hero's face, the roses on the heroine's cheeks and the ruby on her lips and nails may all have come from his own well-run factory.

Few people have crossed the waterless deserts of the Australian *hinterland*, and books on the subject are naturally fewer still. *A Tramp Royal in Wild Australia*, by Archer Russell (Cape, 10s. 6d.), has therefore good claims to attention. And it is an interesting book, although the author often makes me feel that he has hold of the lapel of my coat, and wish to break away. For an agreeable travelling companion, commend me to Mr. Sydney A. Clark, author of two little books called *France on £10* and *Germany on £10*, published by Messrs. Ivor Nicholson and Watson at five shillings each. Mr. Clark set himself to discover how much he could see for a tenner, exclusive of his return ticket, and the result of his inquiry is absolutely staggering. You and I would probably be less successful, for the reason that travellers as good as Mr. Clark are rare. Any fool can enjoy a walk up the Champs Elysées, but it requires something like genius to extract from that stroll all that Mr. Clark manages to do. It must be admitted that even Mr. Clark's economy is dependent on the weather. One is apt to break down with the other, since the free entertainment of the streets is not possible in pouring rain. But though, my faith being weak, I shall take more than £10 with me when next I visit the Continent, I shall also take Mr. Clark's little books, for they will add to my enjoyment and save me money at the same time. Let me assure the scornful that the author, though a pastmaster at getting something for nothing, has a very proper appreciation of comfort. He is far too good a traveller not to enjoy the good things of life. I can best dispel your doubts, perhaps, by telling you that, believe it or not, he stays at the Adlon when he goes to Berlin. That's the spirit!

After discussing so many various essays in the art of autobiography, I want to mention a volume of a very different nature—*A History of European Literature*, by the late Laurie Magnus (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 12s. 6d.). Magnus covers the whole field in 300 pages; and, what is more remarkable, the pages are warm and alive. He realised that he had to choose between omission and compression, and he made the sensible and scholarly choice. He was prepared to omit names and even movements rather than allow his record to degenerate into a mere list or summary. When the scope and the difficulties of his task are considered, one can have nothing but admiration for Magnus's last work.

Some good books are being issued by Messrs. Rich and Cowan in a new series, six shillings a volume, called "In My Time." The first three of these are *Literature in My Time*, by Compton Mackenzie; *The Theatre in My Time*, by St. John Ervine; and *The Press in My Time*, by R. D. Blumenfeld; and I have no hesitation in recommending them all. Mr. Mackenzie is an extraordinary man. He mentions casually, and without seeming aware of having done anything exceptional, that as a young man he read, in the course of one summer, 150 novels. What is more, he remembers the plots of the wretched things. He also confesses, without a tremor, that he has read *Trilby* many times. He has written a bright book, and I have thoroughly enjoyed disagreeing with nearly every opinion he expresses. Can one give an author higher praise? Mr. Ervine proceeds on the opposite plan, and mentions as few names as possible. Reinhardt, Synge, Wilde, Pirandello, Chekov and O'Neill are mentioned once each. Miss Baylis, Mr. Cochran, Diaghileff and Komisarjevsky do not appear at all. The explanation is that Mr. Ervine has written a history of the place of the theatre in public life, rather than a history of the contemporary stage; and that he is (rightly, as I think) jealous of the ascendency of the producer. Given his conception of his task, Mr. Ervine has performed it excellently. As for Mr. Blumenfeld, no journalist of my age will have the courage or the wish to raise a voice when he is telling of the changes in the Street he knows so well. One just listens.

END

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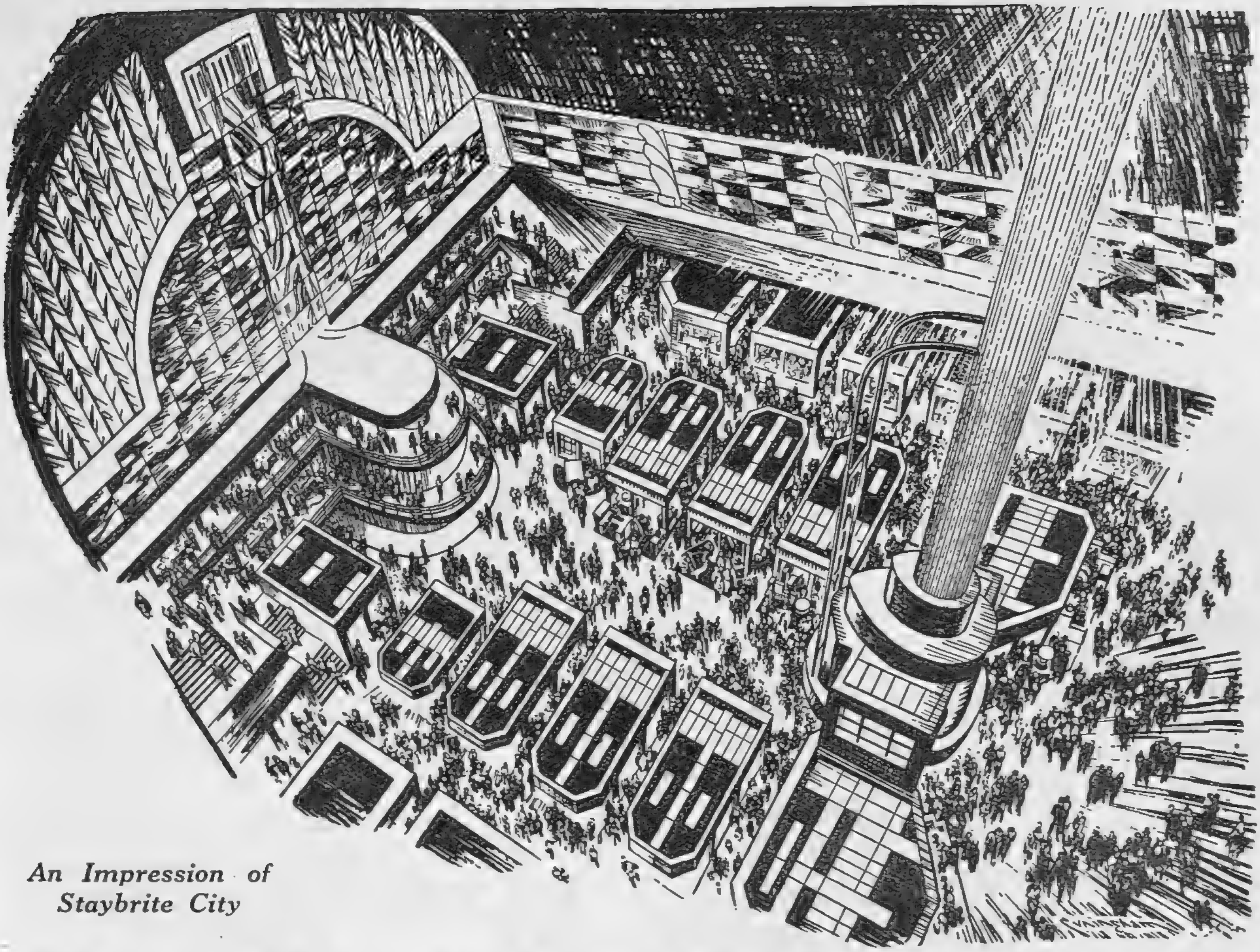

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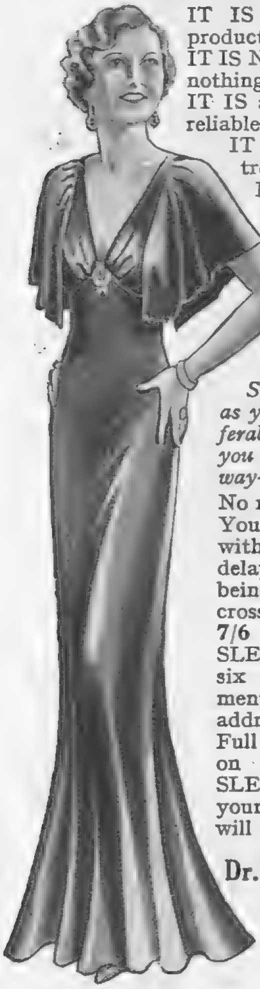

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England's Vanity Fair, 1934 Model

(Continued from page 13)

in the noonday glare at Serajevo, out-distanced every capital in Europe in the material splendour and positively eighteenth-century exclusiveness of its social life. In 1914 it was still the Vienna of "Bitter-Sweet." A challenge to a duel was the answer to a fancied insult, and only those who had the requisite number of quarterings received invitations to the great Court balls at Schönbrunn. The Opera House was a blaze of uniforms and tiaras and thousands of pounds would change hands nightly at the Jockey Club.

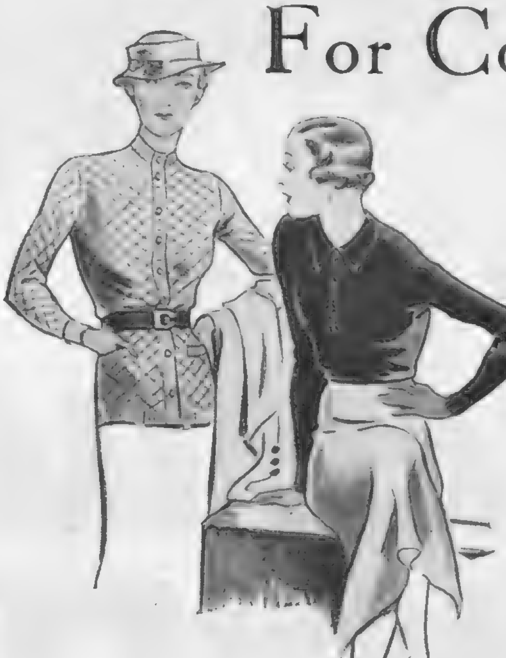
And now? The palace of the Hofburg is a museum and the glorious gardens at Schönbrunn are a public park. The musical comedy uniforms have given way to the drab khaki of the tiny professional army, and it is possible for considerably less than the price of a stall in a London theatre to take one's seat in the Imperial Box at the Opera. The aristocracy that never drove in the Prater except with a retinue of footmen in gorgeous livery are lucky if they can afford one maid-servant in a basement flat. Of entertaining there is none. A few years ago during the boom in the late 'twenties there was a mild Indian summer of social life. But with the crash of the Credit Anstalt it has all gone now. Even the great Rothschild mansion is closed now and the last of the palaces to remain inhabited, that of Prince Swarzenburg, is shuttered and silent. The Prater that was the setting of a crowd more fashionable than that which used to eddy round the Achilles statue in Hyde Park is now an ugly conglomeration of booths and cheap restaurants. The Jockey Club remains open, but it is little more than a museum piece, the last remaining rendezvous of an aristocracy left with nothing but its memories. It is the same in the country. Occasionally one sees driving in a carriage of some long-forgotten pattern an old lady dressed in the deepest mourning. The coachman is white-whiskered and decrepit; the horses look as if they ought long since to have been pensioned off; and the ledge at the back, where two stalwart footmen used to stand, is empty. The equipage rattles past, and with it the ghost of an age that has vanished for ever. Those who are still on their country estates remain there only because they cannot sell them, and in any case they have nowhere else to live. Confined to a couple of rooms and waited on by an old retainer, they eke out an existence in mansions that once rivalled Chatsworth and Blenheim in the size and splendour of their week-end parties.

It is the same everywhere. Even in Rumania, touched by the hand of Time less than most countries, the aristocracy have been dispossessed of their lands. In that they are luckier than their neighbours in Russia, who, besides losing their lands, lost their houses and very often their lives as well. The aristocracy has fled from Spain and, with them, most of the colour in Spanish social life. In Paris it is only the foreigners that keep up the pretence of gaiety. It is difficult to tell now where Montmartre begins and where it ends. Paris is one long Shaftesbury Avenue. In New York there is not a private house left on Fifth Avenue. Even the Vanderbilt mansion has gone now. Nearer home in Ireland the landlords, if they remain at all, are living in the blackened corner of their country houses that escaped the incendiary efforts of the Irish Republican Army.

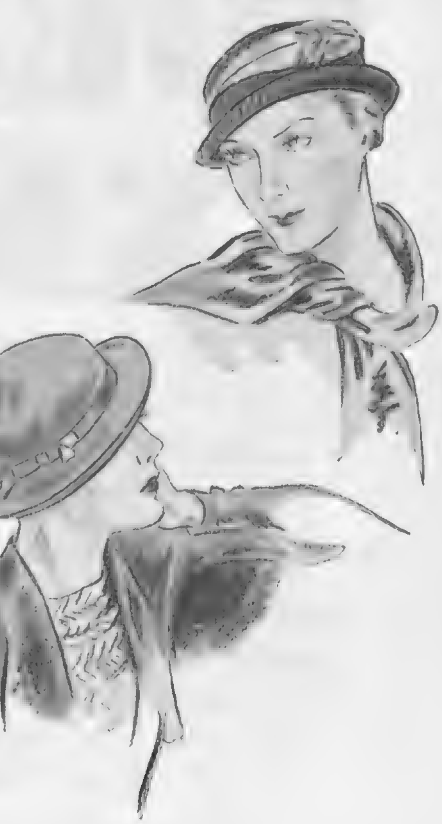
With such a tale of change and desecration in the surrounding countries in every facet of social life it amazes me how little the governing classes in England seem to

(Continued on page 118)

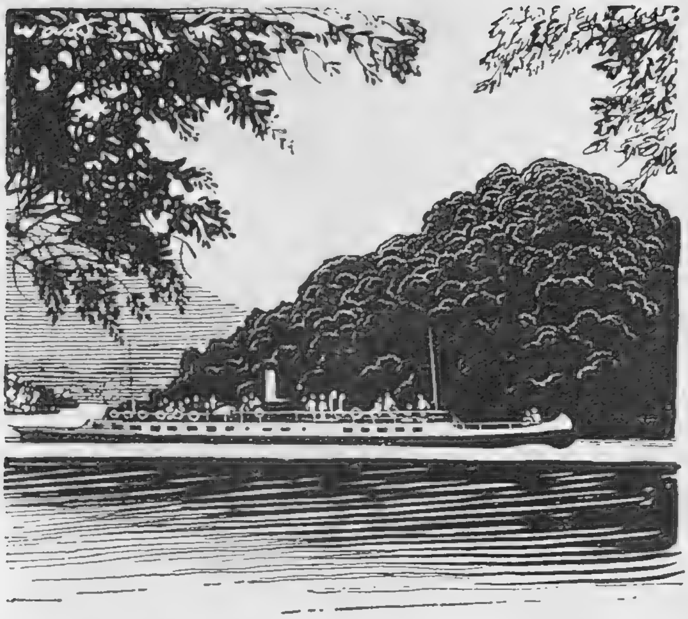
For Country Wear



THE woollen cardigan coat and blouse shown here are both made in Moufflaine, a lovely soft yarn spun from the wool of the moufflon sheep which browse on the slopes of the Himalayas. The cardigan is woven in a diamond pattern and the navy blue wool shirt blouse is extremely smart



TWO hats which are typical of the styles which will be worn in the country and for morning wear are sketched on the right. The top right hand one is of stitched navy blue taffeta with an orange and green feather encircling it. The price is 3 guineas. The lower sketch is of a new weatherproof felt which may be obtained in all shades and has the edge of its rolled brim stitched in a contrasting colour. This one is red on beige and the ribbon band is also red. Price 29/6. Both these models come from Woodrow



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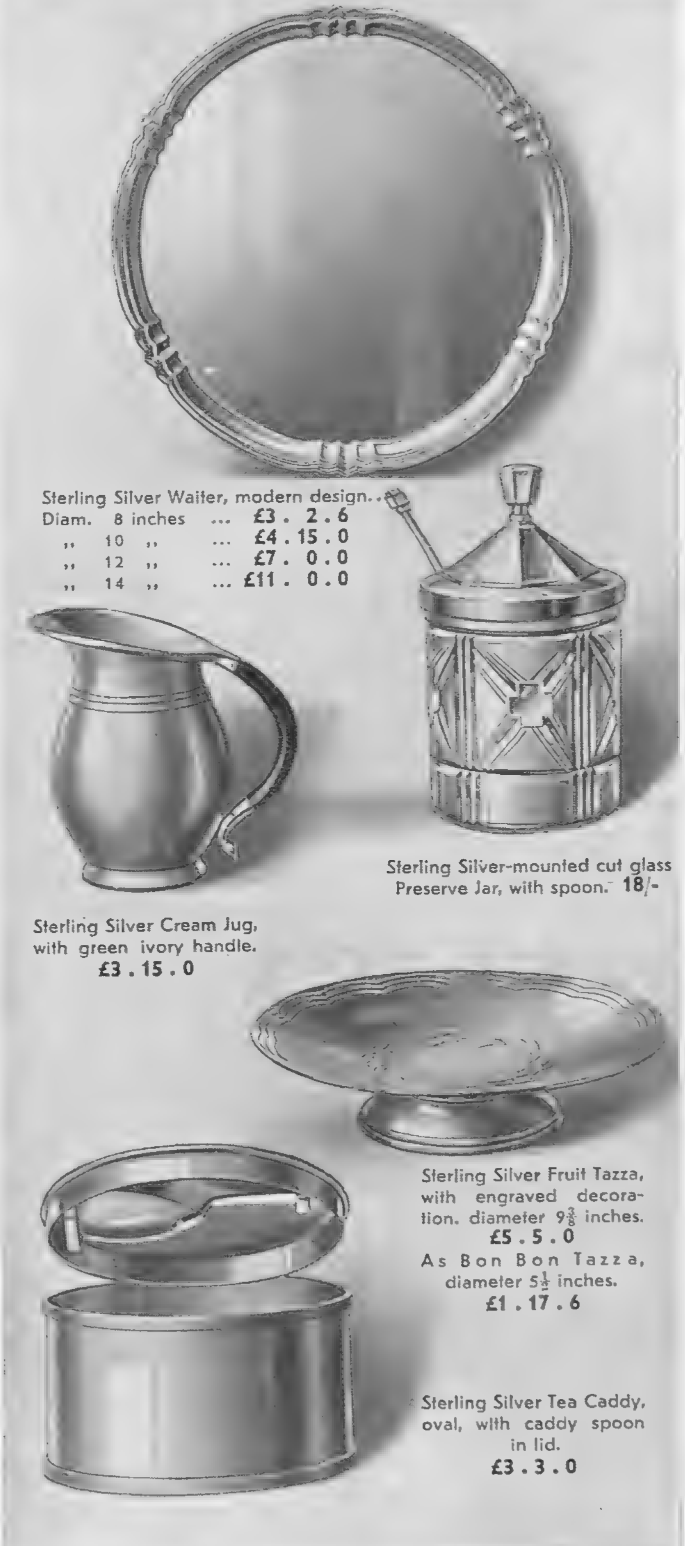

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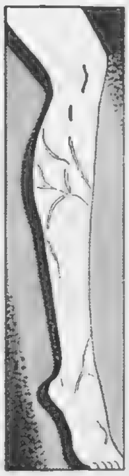

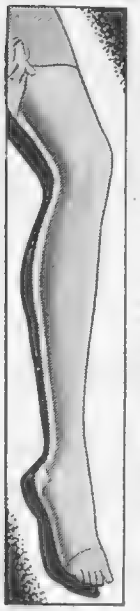

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appreciate their own good fortune. They do not seem to realise the fate that they have escaped. The other day I asked one of the late ambassadors of the Central Powers, who had been in London in the last pre-war seasons, whether he noticed on his return visit last year any radical social revolution in this country. "Of course there are tremendous changes," he replied, "but they are as nothing to what has happened elsewhere. Your framework of King and aristocracy and governing classes still remains, and it remains nowhere else."

It is perfectly true. In a few weeks' time the courtyards of Buckingham Palace will be crowded with luxurious motor-cars filled with the loveliest girls in England on their way to make their bow before the King-Emperor. It will be the prelude to two or three months of the whirl of London's season, when it will be possible for them to dance five nights a week with a choice of two or three dances every night. Covent Garden may not glitter with tiaras as it did twenty years ago, but that is largely a change of fashion. A parade of jewels is regarded as bad form. But the same crowd will be there. There will still be the same proportion of Burke's Peerage and Landed Gentry. And when Friday comes there will be just the same exodus as of old to the great country houses. The Duke of Westminster will be giving his vast parties for the cream of the racing world at Eaton Hall; Lady Astor will keep open house at Cliveden for all who are most interesting in the political world; Chatsworth, Wilton and Knowle will have their full complement from the fashionable world. England, though it has had two Labour Governments since the war, can still present a tolerable imitation of Vanity Fair.

How is it made possible? The root cause, of course, is that England has escaped the worst of the industrial blizzard. I remember as long ago as 1930 Mr. Lloyd George saying to me that "we were living on our fat," and then adding, "but then our fat is enormous." I think that it has proved more substantial even than he predicted. Our banking interests, our power of adaptability to new conditions, our extraordinary commercial reputation are proving assets that nothing seems able to destroy. Another factor in the maintenance of social pomp has been the rise of land values. It is said, for instance, that the Duke of Devonshire received a million pounds for the site of Devonshire House in Piccadilly. The fortune of the Duke of Westminster leapt up to an even greater height than before the war with the sale of Grosvenor House. Then there are the innumerable country houses on the fringe of London that with the arrival of the motor-bus or the opening of a new tube suddenly became valuable property. Land, for instance at Edgware or Stanmore, that twenty years ago had only an agricultural value of £20 an acre is now being sold at anything from £1,000 to £3,000 an acre. With the proceeds, the owners have been able to remove farther into the country while still maintaining their old position in the social life of London.

Then England is spared to a greater extent than is often supposed that rancorous envy that has embittered the classes in other lands. There is little resentment against great riches, provided they are accompanied by a real sense of responsibility. At Welbeck, for instance, in the heart of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire coalfields, there is no hatred against the Duke and Duchess of Portland, though they still live in this sombre age in a state of considerable magnificence. The miners know that the Duchess of Portland will postpone her summer holiday in Scotland if necessary, in order to continue her visits to the sick at the local miners' home. Lord Derby, who is a "swell" if ever there was one in the nineteenth-century sense of the term, exercises from Knowsley an influence on the politics of Lancashire which in these days of vast electorates and the agonising slump in cotton manufacture is really astonishing. The mill-workers back his candidates as enthusiastically as they back his horses.

This good-humoured interest in the opinions and the doings of the very rich is by no means confined to the supporters of the older political parties. The Labour Party is not without a certain element of engaging snobbery. I remember a few years ago at a Labour reception the wife of a Left Wing Labour M.P. for South Wales saying to me, when Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley swept into the room, "It is nice to think that we have people like that supporting the Labour Party." When the Labour Party first came into office neither the Ministers nor the bulk of their supporters showed any desire to dispense with the ceremonial of "kissing hands" or court dress. A miner and his wife ruled at Holyrood and the Labour voters felt proud, as well they might, that one of their own people was meeting the great of the earth on equal terms, and doing it supremely well. It was

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only when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister in a National Government that electioneering eyebrows were raised in protest at his frequent visits to Londonderry House. Up to then the Labour Party rather liked the idea of their own "J. R. M." hobnobbing with the aristocracy.

But in spite of all this I believe that we are witnessing the last decade of social life on the grand scale as we have known it in the past. But the blow is being struck at it not from without but from within. A far more potent factor in its decline than high taxation is its lack of attraction to the new generation. The large dinner-parties, the omnibus weekend gatherings, the old glamour and glitter of the season that so enthralled the Edwardians often just bore the young men and women of to-day. They do not want to be bothered with great houses and a large staff of servants. The fact that the Prince of Wales resolutely refuses to live in Marlborough House, preferring the simpler comforts of St. James's Palace, is a portent. It is a reflection of the spirit of the age. There is a general desire for a simpler, less exhausting standard of living. Heirs to great mansions are often, like the Marquess of Titchfield, living in the Dower Houses on their fathers' estates. I doubt even when they succeed to their titles whether some of them will move.

The structure of Society is altering, but in comparison with the rest of the world it is altering with strange slowness, and it is being altered not a little by Society itself.

END

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

Results of 170th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to B. Scorer.

Hon. Mention: M. N. Yonge, "Stella," L. K. Deane, "Myra Ryam," Enid M. Norman, Catherine Lawrence, Isabel Smart, M. Aldred, Alix Boyd, M. Asher, A. V. Williamson, H. M. Hancock, B. de Longueville, H. Gifford, "G. G.," "Ro.," "Reginald Victor."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best refusal in about 300 words of a husband asked by his wife to buy her a new dress.

Awarded to E. Young.

Hon. Mention: "G. G.," M. Scott Morris, E. G. Robins, "Lweno Notwali," Alice Georgano, Edgar Pasfield, Barbara Maile.

Prize-winning Entry:

"Another new dress, Lila—goodness me! the thing's preposterous. You know I don't like to refuse you anything, dear; but—well! No, really, I must put my foot down this time. What about that topping black thing you got only last month, and that pink one you wore at Jack Scott's wedding! Damn it, your wardrobe must be full of frocks, judging from the dressmakers' bills I get. I don't know why you women need so many clothes. Here am I wearing the same old blue suit I have had for three years, and it is perfectly good yet. I suppose you have been out with Cathie Scott, and she has been telling you all about her latest creations. Well, we all know how poor old Jack has to scrape and do without so that Cathie will be super smart. What's this letter, another of your frock bills, I suppose. Ah! an invitation from Jack and Cathie to join them at the Palais de Danse. Well, Lila, you'd better have that new frock, after all. I'm not going to have it said that Cathie Scott is smarter than my wife.

Results of 171st Series

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Awarded to Elaine Lambert.

Hon. Mention: Edgar Pasfield, D. Mason, B. Gibbs, H. Gifford, H. M. Hancock, Alice Georgano, Gertrude Pitt, N. Henderson, G. B. Whitcombe, D. G. Holland.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best triolet written round a domestic upheaval.

Awarded to Isabel Smart.

Hon. Mention: J. H. G. Gibbs, "J. A. B.," E. G. Robins, Alice Georgano, M. Scott Morris, F. Peel, "E. Mc. G.," B. Gibbs, Edgar Pasfield, "Sooty Imp."

Prize-winning Entry:

Oh, unkind Fate, what shall I do?
My precious cook is going to leave me,
She who can roast and bake and stew;
Oh, unkind Fate, what shall I do
To make a soufflé or ragoût?
Will Mrs. Beaton see me through?
Oh, unkind Fate, what shall I do?
My precious cook is going to leave me.

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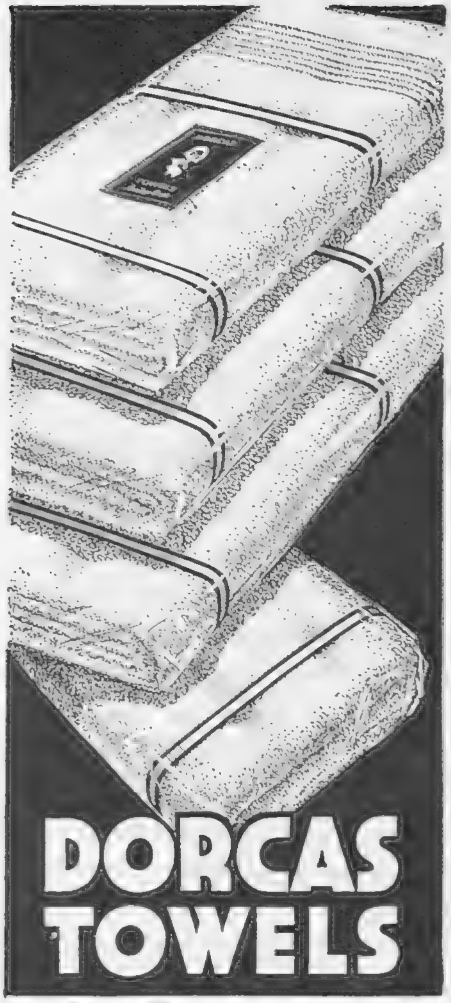

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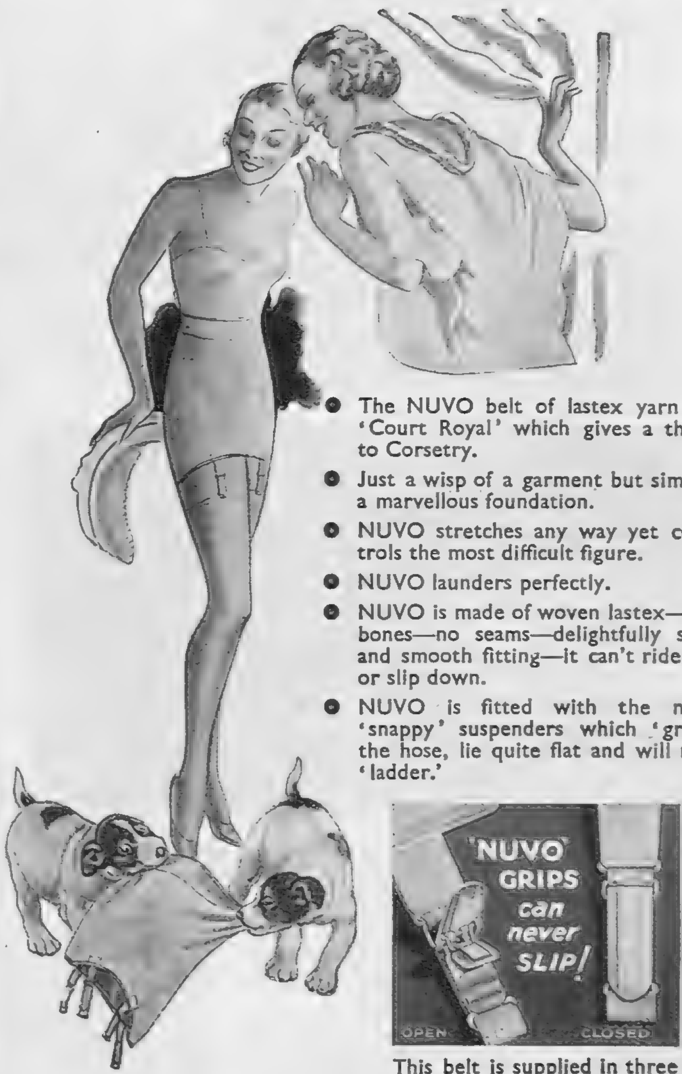

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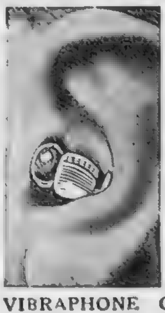

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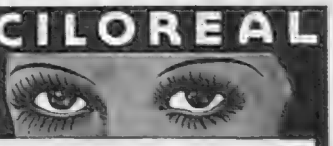

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Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Romola Erskine, G.C.S. 5774, and Dahlia Anson, G.C.S. 5806 Hon. Mention: W. G. Robertson, G.C.S. 6003; Lilian Cowell, G.C.S. 4922.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to Greta Claxton, G.C.S. 5972. Hon. Mention: Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573; Mary Clack, G.C.S. 5994; Margaret Roberts, G.C.S. 5964; May McCoy, G.C.S. 5940; Irene Weir, G.C.S. 5985; Martha Walker, G.C.S. 6000; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583; M. Marshall, G.C.S. 6011: Theresa Odell, G.C.S. 6009; S. Leslie, G.C.S. 7348.

"Tête-à-Tête," by Mary Buchanan, 1613, A.C.S. First prize, Snapshot Competition

Needlework Competition.—Anything Embroidered. Prize 10s. Awarded to Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316. Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Sylvia A. Reed, M.C.S. 3087. Hon. Mention: Maud Schwabe, M.C.S. 3140; Joan Gibling, M.C.S. 3463; K. Whittaker, M.C.S. 3230; Anne Burra, M.C.S. 3281; Peggy Horn, M.C.S. 3415; Irene Smith, M.C.S. 3459.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to L. A. Taylor, M.C.S. 3423. Hon. Mention: Dorothy Heaney, M.C.S. 3364.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Dinner Plate. Prize 5s. Awarded to Betty Stafford, A.C.S. 1607. Hon. Mention: Moyra Fraser, A.C.S. 1336; Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1642; Daphne Giddins, A.C.S. 1571.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Awarded to Lorraine Walker, A.C.S. 1611. Hon. Mention: Ursula Scott Morris, A.C.S. 1275; Angela Cleeves, A.C.S. 1594; Beryl White, A.C.S. 1206.

Handicraft Competition

First Prize 15s. Awarded to Ruth White, G.C.S. 5937. Second Prize 7s. 6d. Awarded to May McCoy, G.C.S. 5940. Hon. Mention: Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356.

Award of Prizes, February 1st

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—An Illustration to Hamlet. Prize 10s. Divided between Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905, and John Waterhouse, G.C.S. 6015. Hon. Mention: Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841; Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Florence McCoy, G.C.S. 5845. Hon. Mention: Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603; Catherine Baldwin, G.C.S. 5191; Alice James, G.C.S. 5996; Betty Crowther, G.C.S. 5831.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Wool. Prize 10s. Divided between Pleasance Warren, G.C.S 4949, and Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Title Page for Book of Nature Poems. Prize 10s. Awarded to Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242. Hon. Mention: Kathleen Whittaker, M.C.S. 3230; Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276; Mollie O'Reilly, M.C.S. 3430.

Literature Competition.—Review a Recent Book. Prize 10s. Awarded to Barbara Maile, M.C.S. 3359. Hon. Mention: Dora T. Malfatti, M.C.S. 3217; Jean Lawes, M.C.S. 3319.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Group of Four Common Objects. Prize 5s. Awarded to Anne Capel, A.C.S. 1590. Hon. Mention: Betty Stafford, A.C.S. 1607; Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227; Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422.

Literature Competition.—Describe a Room of Which You are Fond. Prize 5s. Awarded to Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize: Mary Buchanan, A.C.S. 1613. Second Prize: J. P. Searight, M.C.S. 3421. Hon. Mention: Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903; Carrie Mayne, G.C.S. 4388: Olwen Lawton, G.C.S. 5923; Ernest Kelly, G.C.S. 6016; J. M. Colyer, M.C.S. 2889.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(January 15)

Alice Janes.—A most original and effective effort. It has character and is admirably to the point. Probably it is too egotistical to place before a child, but the grown-up mind could not fail to appreciate it.

Anna Brookside.—A bit incoherent as a whole, but charming in sentiment and general outlook. Take more care with punctuation and construction of sentences. With attention to these very necessary details your work would soon show great improvement.

Mary J. Clack.—It would be better at the end to say, "I have" rather than "I'll offer thanks," since the suggestion, earlier, is that in spite of everything, something to be *possessed* is possible. A very sincere and well-expressed effort.

Arnold Parkin.—In its colloquial way, quite good. But now that you have gained the mastery from a technical angle you could and should strike out for yourself upon less hackeyed themes.

Barbara Stallibrass.—The castle is rather hard in treatment seeing that it is the image of a dream. If its foundations had been merged in the clouds this would have had bigger interpretative value. Otherwise very well devised, indeed.

Moyra Fraser.—A charming and suitable design. The scale of the ornament is very good and shows appreciation of what is required. The weak point is the shape of the cloud, which does not bear repetition well.

B. Gardner.—A less hackneyed opening is advisable, especially as in the other lines there is some really good work. The last two lines run charmingly.

Sandria Grimsdale.—Rather confused in sequence of ideas, towards the close, but the form very well maintained and interesting in construction. You are making good headway.

Ursula Scott Morris.—The tenth line is admirable and the maintenance of the metre, throughout, very well managed. I trace the influence of Shelley, I think, and of course you could not have a more wonderful mentor.

Romola Erskine.—The attractive mannerism and tender colour scheme is a little marred by the red and white, pagoda like building's insistence on clowning in a serious world. Striking work. The imagery in the poem is very well done. The seventh line rather spoils the rhythm of the rest, however.

Lilian Cowell.—You would do well to warm up the lights in the hair, and isn't the right eye a millimetre too far from the middle line? Much dainty colour and modelling.

W. G. Robertson.—Excellent imagination, and much clever technique. The high point of view lessens the impressiveness of your interesting topical drawing.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—In a background of such vigorous quality your figures need solid black and white to hold their own. Try suggestion rather than full tonality.

Joyce Bidder.—As always, charming in colour harmony. But the rather blunt brush details reduce apparent size and tend to make all textures soft and rounded. Some sharp touches needed. The handicraft entry is charming. Full of character and a delightful toy.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—There is a lot of clever detail in your drawing, too much made out in parts, as the figures stick to the background. Your Viking is very intellectual in type, and his bride very young.

Dahlia Anson.—A very vital and charming note, full of light and well-suggested colour. Most artistic and excellent.

K. Whittaker.—A well-planned pattern, but the solid blacks look like an afterthought. Treated as decoration this would make an excellent book-plate. Very interesting work.

Brenda Milligan.—A clever feat of pen modelling, but the very mechanical surroundings revolt the eye and spoil a free and dashing bit of pen work.

Joan Gibling.—A delightful harmony, in charming taste. The vase sticks a bit here and there, and is well worth releasing. Admirable.

Maud Schwabe.—Vigorous, artistic pencil work; in parts too harsh, but as a whole a fine translation. The ear needs some attention and the neck more shadow and less texture.

Sylvia A. Reed.—In your clever drawing the quasi realism of the auditorium and the marionettish dramatis personæ is a mixture of styles which would be better for a more strongly framed separation. Full of fun and go and very bright and interesting.

Rachel Cunningham.—The decoration is a bit coarse in its detail for the size of the plate, although striking in colour and arrangement. If there had been five motifs instead of four a more suitably delicate result would have been obtained. Well suggested.

Dora T. Malfatti.—I think the analogy of "ivory" is a bit far-fetched and not quite appropriate. Of course I recognise this as an experiment, and such an exercise is invaluable, but spontancity has suffered and spontaneity is the first thing necessary.

May McCoy.—A very successful picture. I would suggest altering the curious mid-line rhyming of lines three and five, in the second part, and an avoidance of the staccato note occasioned by the necessity of so many commas in this part of a very interesting and promising poem. The letter-rack is first rate and, if the design is original, as I suppose, a most satisfactory piece of work

Mary Gordon.—This is technically too weak to stand. Having established a definite verse form in the first stanza you must adhere to it afterwards. Read this aloud and you will at once realise how disjointedly it scans.

Margaret Roberts.—Full of real feeling and certainly charmingly set down, if a bit inaccurate in the construction of the sentences. Try to be more particular in this respect without losing the first "fine rapture."

Desmond A. Hart.—An interesting effort, but rather too much in two moods—the playful and the more serious. The note struck in (*Continued on page 124*)

"Early Morning in the Harbour," by J. P. Searight, M.C.S. 3421. Second prize, Snapshot Competition

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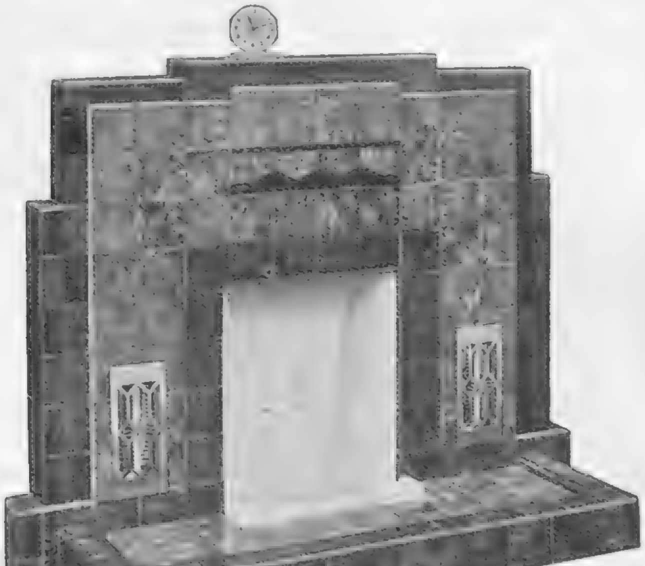

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the first and last verses is the one to emphasise all through, in my opinion.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—Bright in its matter but poor in its rhythm. Although rhymes are attempted they "cut no ice" poetically. You seldom fail in this fashion, and I attribute it to unfamiliarity with the realities of the subject. Genuine inspiration can only come from first-hand experience. The catalogue is very well designed and charming in its simple colour scheme. Better lettering would be a great assistance to the general effect.

Lorraine Walker.—This is remarkably neat work for your age. It shows great command of metre and is not lacking in the *mot juste.* You should do well at light verse presently.

Irene Weir.—Charmingly imagined. "Extinguished." must go for a shorter word permitting "was" to run in front of it for the sake of syntax. But otherwise this is a most successful effort.

Peter Recaldin.—The shape of this is rather curious. Still, it is a good bit of experimenting and the pattern is most successful; so, too, is the colour.

Susan M. Slade.—The horizon line is too hard and the wall a bit thin looking. Otherwise as an attempt to remember with the brush it is very praiseworthy. You have a good eye for colour and tone. I shall be interested to see some more of your work.

Penelope Burra.—Certainly an escape from the ordinary. The border is decidedly clever. I should omit the central eye-like motif. I think it would prove worrying in the actual thing.

Margaret Barrett.—Very clever design, but not quite sufficiently self-explanatory at a first glance. Very good technically and the simple colour scheme first rate.

Betty B. Stafford.—A clever scheme, not my own choice so far as a pattern for china goes, but I can see it would be most effective, duplicated, and the colour would be lovely in its reticence and suitability. Very neat, accomplished work for your age.

Ivy A. Gooding.—The figure is well poised and placed, but the face and head are much too modern in treatment for the rest. I would also suggest avoiding a sundial. It would be better to keep the whole thing in the fields.

G. Christabel Richens.—The sky is the least successful part of the composition, which is otherwise charming in its breadth and interesting in its design. The group of people is particularly well suggested.

Rena Recaldin.—An interesting arrangement which would be quite suitable for its purpose if the lettering could be more quickly picked up. This is an essential matter and must be one of the first considerations.

V. Price Harris.—This is rather dun in colour for china, especially for most modern tastes. As a pattern, however, it is quite well designed and the scale of the ornament is just about right.

Evangeline Weir.—I feel that in tackling this as a colour study you have been influenced by the type of thing one sees on a postcard. The drawing of so difficult a subject, has, however, been most gallantly tackled. Look for the actual colours which go to make a single colour, as it were. You will find the variety thus to be obtained most interesting and you will never again want to make an architect's drawing, such as this.

Joan Guillaume.—By artificial light such as this shadows would be strong and plentiful. This is the effect of daylight. Remember such points are important. Very well and interestingly composed.

Peggy Horn.—The rich quality of this etching promises excellently. The perspective is a bit shaky, but study can easily give you accuracy in this direction. Artistically and technically a most satisfactory little picture.

Desirée Picton Seymour.—It was a witty thought to seek inspiration from this topical matter. The monster is not at all badly constructed, and he lends himself very well for the purpose. Allowance for the dip between the rim and the plate proper has, however, not been taken sufficiently into consideration.

Kathleen Halsall.—Rather ghost-like, but charming as far as it goes. Work up to the strength of Nature a little more and look for the variety of colour in shadows. Artistic and promising work.

May W. Harrison.—Figures are always your weak point and until greater mastery is obtained in this direction you should avoid using them in a design. The idea and the landscape are charming but the sun is a little on the large side and the white hill on the right is very odd in colour.

Catherine Lawrence.—Check a tendency to be trite in the middle of matter which has originality and charm. Avoid that "dearly love," for instance, in the fifth line. There is much excellent work in this effort.

Irene Smith.—Nicely observed, although rather over made out. Still, the modelling shows careful study. The colour, however, leaves something to be desired. White light is composed of colour, don't forget—all the colours of the spectrum, in fact!

Jean Weir.—Quite a clever little design but as shown here not very suitable for its purpose. As a rule, a less geometrical pattern is to be preferred for china.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—The odd change of rhythm in the last three lines is a bit disturbing to one's enjoyment of the argument. I like the beginning immensely.

G. M. Kaye.—I think "calls" might be better than "leads" in the last verse. The suggestion otherwise is that the writer can be both far away and at home almost at the same time, and this would not be possible even metaphorically. Very attractively put together.

Penelope Bowers.—A very ambitious and interesting effort. The last line is a bit awkward in its rhythm. You have considerable facility and if you edit your work carefully it should be very good.

Jean Lawes.—"As" would be better than "but" in the last line and the comparison in the first verse is a little extravagant. Still, very good and original work.

Stephanie Weir.—Nicely suggested, but a more sophisticated pattern is necessary, one feels, for a dinner plate. This would be much prettier for a tea service, don't you think?

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Very appropriate in design, but for its purpose it would be better if the face were looking up and a more decorative treatment would be helpful. The arms join the shoulders rather oddly, even when one allows for the stylistic method. I like this literature entry very much. What an advance on earlier work! Perhaps one may object to "littlest," though, without being captious.

Margaret Recaldin.—An excellent scheme for a nursery plate and remarkably well drawn for your age. You are making splendid progress.

Gladys M. Cumpstey.—Charming! One of the best things you have done lately. Perhaps it lacks the realism which we all seem to clamour for to-day, but it is certainly very pretty both in sentiment and expression.

Ruth M. White.—Both your art and handicraft entries show considerable skill and ingenuity. The arrangement of the "show card" is a trifle old-fashioned, but the little house is a gem. Delightfully thought-out and executed.

Thelma Carloss.—The last two lines are somewhat ambiguously phrased. The rest is excellent and well worthy of a better finish. Have another shot at them.

Minnie Marshall.—Very well carried through. Considering that there is so much unavoidable repetition, this is a very successful effort. I shall be interested to see more of your work. A note saying where Tarset is would give added interest.

Sheila Leslie.—I am judging "Winter." Only one entry at a time for any particular competition is permissible. This is an interesting little poem, the special atmosphere being very well conveyed. I am not sure that you couldn't get a better simile, however, than "black ghost."

Theresa Odell.—A very graphic and cleverly composed little picture. The form is a bit erratic, but otherwise this is very well done indeed. With more respect for metre and rhymes it would reach a high standard.

Betty Metchim.—Remarkably strong, effective work. But it is a mistake, even in these days when odd effects are so appreciated, to resort to lettering which it is difficult to pick up quickly.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—The moon is always feminine when personified. I appreciate the novelty and interest of the idea, but it needs working at again. The third line in the third verse is particularly in need of attention.

Mabel Sanders.—I am not quite sure that it wouldn't be better to re-write the last couplet in the same style as the lines before it. They are charming and the poem is worth the fresh effort. Both your other efforts reach your usual high standard without being original enough, however, to secure a prize. Excellent work as a whole.

Florence E. McCoy.—You have changed the metaphor too rapidly in speaking of "fetters" in line seven, and "bloomed," with its suggestion of flowers, in line eight. You can easily surmount this difficulty. Also, I think the word you want towards the end is "restrain," not "retain."

Clare Ackroyd.—Pretty, but there is scarcely sufficient significance in the last lines of each verse. In addressing these flowers some suggestion that they evoke some particular idea or ideas seems called for, but nothing of the kind is supplied. Verses need a climax, just as a story does, remember.

Amy G. Haydon.—Very dainty indeed. Admirable for its purpose and charmingly worked. Thank you so much.

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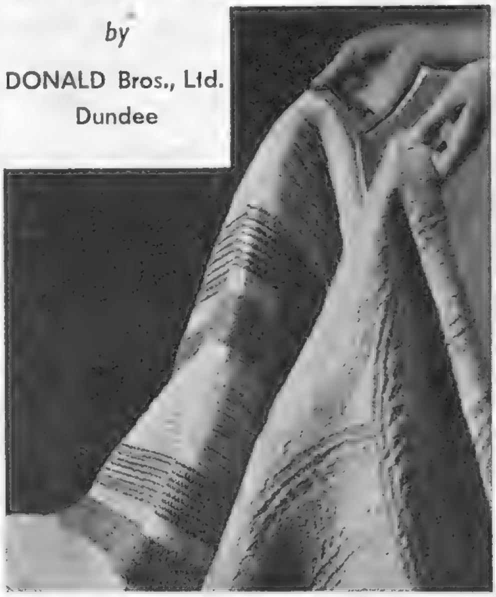

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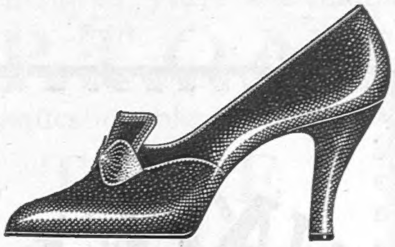

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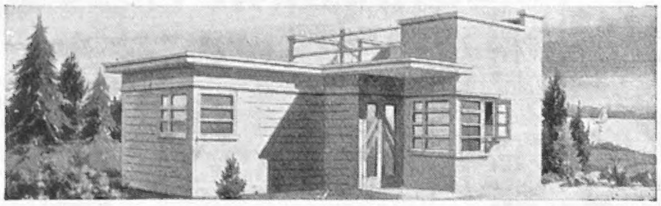

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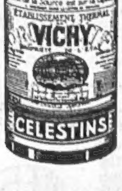

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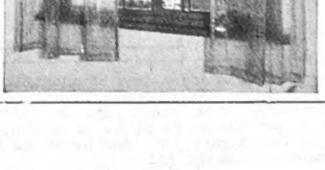

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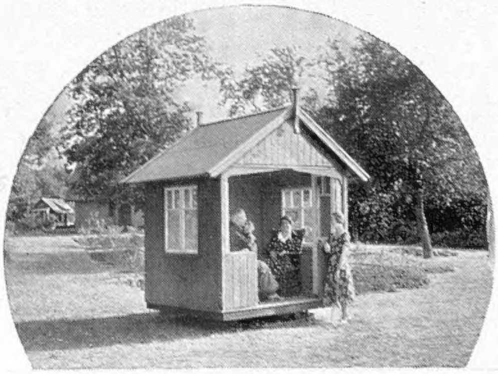

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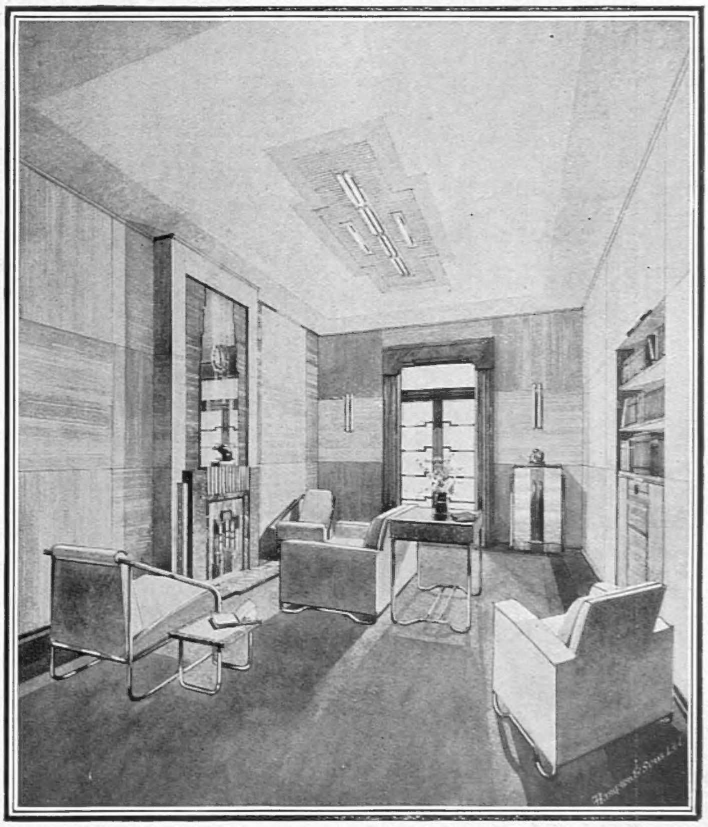

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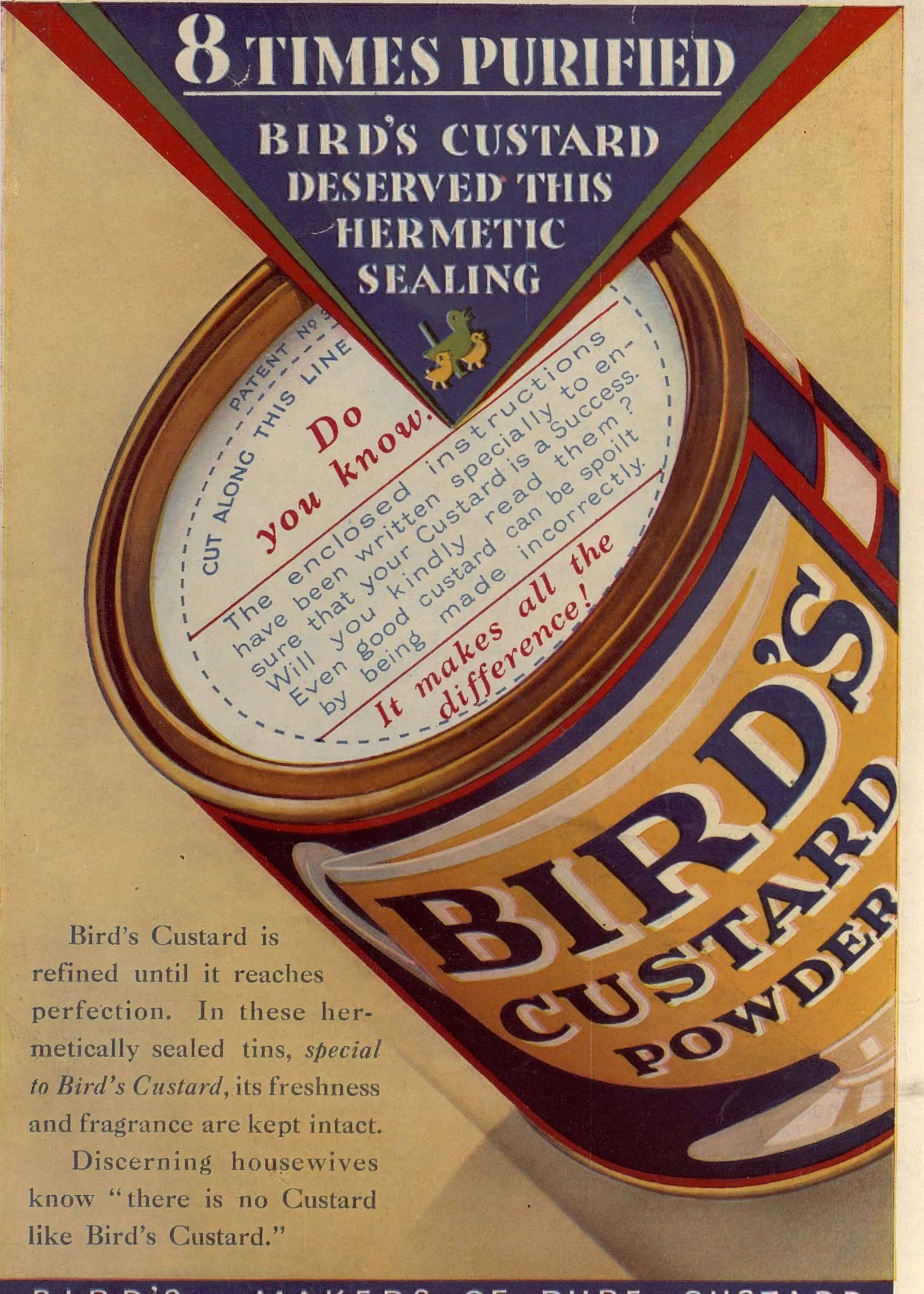
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